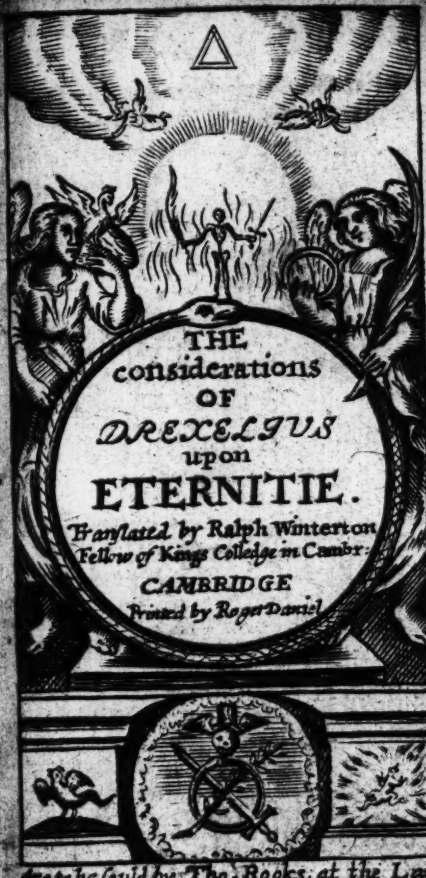


Are to be sould by Tho. Rooks at the Lamb
and ink bottle at the East end of
Paul's near the School. 1666.
Where is sould the best Ink



TO

The Right Worſhipfull and truly Religious *Eſquire*, Mr. E. BENLOWES of *Brent-Hall* in *Eſſex*,

R. W.

Wiſheth Internal, External, and Eternal happineſs.

IT *was well anſwered by him, who being asked*, What this life was, *ſaid thus*, It is nothing elſe but the Meditation af Death. *If a man ſhould ask me*, What Time is, *I think I might fitly anſwer thus*, It is nothing elſe but the Meditation of Eternity, *Our* Life *is but a* Poſting unto death; *and our* Time a ſhort dayes ſail unto Eternity. *In this* Time *of* life *we*

art, *as* Pilgrims *and* Strangers, *travelling towards our* celeſtial Countrey. *We are, as* Sailers, *bound for the* Haven *of* Eternity. *But we muſt* runne *through many* troubles *before we can come to our* journeys end: *We muſt* ſail *through* ſalt *and* bitter waters, *and* paſſe *through the* Gulf *of* Death, *before we can come to* Land. *There is a Land which is called*, The Land of the Living; *and there is a Land which is called*, The Land of Horrour and Deſpair: *There is a* twofold Eternity; *either of the* Bleſſed, *or of the* Curſed: *There is a* twofold Life *after* Death; *either in* Eternal joyes, *or* Eternal puniſhments. *It is good therefore in this* ſhort life, *to think upon* that Life which never ſhall have end: *It is good whileſt we are on the way to think upon our* Journeys end: *It is good in* Time, *whileſt we are ſailing, to have an eye ſtill upon our* Compaſs, *and think upon* Eternity. *To think upon* Eternity, *is a* Sovereign Preſervative

to

to keep us from falling into Sinne: *To think upon* Eternal joyes, *sweetens the* ſalt *and* bitter waters *of* Sorrows *and* Afflictions: *To think upon* Eternal Puniſhments, *makes us not to ſet our hearts upon* Temporal Delights *and* Pleaſures. Heaven *is even here on* Earth *in part* enjoyed, *whilſt we* raiſe *up our* thoughts *to* meditate *upon it: And* Hell *may for ever be eſcaped, if by ſerious and frequent* thoughts *thereof, here in this life, we* deſcend *into it. Such* thoughts *as theſe moved* Drexelius *to write theſe* CONSIDERATIONS, *and me alſo to tranſlate them. He wrote upon a* General ſubject; *and every man may challenge a* part in it. *What he wrote, he intended for a publick benefit; and ſo did I in the tranſlation of it. I hope* He *and* His *ſhall find never the worſe entertainment, becauſe* He *is a* Stranger, *and come from beyond Seas. It is the honour of our Nation, to be kind*

and courteous unto Strangers. *He was commended unto me by a Traveller, a moſt religious and learned Gentleman. (Be not angry with me,* Mr. Benlowes, *if I ſay, He was as like you as can be in every reſpect; for indeed he was) bred and brought up in the* Romiſh Religion, *and ſent beyond ſea to be confirmed in it, but yet brought home again by divine providence and reſtored to his* Mother *the* Church of England, *for the* Converſion, *I hope, of many, ſingled out of all his kindred to be a moſt* zealous Proteſtant, *born to good* Fortunes, *and yet not given to* Pleaſures, *wedded to his* Books *and* Devotions, *ſpending what ſome call idle time in the beſt company for the edifying himſelf or others; counting nothing good which he poſſeſſeth, but onely that which he doth good withall; taking more care to lay out his money for the good of others, then others in laying up money for themſelves. To conclude, A Gentleman*

of

of whom I may moſt truly ſay, That his Converſation is in heaven, *his* Diſcourſe *on* things above, *and his* thoughts *upon* Eternity. *Upon ſuch a mans commendation as this, I could not but take a liking to the party commended, and the more I grew acquainted with him, the more I liked him. It is the counſel of* Horace,

Tu quem commendas etiam atque etiam aſpice : ne mox

Incutiant aliena tibi commiſſa pudorem.

Believe Me, Mr. Benlowes, *I have had ſuch experience of this party, whom here I commend unto you, that I dare confidently ſay, If you entertain him into your ſervice, you ſhall never repent you of it.* Philip *of* Macedon *ap-*

pointed one every morning to salute him with a Memento of Mortality: Drexelius his office shall be, if you please, To be your Remembrancer, and every Morning, Noon, and Evening, to round you in the eare with a Memento of Eternity. But I know, that is so often in your thoughts, that you need not any to put you in Remembrance of it. Neither yet do I intend here, though I have a fair occasion, to run over the Catalogue of your Christian Virtues, specially that part of Christian twins, your Piety and Temperance with your Charity and Bounty. For the first, they that daily converse with you, cannot but see how you converse with them. The other paire goe along with you whereso∣ever you goe, and though you desire to hide them, cannot be concealed: in special, many poor Scholars, godly and devout Ministers in the University and abroad, of several Colledges, have had a feeling themselves of them, and cannot but make them con-

conſpicuous, nay palpable to others. Theſe ſhall praiſe you in your abſence: for my part, I do not love to praiſe a man to his face. But if the living *hold their peace, the* dead *ſhall riſe up and praiſe you. I mean thoſe* many *and* excellent books, *together with other* rare monuments *purchaſed at a great price, which without any ſolicitation at all, out of meer affection you bore to Saint* Johns Colledge *in* Cambridge, *where you were ſometimes a* Student, *you have beſtowed on their* Library: *Their* Library, *but the moſt magnificent work, and* Eternal Monument *of the* Mecœnas *of our age,* John Lord Biſhop of Lincoln, *and true lover of learning, and Patron of Scholars. And now it appears, Mr.* Benlowes, *that you have leſſe need of* Drexelius *his ſervice, then before. But howſoever, I pray you, entertain him: Let him have but the honour to wear your* Cogniſance. *And both He and I will put it upon the file of* Thankfull

Remembrance, *and register it for a singular act of your* Beneficence. *Pardon my boldnesse in this; and command me in what liberal service you please.*

Ralph Winterton.

From Kings Coll.
June 1. 1632.

The

The Epistle to the READER.

IF any man, more curious in censuring what is done for a common good rather then studious himself to promote it, should question me for meddling in another mans profession, I might answer him in his own kind by way of question, as *Menedemus* in *Terence* answered *Chremes* finding fault with him, *Tantumne abs re tua est otii tibi, Aliena ut cures, eaque nihil quæ ad te attinent?* Hast thou so much leisure as to meddle with that which nothing concerns thee?

But to satisfie thee (Courteous Reader) who intendest, I know, with the Bee to gather *Honey* out of

of this garden of *Eternity*, and not *Poyſon* with the *Spider*; I hold it fit to acquaint thee with the true occaſion that moved me to tranſlate this book. No *Divine* I am indeed, neither yet can I be if I would never ſo fain: I would I were but worthy the name of a *Phyſician!* But howſoever being deſtinated by the ſtatutes of my private *Colledge* to the ſtudy of *Phyſick*, in the firſt place I thought good to ſpend ſome time in *Arithmetick*, as being a neceſſary inſtrument and help in my *Profeſſion*: In which I made ſome progreſſe, paſſing from *Numeration*, *Addition*, *Subtraction*, *Multiplication*, *Diviſion*, *Reduction*, to *the Golden Rule*, or *the Rule of Three*, *The Rule of Falſhood*, *The Rules of Proportion*, and *the Rules of Society*, and the reſt. But the knowledge of this coſt me ſo dear, that I was forced to leave the ſtudy of it: For many nights together I was conſtrained againſt my will to practice

ctice *Numeration* oftner then I would, telling the clock, and could take but little reſt. Whereupon I reſolved with my ſelf to leave the *Arithmetick School*, and ſo I went unto the *Phyſick* and *Muſick Schools*, imploring at one and the ſame time *Hippocrates* and the *Muſes*. For at that time I turned the firſt book of *Hippocrates* his *Aphoriſmes* into Greek verſes hoping to procure reſt by *Phyſick* and the *Muſick* of *Poetical Numbers*; by which I found ſome reſt indeed; (And therefore ſince I have well nigh finiſhed at ſpare hours the other ſix books, which if God permit, may ere long ſee light.) But though I fonnd ſome reſt, yet I did not ſleep ſo ſoundly as at other times. So I left the *Temple* of *Hippocrates* and the *Muſes*, and betook my ſelf unto the *Sanctuary*, to learn of *David* divine *Arithmetick*, which conſiſteth in the due numbring of the dayes of this ſhort life, by comparing them

them with the years of *Eternity*: And so I fell upon translating this book of *Eternity*. And this I found by daily experience to be the best *Hypnoticon* that ever I used; for it brought me to my rest better then if I had taken *Diacodion*. Thus I found the old saying true, *Where Philosophy ends, there Physick begins: and where Physick ends, there Divinity begins*; which I interpret thus (as I found it true by experience:) *When Philosophie by accident had done me harme, and Physick could do me little good, I found perfect help in Divinity*. And having found so much good by this book my self, I could not be so envious as not impart it unto others for a *Sovereign Medicine*, to procure quiet sleep. Neither is it good for that onely (but farre unlike to other medicines, which are onely good for some one disease, and falling into unskilful hands oftentimes do more harm then good) it is a *Medicine* fitting *All Ages, Complexions*,

xions, *Conditions*, *Places*, *Parts*, *Diſeaſes Spiritual and Corporal* whatſoever: It is a *Medicine Preſervative*, *Curative*, *Reſtorative*: It is an *Antidote* againſt the *poyſon* of ſinne: It is *Dictamnum* to drive out the fiery *darts* of *Satan*: It is *Catholicon* to purge out all ill humours. It is better then *Exhilerans Galeni*, to chear the Heart oppreſſed with *Melancholy*: It is an *Acopon* for all wearineſſe, an *Anodynon* for all pains, a *Panchreſton* profitable for all things, or *All-good*. It is *Panacea*, *Hearts-eaſe*, *All-Heal*. It is a *rich Treaſury for* Engliſhmen, *A ſtore-houſe for the diſeaſed*, and *The ready way to long life*, even to bleſſed *Eternity*. Let no man now challenge me for uſurping another mans office, or treſpaſſing upon *Divines*. I cannot ſee but *Divines* and *Phyſicians* may well agree together: Both are buſied about curing of *diſeaſes* either *Spiritual* or *Corporal*: And here is a *Medicine* for both. Take it and

and use it, Christian Reader; And thou shalt find by thine own experience that it hath all the virtues above mentioned.

So I commend thee to the *Physician* both of *Body* and *Soul*, and heartily desire thy *Temporal* and *Eternal* Health and Welfare.

Ralph Winterton.

From Kings Coll.
June 1. 1632.



Upon this Book of Eternity.

TO reach *Eternity* our thoughts
first climbe
On the succeſſive ſteps and ſtairs
of *Time*.
And, what is *Time*? It is by *Poets*
call'd,
And by moſt *Painters* repreſented,
bald:
But *Poets* and the *Painters* are too
bold.
For *Time* was never yet a *Minute*
old:
Nor yet, God *Saturn*-like, doth it
devo[illegible]
The iſſue which it breed: For eve-
ry hour
Were then a Murderer. But while,
we ſtrain,
And all created Natures for to
gain

Time

Time to their inch of *Being*; in the ſtriſe
They quite burn out the *Taper* of their life.
But what's *Eternity*? Good Reader look,
Not on my *verſes*, but upon this *Book*:
Which I do wiſh (and yet no harm) may be
To all *e'relaſting*, Stationer, but to thee.

Richard Williams.

Upon this Book of Eternity.

LOok on the *Glaſſe* of Mans *Mortality*;
Behold the *Mirrour of Eternity*.
This *Book* is both; Herein behold thy face:
It waxeth old: thy *Glaſſe* doth run apace.

It

It is appointed all men once to die;
And after *death* ſucceeds *Eternity.*
This *Life*'s no *Life*, which *Time* doth comprehend.
But that's true *Life* indeed, which knows no end:
This *Book* will teach thee ſo to *live* and *die*,
That thou maiſt live unto *Eternity.*

Thomas Gouge.

Upon this Book of Eternity.

THis *Book*'s a *Nautick Chard:* which kept in *Eye*,
Doth *point* at th' *Haven* of bleſt *Eternity.*
[O bleſſed *Haven!*] At which if thou wouldſt land,
Let not this *Chard* depart out of thine hand.

S. I.

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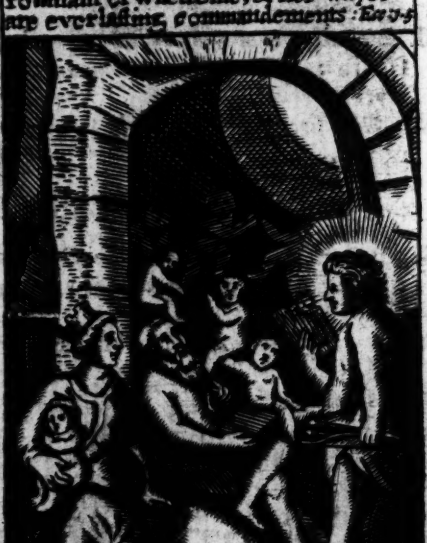
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Considera-

The word of God most High, is the fountain of wisedome, & her wayes are everlasting commandements: Ecc. 1.5



The infant playes with fate & Nature, the fool with ETERNITIE: but a wise man shall have dominion over the starres.

Considerations upon ETERNITY.

THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.

What Eternity is.

Simonides being asked by *Hiero* King of *Sicily*, *What God was*, desired one day to consider upon it; and after one day past, having not yet found it out, desired yet two dayes more to consider further upon it; and after two dayes, he desired three: and to conclude, at length he had no answer to return unto the King but this, That the more he thought upon it, the more still he might; for the further he busied himself in the search thereof, the further he was from finding it. The

Cicero lib. 1. de Nat. Deor.

thing that we are here now to consider upon is *Eternity*: and the first question that offers it self unto our consideration is, *What Eternity is?* *Boetius* saith, that it is altogether and at once, the intire and perfect possession of a life that never shall have an end. And let no man take it ill, if we say that it cannot be known, and that the more we search into it, the more we lose our selves in the search of it. For how can that be defined which hath no bounds or limits? If any man urge us further and desire us to shadow it out, at least by some, though obscure, description: our answer is, That it may easier be done by declaring what it is not, rather then what it is; so doth *Plato* concerning God: *What God is*, saith he, *that I know not*: *What he is not*, *that I know*. So *Augustine* Bishop of *Hippo*, in his sixty fourth sermon upon the words of our Lord, describeth the true beatitude which is in Heaven, by removing from it the very thought of all evil. *We may more easily find*, saith he, *what is not there*, *then* what

Lib. 5. de Cons.

In Timæo.

what is. In heaven there is neither grief, nor sorrow, nor penury, nor defect, nor disease, nor death, nor any evil. So may we say concerning *Eternity*. For whatsoever in this life we either see with our eyes, or let in by her other outward senses, that is not eternal. *For the things that are seen*, saith S. *Paul*, *are temporal, but the things which are not seen are Eternal.* Hence every man may say, this my joy, these my pleasures and delights, this treasure, this honour, this stately building, this life of mine, all is *Transitory*, nothing *Eternal*. A man can point at nothing which shall not perish and have an end. Indeed the ignorant multitude use to speak after this manner. This structure is for *Eternity*, this monument is everlasting. And the impatient man is wont to complain that his pains are without end. But these *Eternities* are very short, and a man may easily in words comprehend them: Say what thou canst of the true *Eternity*, thou must needs come far short of it. So saith *Augustine*; *Thou speakest of Eternity* 2 *Cor.* 4. 18. *In Psal.* 65.

whatsoever thou wilt: But therefore thou sayest whatsoever thou wilt, because thou canst not say all, say what thou wilt: But therefore thou must needs say something, that still thou mayest have something to think which thou canst not say. Trismegistus saith, *That the Soul* is the *Horizon* of *Time* and *Eternity*: For, in that it is immortal, it is partaker of *Eternity*; and in that it is infused by God into the body, it is partaker of *Time*. But before we proceed any further, for orders sake let us see what men of former times, *Romans*, *Grecians*, *Egyptians*, and others have thought of *Eternity*. For they acknowledged it for certain, and represented it divers wayes.

In Asclepio.

CHAP. I.

What men of former times have thought of Eternity, and how they have represented it.

FIrst of all, they have represented *Eternity* by a *Ring*, or a *Circle*, which hath neither beginning nor ending,

ending, which is proper onely to *Gods Eternity*, seeing therefore that God is *Eternal*, and his duration is properly called *Eternity*, the *Ægyptians* used to signifie God by a *circle*. And the *Persians* thought they honoured God most, when going up to the top of the highest tower, they called him the *Circle of heaven*. And it was a custome among the Turks (as *Pierius* teacheth at large) to cry out every morning from an high tower, *God alwayes was, and alwayes will be*; and then to salute their *Mahomet*. The *Saracens* also used to call God a *Circle*. *Mercurius Trismegistus*, whom I named before, the most memorable amongst Philosophers, (who wrote more books than any mortal man beside, if we may believe *Seleucus*, and *Meneceus*) said that God was an intellectual *sphere*, whose *centre* is every where, and *circumference* no where: because Gods Majesty and immensity are terminated no where. For this cause the Antients built unto their gods Temples for figure *round*. So *Numa*,

Pompilius is said to have consecrated to *Vesta* a *round Table* at *Rome*. So *Augustus Cæsar*, in the name of *Agrippa*, dedicated to all the gods a *round Temple*, and called it *Pantheon*. Hereupon *Pythagoras*, to shew *Gods Eternity*,, teacheth his Scholars to worship him, turning their bodies round about. And there was a statute made by *Numa*, (as *Brissonius* witnesseth) that they which were about to worship God, should turn themselves round. Therefore *God* is, according to the Antients, a *Circle*, but a *Circle* without a *Periphery* or *circumference*, whose *Centre* is every where; because God is the beginning and end of all things. Whereupon *Iob* most justly cryes out, *Behold, God is great, and we know him not, neither can the number of his years be searched out.* Iob 36. 26.

Again, they have represented *Eternity* by a *Sphere* and a *Globe*. Therefore *Faustina* the Empress had money stampt after this figure and superscription; There was a *Globe* on which the Empress sate stretching forth one hand, and holding

holding in the other a *ſcepter* with this inſcription, ETERNITY. Hence it was that many of the Antients thought the World to be *Eternal*, becauſe it was *Round*: whom Saint *Baſil* anſwers very fitly, *Let the world be a Circle; but the beginning of the Circle is the Centre.*

In the third place they have repreſented *Eternity* by a *Seat*: by which is ſignified *Eternal reſt*. The *Naſamones*, a certain people of *Africa*, for the moſt part did not onely breath out their laſt ſitting upon a ſeat, but alſo deſired to be buried after that poſition, as having then attained to *Eternity*, and a long ceſsation from all their labours: As in many places at this day Kings and Emperours are found ſitting in vaults under earth, in ſilence and mournfull majeſty. And it was uſual with the *Romans* to ſupport with ſuch like the molten ſtatues of their deceaſed Emperours, as having then the fruition of *Eternity*. Some there are that thus reaſon with themſelves oftentimes: Behold, I have been a long time held and op-

preſſed with cares and labours: But now why do I not take ſome reſpite? why do I not make ſome pauſe? why do I not reſt from my labours? I have laboured long enough: let others labour as much as I have done; for my part I'll reſt now, and take mine eaſe. So they ſet up their ſeats, and promiſe unto themſelves dayes of reſt: but (alas!) they are of no long continuance. They ſet up their ſeats, and embrace their eaſe; but neither in due time nor place. Oh! how truly and devoutly doth that golden book, of the imitation of Chriſt, gives us a pull by the eare, in theſe words, *Kempis lib. 1. c. 12.* *Diſpoſe and order all things according to thine own will, and the luſt of thine own eyes, and yet thou ſhalt never find, but thou ſhalt alwayes ſuffer one thing or other, either willingly or by conſtraint, and ſo thou ſhalt alwayes find a Croſs.* The whole life of Chriſt was a Croſſe, and Martyrdome; and doſt thou ſeek reſt and pleaſure? Therefore we muſt ſet up our ſeat in heaven, and not here, for here amongſt ſo many

many troubles it can never ſtand quiet; and though all other things ſhould ſpare, yet death at length will overturn. There is no true reſt to be hoped for, but that which is *Eternal*. But if there be any reſt in this life, this is it, For a man to commit himſelf, and all that is his to the will of God, to put his whole truſt and confidence in him, and to account all other things beſide, but vain. So are we taught in Eccleſiaſticus; *Truſt in God, and abide in thy place.* VVithout this reſt of the ſoul all other things are meer troubles, a meer ſea of tempeſtuous waves, and the very preſence of hell. But I return to the Antients. Eccluſ. 11. 21.

In the fourth place they have repreſented *Eternity* by the *Sunne* and the *Moon*. The *Sunne* reviveth every day, although it ſeems every day to die, and to be buried. It alwayes riſeth again, although every night it ſetteth. The *Moon* alſo hath her increaſe after every wane. *Catullus* hath pretty verſes to this purpoſe: In Hen. decaſyll.

The Sunne *doth set; the* Sunne *doth rise again.*
The day *doth close; the* day *doth break again.*
Once set our Sun, *again it riseth never:*
Once close our day *of life*, it's night *for ever.*

In hell there is *Eternal night*, but without sleep. There they sleep not, because they slept here, where they should have watched: there they watch, because here they slept in their sinnes; indeed not long, but longer they would if they could, yea *Eternally*. But it is far otherwise with those that are in Heaven: For a perpetual light shall shine forth to the Saints, and Eternity of time: there is rest; there is pleasure after long labours and watchings.

In the fifth place, they have represented *Eternity* by the *Basilisk*. The *Basilisk* is the most venomous of all Creatures, and it alone of all others (as *Horus Niliacus* saith) cannot be killed by humane force; yea it is so virulent, that it killeth herbs with the very breath of it, that

that it puts to flight all other creatures with the hiſſing of it, and that it makes all birds ſuddenly ſilent upon the firſt preſence of it. *Ælianus* reports, that in the deſert of *Africa* a certain beaſt fell down being tired, and that the Serpents came together as it were to a feaſt, to devour the carcaſe, and that they preſently ran all away, and hid themſelves in the ſand, upon the ſight of the *Baſilisk*. *Eternity*, whether of joy or of torment, cannot be ſhortned or diminiſhed, much leſs taken away or avoided. Neither is it ſtrange, if it affright all that are in their right wits, with the very thought of it. Infinite are the windings of this *Baſilisk*; unmeaſurable and untwinable are the *Orbes* and *Circuits* of it. Oh Dragon to be trembled at! Let us divert a little to our ſelves. It comes to paſs ſometimes when a man deſcends into himſelf, and rips up his conſcience by confeſſion, that he finds many Serpents neſts, and whole broods of vipers, and thereupon much marvelleth in himſelf, ſaying, Whence

is

is there so much venome in my breast? VVhence are so many fat Snakes, so many grievous & deadly sinnes? VVhence is there so great an host of Lizards? whence so many filthy and lustfull cogitations? I am afraid my self at such a numerous and pestilent brood. But marvel not; we shall easily shew thee the cause thereof. A moist and a rude place is very apt to breed Serpents. Lo then, there is a double cause; the moisture of the place, and the negligence of them that should look to it. So it is in the Soul of man: if we spend all our care upon our body, handling it delicately, feeding it daintily, pampering it with feasts, and effeminating it with pleasures; it must needs be confessed that the soul, the inhabitant thereof, hath her dwelling in a moist place. Adde hither slothfulness, and neglect of divine duties. Let no care be had at all of salvation; so the body be found, and it goeth well with it, let no regard be had what happens to the soul: let confession of sinnes be seldome made unto God. and

when

when is it, but in a negligent manner: what marvel then, if a multitude of Serpents and poyſonous vermine breed there? But (O good Chriſtian brother) let the *Baſilisk* enter into thy breaſt, that is, the cogitation of *Eternity*, and thou ſhalt preſently perceive that theſe venomous beaſts will ſoon vaniſh away. Thou confeſſeſt that thy heart doth abound with theſe ſnakes: It is a ſign therefore thou ſeldome thinkeſt upon *Eternity*. Amend therefore: and now at length begin to think upon this with thy ſelf, *That which delighteth is but Momentany, but that which tormenteth is* Eternal.

In the ſixth place, they have repreſented *Eternity* after this manner. There is a *vaſt den*, full of horrours: round about which a *Serpent* winds it ſelf, and in the winding bites it ſelf by the tayl. At the right hand of the den ſtand *a young man* of a beautifull and pleaſant countenance, holding in his right hand a *bow* and *two arrows*, and in his left hand an *Harp*. In the very entrance

trance of the den sits an *old man* opposite, and having his eyes very intent upon his *Table-book*; according as the celestial globe by its motion, or the young man standing by, dictates unto him, so he writes. At the left hand of the denne sits a *grave matrone*, gray-headed, and having her eyes alwayes busied. At the mouth of the denne there are *four stairs*, each higher than other: The first is of *Iron*, the second of *Brass*, the third of *Silver*, and the fourth of *Gold*. On these are little children running up and down and playing, and never fear the danger of falling. This is the *Picture*: The meaning is this. The *Den* signifies the incomprehensibility of *Eternitie*: The *Serpent* that twines it self about it, *Time*: The *Young man*, *God*; in whose hand is *Heaven*, *Earth*, and *Hell*. On *Earth* and in *Hell* are the *Arrows* of the Lord fastened; but in *Heaven*, there is nothing but *Joy* and the sound of the *Harp*. The *Old man* is *Fate*, or rather, that which God hath *decreed* from all *Eternity*. The *Matrone*,

trone, *Nature*; The *Stairs*, distinct *Times* and *Ages*: The *Children* running up and down the staires, do signifie things created, especially *Men*, who is sporting in matters of Salvation, and playing and jesting in the very entrance of *Eternity*. Alack! Alack! O mortal men, we have played too long amidst these dangers: We are very near unto *Eternity*, even in the very entrance of it, whileſt we live: Let but death lightly touch us, and we are presently swallowed up of *Eternity*. Death need not use any great power, or fight long against us: we are thrown down headlong in a moment, and tumble down these stairs into the *ocean* of *Eternity*. Bethink your selves well, you that play upon these stairs, and think upon any thing rather than upon *Eternity*; It may be *to day* or *to morrow* you may be translated from *Time* to *Eternity*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The secret sense and meaning of Scripture is unfolded.

AFter the Chapter of the *Type* and *Picture* of *Eternity*, the holy Scripture of divine truth shall not unfitly follow. VVhen *Nebuchadnezzar*, King of *Babylon*, had cast the three Hebrew children into the fiery furnace for refusing to obey his impious command, the flame is said to have ascended nine and forty cubits above the furnace. A strange thing: But not without a Mystery. What? Did any man accurately measure the height thereof? Did any man ascend and apply unto it a rule, to take the just measure of it? was it just nine and forty cubits, neither more nor lesse? Why not fifty? For we use to number thus: Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, though the number be somewhat more or lesse. Here in this place there wants but one of fifty. Surely there is a Mystery in it, and some secret meaning. The number of fifty was wont to signifie the year of *Jubilee*.

Iubilee. But the flames in the fiery furnace of hell, although they rage both againſt body and ſoul, and infinitely exceed all the torments of this life, yet they ſhall never extend ſo farre as the year of grace and *Iubilee.* In hell there is no year of *Iubilee*, no pardon, no end of torments. *Now*, *now* is the time of *Jubilee*; not every hundred or fifty years, but every hour and every moment. *Now* one part of an hour may obtain pardon here, which all *Eternity* cannot hereafter. *Now* is the time, that in one little and ſhort day we may have more debts forgiven us, then in the fire of hell in all years and times to come hereafter.

Let us adde hither another explication of divine Scripture. When the people of God did paſſe over *Iordan*, *the waters which came down* toward the ſea of the plain (which is now called the dead ſea) failed, untill there was none left. *Ioſhua* 3. 16. And in *Eccleſiaſticus* it is ſaid, *There is that buyeth much for a little.* Theſe two teſtimonies of Scripture *Eccluſ.* 20. 12.

ture *Galfrid* joyneth together, and thereupon discourseth thus. If *Eternal* bitternesse be due unto thee, and thou maist escape it by tasting of *Temporal*, certainly thou hast redeemed *much for a little*. I confesse, it is a Sea indeed in which thou saileſt, but yet a *dead sea*: And how much art thou bound to give thanks unto *God*, who, whereas thou hast deserved to be overwhelmed in the salt, roaring and unnavigable sea, hath of his great mercy toward thee, suffered thee rather to sail in the *dead sea*. (O blessed change!) that so by the *dead sea* thou mayest pass into the *land* of the *living*! This Writer compares all the adversities of this *life* to the *dead sea*, and *Eternal* punishment to the *salt* and *unnavigable sea*. No man can escape both: He must needs sail in the one, or in the other. What dost thou, O man? (cryes out Saint *Chrysostome*,) Art thou about to ascend up to heaven, and doest thou ask me whether there be any difficulties by the way? Whatsoever we do, this *dead sea* we must

must pass over: we may, if we will, arrive at the haven of Tranquillity, and *Eternal* Happinesse. *The word of God most high is the Fountain of wisedome, and her wayes are everlasting commandments.* Through this dead sea there is no other way into the region of the living, but the way of Gods commandments. We have a most clear place of Scripture for it: *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments*: This is the onely way to *Eternity*. If a man shall ask a Divine of our time this question, *What is Eternity*? His answer will be, It is a *Circle* running back into it self, whose *Centre* is *Alwayes*, and *Circumference No where*, that is, which never shall have end. *What is Eternity*? It is an *Orb* every way round, and like it self, in which there is neither beginning nor end. *What is Eternity*? It is a wheel,

A wheel that turns, a wheel that turneth ever:
A wheel that turns, and will leave turning never.

What is Eternity? It is a *year* con-

Ecclus. 1. 5.

Mat. 19. 17.

Cornelius à Lapide.

Volvitur, & volvetur in omne volubilis ævum.

continually wheeling about, which returns again to the same point from whence it began, and still wheels about again. *What is Eternity?* It is an *ever-running fountain*, whither the water after many turnings flow back again, that they may always flow. *What is Eternity?* It is an *ever-living spring*, from whence waters continually flow, either the most sweet waters of *Benediction* and blessing, or the most bitter waters of *Malediction* and cursing. *What is Eternity?* It is a *Labyrinth* which hath innumerable turnings and windings, which always leads them round that enter in, carrying them from turning to turning, and so losing them. *What is Eternity?* It is a *pit without bottom*, whose turnings and revolutions are endlesse. *What is Eternity?* It is a *Spiral Line*, but without beginning; which hath circles and windings one within another, but without ending. *What is Eternity?* It is a *Snake bowed back unto it self* orbicularly, holding the tail in the mouth, which in its end doth

again

again begin, and never ceaſeth to begin. *What is Eternity?* It is a *duration alwayes preſent*, it is *one perpetual day*, which is not divided into that which is paſt, and that which is to come. *What is Eternity?* It is an *age of ages*, as *Dionyſius* ſaith, never expiring, but alwayes like it ſelf, without changing. *What is Eternity?* It is a beginning without beginning, middle, or end. It is a beginning continuing, never ending, alwayas beginning: In which the bleſſed alwayes begin a bleſſed life, and alwayes abound with new pleaſures: in which the damned alwayes dye, and after all death and ſtruggling with death, alwayes begin again to dye and ſtruggle with death. As long as God ſhall be God, ſo long ſhall the bleſſed be bleſſed, ſo long ſhall they reign and triumph: ſo long ſhall the damned alſo fry in hell, and yelling cry, *We are tormented in this flame*, being ſtill to be tormented and tortured for ever.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Why the place of Eternity is called a Mansion.

JOHN, *Patriarch* of *Alexandria*, a very devout and godly man, was often wont to go to visit the sick, and took with him for his companion *Troilus* a Bishop, which had more care of his money than of the sick. The *Patriarch* whispered him in the eare and said, I pray thee, brother, let us help the friends of Christ. Whereupon *Troilus* like a crafty companion concealing the disease of his mind, to wit, his covetousnes, bad his Servants give to the poor all the money which at that time he had about him to buy other things withall. Not long after it happened that he fell into a Fever which his covetousnes had caused: whereof the *Patriarch* of *Alexandria* hearing, and easily guessing at the cause of his disease, went to visit him, and carried with him as much silver, as he had not long before given to the sick: and after a little conference had with him, he said thus,

thus, I did but jeſt with thee the other day, when I wiſhed thee to beſtow ſomething to the relief of the ſick; and it was becauſe my ſervant had not money about him. But behold here, in good earneſt I reſtore unto thee the money which thou laidſt out for my ſake, and I thank thee for it. When *Troilus* ſaw the money told, his fever began to leave him, and his heat to abate, and in every part he found himſelf much better: whereupon finding himſelf gather ſtrength, he roſe up to dinner, and ſate down to Table. About noon-tide when dinner was ended, and the Table removed, he went to ſleep, and ſweetly took his eaſe, and dreamed that he ſaw a very ſtately edifice, and in the *frontiſpiece* thereof over the gate, this inſcription, *Manſio Æterna & Requies Troili Epiſcopi*: In Engliſh thus, *The Eternal Manſion and Reſting-place of Biſhop Troilus*. He was very much delighted with this dream. But not long after he had another viſion that troubled him. For there came one with a company

pany of workmen, and gave them a strict charge, saying, Take away that inscription, and put this in the place thereof, *Mansio Æterna & Requies Johannis Archiepiscopi Alexandriæ, empta libris triginta argenti*: In English thus, *The Eternal Mansion and Resting-place of John Archbishop of Alexandria, which he bought for thirty pounds.* With this Vision he was very much affrighted: but he made a very good use of it. For presently, of an hard and covetous man, he became liberal and charitable, especially to such as were in need. So much did the very dream of an *Eternal Mansion* prevail with him.

But oh ye rather blessed Mansions, and therefore blessed, because *Eternal!* Oh, how exceedingly doth Christ desire that we should loath and forsake these our tabernacles, and ruinous houses, and with earnest desire make haste unto those *Eternal Mansions! In my Fathers house*, saith he, *are many Mansions*, No man is kept back from thence but by himself. The

place

place excludes no man: for it is exceeding large. Time ſhuts out no man: for there is a Manſion, and that *Manſion* is *Eternal.*

A Prayer.

O Eternal and mercifull God, O Eternal Truth, O *true Love*, O *beloved Eternity*; *So cure our blindneſs, that by theſe preſent and ſhort ſorrows we may be brought to know, and ſo eſcape the future, horrible, and* Eternal *puniſhments. Direct us and teach us ſo to poſſeſs things periſhing and* Temporal, *that finally we loſe not the things which are* Eternal. *Teach us ſo to lament for our ſinnes committed, that we may eſcape* Eternal *puniſhments. Teach us ſo to behave our ſelves in the houſe of our pilgrimage, that we be not ſhut out of the* Eternal Manſions. *Teach us ſo to make our* progreſs *in the way, that at length we may be received into our* Countrey.

The perpetuall hills did bowe, His wayes are everlasting. *Habac: 3.6.*



The Salamander, the Basilisk, the Phœnix, the golden ring, the fiery mountain, may here upon earth put us in minde of ETERNITIE: *but onely blessed* ETERNITIE *can make us eternall in heaven.*

THE SECOND CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITY.*

In what things Nature repreſenteth Eternity.

THE Idolaters themſelves therefore have acknowledged an *Eternity*, ſuch as it was, and have deſcribed it alſo by certain ſignes: For God hath manifeſted it unto them, *ſo that they are without excuſe.* How much dearer therefore, and in what great eſteem ought the conſideration thereof to be amongſt all Chriſtians, to whom *Eternity* is better repreſented, and in a more lively manner! *Therefore thou art inexcuſable, O man, whatſoever thou art,* that being often put in mind of *Eternity*, doſt as often let it ſlip out of thy memory. Thou haſt often in thy ſight and before thine eyes, *Rings* and *Circles*, *Spheres* and *Globes*, *Sunne* and *Moon*: If thou

Rom. 1. 20.

Rom. 2. 1.

lookest upon any of these, they will put thee in mind of *Eternity*. Nature her self like a good mother hath exposed them to publick view, that when we see them, or hear of them, we might be invited to meditate upon *Eternity*.

Solinus reports that there is a stone in *Arcadia* called *Asbestos*, which being once set on fire doth continually burn: Wherefore in times past they were wont in Temples and Sepulchres to make lamps of it: of which St. *Augustine* maketh mention. I adde that *Pliny*, *Volaterranus*, *Dioscorides*, and many others tell strange wonders of a certain kind of *Line* or *Flax*, which is called by divers names: For some call it *Linum Asbestinum*, others *Carystium*, others *Indicum*, and others *Linum vivum*.

Lib. 21. de Civit. cap. 5.

This is not only not consumed by fire, but also is purged and cleansed: wherefore the dead bodies of Kings heretofore, when they were to be put into the fire, and to be burned, used to be wrapped about with a Linnen cloth made thereof, to keep their

their aſhes from confuſion, and to diſtinguiſh them from others. Of ſuch Flax *Nero* had a Towel, which he eſteemed of more price then gold and precious ſtones. Behold, *Nature* her ſelf, like a *Miſtreſſe* and Guide, leadeth thee by the hand, and pointeth thee to a thing which the fire hath no power to conſume. So ſhall all the damned burn, but never ſhall burn out: They ſhall alwayes burn, but never be conſumed: they ſhall ſeek for death in the flames, but ſhall not finde it. Therefore juſtly doth one cry out, *Oh woe Eternal, that never ſhall have end! Oh end without end! Oh death more grievous then all death, Alwayes to die, and never to be quite dead!* So ſaith divine *Iſaiah*, *Their fire never ſhall be quenched:* And the Angel in the *Revelation*, *They ſhall deſire to die: and death ſhall flee from them.* *In Horolog. Sapien.* *Iſa. 66. 24.* *Rev. 9. 6.*

That the *Salamander* for a little time can indure, and live in the fire, beſide *Ariſtotle*, *Pliny*, *Galen*, *Ælian*, *Dioſcorides*, S. *Auguſtine* alſo himſelf believed. This creature is very cold, and is generated of

showers: the sun and drought are death to it: Therefore, according to *Pliny*, it endures in the flame like ice. Of the skin thereof lights are made for perpetual burning lamps. God who made the *Salamander* of Earth & Clay, hath of his goodness formed man, though of the same matter, yet of a more excellent and noble nature. He hath *made him a little lower then the Angels.* He hath assigned unto him after this life the fellowship of the same Kingdome with the Angels. *But man being in honour had no understanding, and was compared unto the beasts that perish.* By his own malice he made himself such a *Salamander*, that must alwayes live, or alwayes die in *Eternal* flames. In those fiery prisons of Hell, *all things are Eternal*; but these *six things especially.*

Psal. 8. 5.

Psal. 49. 20.

CHAP. I.

What things are Eternal in Hell.

1. THE *damned* himself is *Eternal* and dyeth not. No man can make an end of himself, or another. *They shall seek death, and shall not find*

Revel. 9. 6.

find it. Yea the very desire of death, in as much as their desire cannot be satisfied, shall greatly increase their torment.

The prison it self is *Eternal:* It can never fall to ruine, it can never be broken down, it can never be digged through. It is barred up with rocks and mountains: The locks & barres are so firm and strong, that none can get out. If any of the damned should by Gods permission before the day of judgement come out from thence, yet still he should carry an Hell about him, and never be free from torment. 2.

The fire there is *Eternal.* Christ himself in *Matthew* saith as much expressely; *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire*, or *fire Eternal.* Dost thou hear this word, *Eternal*? The anger of the Lord doth kindle this fire, and it shall never be put out. To this beareth *Isaiah* witness, saying, *The breath of Lord like a streame of brimstone doth kindle it*, it shall burn night and day, and *shall not be quenched*, *the smoke* thereof *shall* 3. *Matth.* 25. 41. *Isaiah* 30. 33. *Isaiah* 66. 24.

Revel. 14. 11. *ascend up for ever and ever. Eternal punishment*, and *Eternal life* are *Relates*, as S. *Augustine* speaketh; and *Relates* are of like continuance: To say therefore, That *Eternal life* shall be without end, and *Eternal punishment* shall have an end, is very absurd. Who therefore will defer his conversion?

Lib. 12. *de Civ. c.* 23.

As the things mentioned before are *Eternal*, so is the *Worm*, and conscience tormented with deep despair for the life past. *Their worm shall not die*: So propheſieth *Isaiah*. The Poets of old translated this out of Holy writ into their fables: For what is that *Tityrus*, of whom *Virgil* feigneth, That a flying *Vultur* every day gnaws and tears his *Liver*, which is every night again repaired and made up, that every day the *Vultur* may have more prey to gnaw upon? What is the *Vultur*, but the *Worm* we speak of? And what is the *Liver*, but the *Conscience* alwayes gnawen, and tormented?

Isaiah 66. 24.

To this *Eternity* of Hell belongeth also the *last sentence*, and the *last Decree* pronounced by Christ the Judge:

Judge: A decree (Alas!) irrevocable, immutable, *Eternal*. There is no *Appealing* from it; If the ſentence be once pronounced by the mouth of this Judge, it ſtands irrevocable for all *Eternity*. In Hell there is no redemption, not any, no not any; but *Eternal* deſperation. The bloud of Chriſt when it was newly poured out on the mount of *Golgotha*, though of infinite efficacy for ſatisfaction, yet reacheth not unto the damned. *If the yoke of the Lord*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, *be a yoke of Repentance, you think that in it ſelf it is not ſweet: But this you muſt know, That it is moſt ſweet, if it be compared with that fire of which it is ſaid, Depart from me ye curſed into everlaſting fire.* Matth. 25. 41.

The *Puniſhment* or *Pain of loſſe* 6. alſo, âs they call it, is *Eternal*, being the privation of the ſight of God for ever, which together with all the other torments of the damned ſhall never have end: becauſe there can be no place for ſatisfaction. For although theſe torments ſhall continue infinite millions of years, yet there ſhall not one day,

no nor one hour, no nor so much as a moment of rest and respite be granted. There shall be vicissitude and variety of torments, but to their greater pain and grief. Christ often foretold it by *Matthew* in plain words, *The children of the Kingdome shall be cast out into utter darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth: weeping*, for heat; and *gnashing of teeth*, for cold. How then can man be so forgetfull of himself and God? How can he so degenerate into a beast? Yea rather, how can he become like a rock, or a stone, so senseless, as when he shall think upon the unsufferable and unutterable torments of Hell, which never shall have end, then not to fear and tremble, and say with himself thus, I am for certain in the way to *Eternity*, and I know not how soon I may come to my journeys end: I sit on the stairs of *Eternity*, and every little thrust is ready to plunge me into the bottomless pit? But if it seem so grievous and intollerable for a man to lye,

Matth. 8. 12.

lye, though but for one night, on a ſoft feather-bed, and never ſleep or cloſe his eyes, but to ſigh and groan for pain in his head, or any other member, for the tooth-ach or for the ſtone: If the night ſeems long, and the day a great way off, and the ſunne to ſlack his coming: And yet, as I ſaid, he lyes upon a good feather-bed, and if he will have but a little patience, he may hope to find eaſe in the day, and help from the Phyſician: Alack! Alack! how intollerable ſhall it be to lye night and day in the fire, for a thouſand and a thouſand, and again, I ſay, a thouſand years! How intollerable ſhall it be, there to watch, to hunger, to thirſt, to burn, to be tormented extremely in every part, and not to hope for any reſt, or ſo much as a drop of cold water; but to be alwayes in deſpair, and ſo to fry and to be tortured for infinite millions of ages, and to be ſo far from finding any end, as never to be able to hope for any end! There, ſaith *Thomas*, one hours puniſhment ſhall be more grievous, *De Chriſt.*

imitat lib. 1. cap. 24. grievous, than an hundred years here in the most bitter punishment that can be. There is no rest, no consolation to the damned. *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. Remember not the sinnes of my youth, nor my transgressions.* Unless thou wilt have mercy, O God, I must needs perish.

Psal. 6. 1.

Psal. 25. 7.

CHAP. II.

Why Hell is Eternal.

HEre ariseth a question, which is worthy to be known of all men, How it can be, that God, who is good and mercifull, and whose mercy is over all his works, should notwithstanding punish even one mortal sinne, committed, it may be, in a moment, and in thought onely; how he should punish such a sinne, I say, for all *Eternity*, and so punish it, that it shall deserve still alwayes to be punished: and though millions of years be passed, yet it shall never be said, This sinne hath been sufficiently punished, it is enough,

enough, he hath made ſatisfaction for the wicked thought, by which he hath offended God.

What then? Hath God for one ſinne, and that in thought onely, decreed the puniſhment of everlaſting fire? What equality is there in this, for a *momentary* ſinne, to appoint an *Eternal* puniſhment? Why doth bleſſed *David* cry out, *O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever*! and why doth he repeat it twenty ſeven times, if God be ſo ſevere? To this S. *Auguſtine*, *Gregory*, *Thomas Aquinas*, and others, anſwer, That in every mortal ſinne the offence of its own nature is infinite, becauſe it is an injury againſt the infinite majeſty of God. Again, He that dyeth guilty of a mortal ſinne without repentance, doth as much as if he ſhould ſin *Eternally*: For if he might live *Eternally*, he would ſinne *Eternally*: He hath not loſt a will to ſinne, but life in which to ſinne, ſtill being ready to ſinne, if he might live ſtill: So he doth not ceaſe to ſinne, but doth ceaſe

Pſalm. 106. 1. 107. 1. 118. 1. 136. 1.

ceaſe to live. Further it is to be conſidered, That a damned perſon can never make ſatisfaction, though he ſhould pay never ſo much: For being an enemy, and not in favour with God, his payment is not worthy acceptation; ſeeing that he himſelf is not accepted with him. Neither indeed, to ſpeak truly, can he be ſaid to pay any thing: becauſe he doth nothing, but ſuffers onely puniſhments, and that againſt his will. We will make the matter yet more plain by a familiar example. Suppoſe a man ſhould borrow of his neighbour a thouſand crowns, and for the uſe thereof make over the rent of his houſe unto him for ever. It may be in twenty years he may thus repay the ſumme of money borrowed: But what then? Is he fully diſcharged of all the debt? Doth there remain nothing to be paid? The principal remains ſtill as due to be paid, as if there had been nothing at all paid. For this is the nature of ſuch lones, that although the yearly uſe be paid, ſtill the principal remains entire, and

and due to be paid. So it is with the damned: For although they ſhould pay never ſo much; yet they can never get out of debt They are debtors ſtill, and ever ſhall be. *The ſtrong ſhall be as tow, and the maker of it as a ſpark, and they ſhall both burn together, and none ſhall quench them.* Isa. 1. 31. *Suetonius* reports of *Tiberius Cæſar*, that being Petitioned unto by a certain offender to haſten his puniſhment, and to grant him a ſpeedy diſpatch, he made him this anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay Sir, *You and I are not yet friends.* Chriſt is a moſt juſt Judge, no Tyrant, no *Tiberius*: And yet if one of the damned after a thouſand years burning in Hell, ſhould begge and intreat for a ſpeedy death, he would anſwer after the ſame manner, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* If after a thouſand years more he ſhould ask the ſame thing, he ſhould receive the ſame anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* If after Suet. lib. 3. cap. 6.

an

an hundred thousand years yet more, yea millions of years, he should ask again, again he should receive the same answer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* The time was, I offered to be thy *friend*; but thou wouldest not: yea thy *father*; but thou wouldst not. I offered thee my grace a thousand and a thousand times; but thou rejectedst it. This I knew right well, and I held my peace, and further expected, forty, fifty, sixty years, to see if thou wouldest change thy mind, and course of life. But there followed no serious or true repentance. *Thou hast set at naught all my counsel, and wouldest none of my reproof. Thou hast hated instruction, and hast cast my words behind thee.* Eat therefore the fruit of thine own wayes, and be filled with thine own counsels. *I will laugh* at thy destruction for ever: neither shall my justice after infinite ages give thee any answer but this, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* O God which

Prov. 1. 25. *Psal.* 50. 17. *Prov.* 1. 26.

which art in heaven! O ſin which throweſt men headlong into hell, the hell of torments, and into the bottomleſs pit of *Eternal* pain! But *righteous art thou, O Lord, and upright are thy judgements.* Juſt and right it is, that he which would not by repentance accept of mercy when it was offered, ſhould by puniſhment be tormented, and have juſtice without mercy for ever. *Pſal.* 119. 137.

CHAP. III.

Other motives to the conſideration of Eternity, drawn from nature.

BUt I return to the ſchool of *Nature*, to conſider further upon *Eternity*. There are found *hot Baths* in certain Mountains and Rocks, whoſe waters in running make ſuch a noiſe and murmuring, that the diſeaſed perſons that reſort thither for cure, if at that entrance into the *Bath*, they do but imagine they hear muſical Inſtruments, and an harmonious conſort, they have their ears ſo dulled with the continual noiſe thereof, that the muſick which at firſt was ſweet unto them, becomes at length, by their imagina-

imagination working upon it, very loathsome, and a torment unto them: But if they imagine they hear a Drum, or any other loud sounding instrument, they at length grow almost mad with the noise thereof daily molesting and troubling them. From whence also we are led, as it were by the hand, to the consideration of *Eternity*. The weeping and wailing, yelling and crying which is heard at the first entrance of Hells mouth under those infernall mountains shall never cease, but shall torment the damned without end, and be no whit mitigated by time and long-sufferance. But on the contrary the blessed in Heaven shall without wearinesse hear the *Thrice Holy* sung, *Holy, Holy, Holy*; yea and the more they hear it, the more they shall be delighted with the sound thereof. Christ in his conference with the woman of *Samaria*, makes often mention of *Eternity*, and life everlasting. *Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst: But the water that*

Iohn 4. 14.

that I ſhall give him, ſhall be in him a well of water, ſpringing up unto everlaſting life. I would we did thirſt with the woman of *Samaria* after thoſe waters, and earneſtly pray for them: *O Lord, give me of this water, that I thirſt not.* Give me, O Chriſt, though but a *drop* of this water, that is, *ſome thirſt* and deſire after *Eternal* life. *John* 4. 15.

In the year after the Nativity of our Lord fourſcore and one (as *Suetonius*, *Dion*, and *Plinius Secundus* tell at large) on the firſt day of *November*, about ſeven of the clock, at the mountain *Veſuvius* in *Campania*, there was an horrible eruption of fire, before which there went an unuſuall drought, and grievous earthquakes. There was alſo heard noiſe under earth, as if it had been thunder. The ſea roared and made a noiſe; the heaven thundered as if mountains had in conflict met together; great ſtones were ſeen to fall; the air was filled with ſmoak and fire mixt together; the Sunne did hide his head. Whereupon it was thought by

by many that the world was almost at an end, and that the last day was come, wherein all should be consumed with fire: For there was such abundance of ashes scattered up and down over land and sea, and in the air, that there was much hurt done amongst men and cattel, and in the fields, that fish and fowl were destroyed, that two cities, the name of the one was *Herculanum*, and the name of the other *Pompeii*, were utterly ruined. These and such other like *Caverns* in the earth, with *Precipices*, & *fiery mountains*, alwayes flaming, but never going out, are lively examples given us by God, to put us in mind of the fire of hell, in which the bodies of the cursed shall be alwayes burning, but never be burnt out. Concerning this you may read *Tertullian*, *Minutius*, and *Pacian*. See, O man, how providently even Nature her self doth go before thee, and as it were lead thee by the hand to the contemplation of *Eternity*.

Tertul. Apol. c. 48. Minut. in Oct. Pacian. De pœnitent. & confess.

To conclude, this *Time* of ours carrieth

carrieth with it ſome ſign and print of *Eternity*. Nature fain would have us learn the thing ſignified by the ſigne, and take a ſcantling of *Eternity* by the little *module* and meaſure of time. It is the ſaying of Saint *Auguſtine*, *This is the difference* between things *Temporal* and *Eternal*: We love things *Temporal* more before we have them, and eſteem them not ſo much when we have them: for the ſoul cannot be ſatisfied but with true and ſecure *Eternity*, and joy which is *Eternal* and incorruptible. But things *Eternal*, when they are actually *poſſeſſed*, are much more loved then before when they were onely deſired, and hoped for: For neither could *Faith* believe nor *Hope* expect, ſo much as *Charity* and *Love* ſhall find when once we ſhall be admitted to poſſeſſion. Why then doth not earth ſeem vile in our eyes, eſpecially when we muſt ere long forſake it? And why do we not with ardent deſire lift up our eyes to Heaven where we ſhall inherit a Kingdome, and that *Eternal*?

In S nt. ſen. 270.

THE

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Dan: 5.27



That man regardeth not ETERNITIE *who weigheth his money more accurately then his life*

THE THIRD CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITY.

Wherein the old Romans principally placed their Eternity.

Plinius Secundus thought those men happy, which either did things worthy to be wrote, or wrote things worthy to be read, but those men of all most happy, which could do both. So the *Romans* thought they might three manner of wayes eternize their fame, and transmit their names unto posterity. First they wrote many excellent things; *many* excellent indeed, but *not all*, not all chaste, not all holy: They committed to writing their own blemishes, thir dishoneſt loves, and filthy lusts; But this was no honeſt or Kings

Epiſt. 2. ad Tac.

Kings high-way to *Eternity*. How many books have dyed before their Authours, and according to *Plato*, have been like unto the Gardens of *Adonis*: as soon dead as sprung up! They pleased not long which quickly pleased. But suppose the books of all the *Romans* should out-live time, and be alwayes extant, and exposed to publick view, yet they should not be able to give life unto their Authours.

Again, the *Romans* did not only write, but also did many brave works worthy to be recorded by the pens of eloquent and learned men, and these works were of divers kinds. They fought *Eternity* in many things, but found it in nothing, as we are taught to believe. They were great (we do not deny it) in civil and warlike affairs, at home and abroad: admirable for their skill in Arts and Sciences: Magnificent and profuse in setting forth shews, and bestowing gifts: wonderfull even to astonishment for stately buildings,

Tombes,

Tombes, Vaults, Monuments, and Statues, as you may gueſs by theſe few particulars, which I will briefly run over.

Auguſtus, in his own name, and at his own proper charges, ſet forth Playes and Games four and twenty times, and at the charge of the common Treaſury, three and twenty times: and never a one of thoſe coſt him under two Millions and five hundred thouſand Crowns; and this ſo great a ſum of money, I ſay, was all laid out upon one ſhew. The very meaneſt and cheapeſt that ever *Auguſtus* ſet forth, came to a Million two hundred and fifty thouſand Crowns.

Nero gilded over the whole *Theater*; the Ornaments of the tyring houſe and comical implements he made all of gold: To theſe you may add ſquare pieces of wood or wooden Lots ſcattered amongſt the people, which had for their Inſcriptions, whole houſes, fields, grounds, farms, ſlaves, ſervants, beaſts, great ſums of ſilver, and many times jewels a great number:

To whosoevers lot fell any one of these, he presently received according to the inscription.

The same *Nero* for a Donative to a common souldier, commanded to be told two hundred and fifty thousand crowns.

Agrippina (*Nero*'s mother) caused the like sum of money to be laid upon a Table, thereby secretly reprehending and labouring to restrain her sons profuseness. Whereupon *Nero* perceiving that he was toucht, commanded another sum to be added as great as the former, and said thus, *Nesciebam me tam parum dedisse, I forgot my self in giving so little.*

The same Nero entertained at *Rome* for nine moneths together King *Tiridates*, and was every day at cost for him twenty thousand Crowns, which came in nine moneths to five millions and forty thousand Crowns. And at his departure he gave him for a *Viaticum*, or to spend by the way, two millions and an half. What should I tell you of their stately and magnificent buildings. *Cali-*

Caligula the Emperour made a bridge over an arm of the Sea, three miles long.

There were Temples in *Rome* four hundred twenty four, moſt of them very magnificent.

Domitian ſpent upon the ſole gilding of the Capitol, ſeven millions.

On the ſtairs of the *Amphitheater*, which were made all of ſtone, there might ſit very conveniently, fourſcore and ſeven thouſand ſpectators; above there might ſtand round about twelve thouſand, in all fourſcore and nineteen thouſand.

Beſides many others, there were twelve publick Baths made by the Emperour, where men might bathe *gratis*.

In the hot Bathes of *Antoninus*, there were of poliſhed ſtone one thouſand and ſix hundred ſeats, and there might ſo many men bathe themſelves very conveniently.

In the Bath of *Hetruſcus*, as *Pliny* ſaith, all was of ſilver, the paſſages for the water, the lips of

the Bath, and the very floor it ſelf. But I paſs to other things.

At *Rome* there were almoſt as many Statues as men, of no worſe matter then ſilver and gold, beſide infinite others of Braſs, Marble, and Ivory.

Domitian had one of Gold in the Capitol, of an hundred pound weight.

Commodus and *Claudius* had alſo Statues of Gold, each of them being of a thouſand pound weight. *Claudius* had alſo in the place at *Rome* called *Roſtra*, another of Silver. Hereupon there was a certain Officer appointed, who was called the Count of *Rome*, on whom there attended a great many ſouldiers continually, to guard and look to the great number of Statues.

The way which is called *Appia*, will exerciſe a nimble footman five dayes in running it over. It reacheth in length from *Rome* to *Capua*; ſo broad, that two Coaches may meet, and never trouble one another; ſo ſolid and firm, as if

it

it were all of one ſtone, in no place looſe or broken up. There were alſo more wayes like unto this. It is incredible what good Authors do write of their Conduits and Aquaducts.

Claudius the Emperour beſtowed about one, ſeven Millions of Gold and a half, and there were maintained ſix hundred men with the onely keeping and looking to the waters. Theſe were great works indeed, but the Authors thereof in part deſerved reprehenſion for their immoderate profuſeneſs. There was at *Rome* one thing that ſurpaſſed their ſtately buildings, but as for name, to ſay no worſe, and to ſpare your ears, diſhonourable, and not fit to be named. They had certain Vaults under earth built with arches, you may call them the ſinks of the City (they called them *Cloacæ*) running with water, to carry away all the filth of the City. Of theſe there were ſo many, ſo large, and ſo long, that you may well reckon them amongſt the wonders of the

world. I need not instand in any more: these which I have named are sufficient. He that is any thing conversant in Histories, or hath heard of the great power and wealth of the *Romans* in former ages, will easily believe my relation: if he will not believe me, let him believe the testimony of *Suetonius*, *Dion*, *Cassius*, *Pliny*, *Livy*, and others that have wrote of the *Roman* monuments.

These things which I have reckoned up, are very laudable in themselves. But they governed their Commonwealth so prudently, that in war for the most part they were unconquerable, for Arts and Sciences excellent, for Virtue illustrious; insomuch that *Cyneas* an Ambassadour sent from *Pyrrhus*, a very eloquent and intelligent man, when he had all in vain solicited the City to make a League with his Lord and Master, which League could not stand with the honour of the *Romans*, upon his return told the King, That he thought the *City* to be a *Temple*,

and

and all the *Senatours*, *Kings*. Herein the *Romans* were highly to be commended: but in this they were much overſeen (though otherwiſe very prudent men) in placing their *Eternity* in ſuch things as neither could give unto them nor had in themſelves *Eternity*. If the *Romans* had made choice of Saint *Auguſtine* for their guide in the way to *Eternity*, he would have ſhewed them a more certain and readier way. For what ſaith he? *We do not account thoſe Emperours happy which have reigned long, or which have often triumphed as Conquerours over their Enemies, or which have treaſured up much wealth. Theſe things often happen to thoſe that have no right or title to the Kingdome which is Eternal.* Who then in Saint *Auguſtines* opinion are to be accounted truly happy? Hearken, O ye Emperours, O ye Kings and Princes: You ſhall in Saint *Auguſtines* ſenſe obtain true and *Eternal* happineſs, by the obſervation of theſe Rules following.

Auguſt. lib. 5. De Civ. Dei. cap. 24.

1. First, The Rule of *Justice*. By ruling justly, and hating the very vizard and painted face of Injustice.

2. Secondly, The Rule of *Modesty*. By not being puffed up by the vain applauses, acclamations, and titles of honour, but by remembring your selves to be but men.

3 Thirdly, The Rule of the *Fear* and *Love of God*. By propagating by all means the true worship of God; by subjecting all humane power to his Divine Majesty; by serving him in *fear* and *love*.

4. Fourthly, the *Desire of Heaven*. By setting your love and affection upon the Kingdome which is *Eternal*, where one shall not envy anothers power.

5. Fifthly, The Rule of *Facility* and readiness to forgive. By being swift to forgive, and slow to punish, but when the glory of God, and the necessity of the Commonwealth calleth for it.

6. Sixthly, *Mercy* and *Liberality*. By tempering the severity of the Lawes by the Oyl of Mercy, and the

the ſweet odour of beneficency.

Seventhly, *Continency.* By not giving the reins to Luxury, but by bridling your appetites and concupiſcenſes; and the more liberty you have, the leſs abuſing it unto licentiouſneſs. 7.

Eighthly, *Moderation of Paſſions.* By chooſing rather to get the conqueſt over evil Paſſions, then by domineering over Nations. 8.

Ninthly, The ſtudy of *Humility* and *Prayer.* By doing all theſe, not for vain-glory, but for the glory of God, and the attainment of *Eternal* felicity: and again, by never neglecting that moſt noble ſacrifice of *Humility* and *Prayer.* 9.

Theſe Rules or Laws hath Saint *Auguſtine* fixed upon the double gates of the world, for a glaſs fit for Princes to look into. But, O ye *Romans*, how far have ye gone aſtray from the way that leadeth unto the gates whereon theſe Laws are fixed! Not to ſpeak of other things, you have inſtead of one and the only true God, brought in innumerable others, to worſhip

them which are no Gods. For *Rome* seemed to make it a greater matter of Religion, to refuse no falsity; and when she ruled almost over all nations, to serve and follow the errours of all nations.

But to let these things pass also: how vain and ridiculous a thing is it for them, to leave behind them all their *Eternity* in Parchments and Papers, in Marble and other stone, in Theaters and Pyramides, in Mouuments and Toombes! What is now become of their *Eternity* which was sometime carved in stone? The same hath hapned unto *Rome*, which also befell *Jerusalem*. The Disciples pointing at the buildings of the Temple at *Ierusalem*, said unto our Saviour Christ, *Master, See what manner of stones, and what buildings are here*, Whereupon Christ answered and said, *See ye all these buildings? Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down* So there is nothing *Eternal* in this world. And where is now old

Mark 13. 1.

Matth. 24. 2.

old *Rome*? If this queſtion be demanded; the anſwer may be this, *Here it was.* Where are they that built it? *They are dead and gone.* There is not ſo much as their aſhes left of them. And ere long we muſt all go the ſame way, become like a ſhadow, return unto duſt, and be reſolved into nothing. Oh the poor and mean condition of mortal men, even at the greateſt! Oh the inſtability and frailty of the ſtrongeſt men, even in the prime of all their ſtrength! For what is now become of all thoſe things, or where are they? *they are quite vaniſhed away.* Where is their money, which they heaped up beyond belief? *'tis ſcattered abroad.* Where are their ſtately and lofty buildings? *they are not to be ſeen.* Such are all things elſe, though to us they ſeem never ſo great, nothing elſe but a meer ſhadow, and a dream, if they be compared with *Eternity*, and thoſe things which are *Eternal.* The foundation on which the whole fabrick of vaniſhing glory is ſet up, is too weak

and

and mouldering, made but of clay, Stone and Marble cannot be ingraven with Characters and Inscriptions of *Eternity*. Well saith *Lactantius*, *The works of mortal men are mortal.* That there was a *Babylon*, a *Troy*, a *Carthage*, and a *Rome*, we believe: But if we will believe no more then we see, there be scarce any reliques or ruinous parts of them remaining, to perswade us that there were such Cities. So the seven wonders of the world, so *Nero's* golden Palace, *Diocletian's* hot Baths, *Antoninus* his Baths, *Severus* his Septizonium, *Julius* his Colossus, *Pompey's* Amphitheater, have no footstep or print of them remaining, no, scarce upon record, or registred in books. And how far have all of these come short of *Eternity?*

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

How far the Romans have gone astray from the true way of Eternity.

AT *Nazareth*, in a certain Conclave, called by the name of the blessed Virgin, there is in one place mention made of a Kingdome, *Of which Kingdomes there shall be no end.* Such was not the Kingdome of *Solomon:* for that lasted but four hundred years, even to the Captivity of *Babylon.* Such was not the Kingdome of the *Romans*, neither of the *Persians*, nor yet of the *Grecians.* For where are now those Kingdomes in former times most flourishing? Where are those most ancient Monarchies? How great was *Nebuchadnezzar* in *Chaldea* and *Syria*, and after him *Belshazzer*? From them the Scepter was translated unto the *Medes* and *Persians*, to *Cyrus* and *Darius.* Neither continued it there long. From thence it was translated into *Greece*, to *Alexander* surnamed *the Great*, King of *Macedon*, for a long *Luke* 1. 33.

long time most victorious and fortunate. But as warlike valour decayed, so fortune failed. And so the Scepter was translated into *Italy* to *Iulius Cæsar*, and *Octavius Augustus*. What is become of all these Kings? Where are they? But thou, O Christian man, seek that Kingdome, *of which Kingdome there shall be no end*. *Numantia*, *Athens*, *Carthage*, and *Sparta*, all are come to an end, they are utterly perished. But as for the kingdome which is above, *of that there shall be no end*. The King that ruleth there is *Eternal*, and those that live in that Kingdome are *Eternal*. *The Lord shall reign for ever and ever*. On which words, saith *Origen*, *Dost thou think that the Lord shall reigne for ever and ever? Yea, he shall reign for ever and ever, and beyond that too*. Say what thou canst, thou shalt still come short of the duration of his kingdome: the Prophet will still adde something; as for example, after *for ever*, yet more, *and ever*, or, *beyond that too*. And yet, saith *Isidore*, though this king-

Exod. 15. 18.

Origen.

Isidore.

kingdome be *Eternal*, though infinite, though every way bleſſed, though it be promiſed to us, not a word of that. For what man is there of a thouſand that ſpends the leaſt part of a day in meditating upon that? that ever once makes mention of that? that ever inſtructs his wife, his children, and his ſervants concerning that? we prattle much of all other things; but as for heaven there is ſcarce any mention made of that, or if there be, ſurely it is very rare. In ſetting forth the commendation of his own Countrey, every man is a nimble-tongued Oratour: But as for that which is our true Countrey indeed, we bluſh and are almoſt aſhamed, being too modeſt in commending that. For it is come to paſs in theſe dayes, by the diſuſe of holy conference, that men think themſelves not witty nor facete enough. unleſſe they ſpeak idle and unprofitable words, and make fooliſh jeſts: nay that is not all, unleſs their cheeks ſwell, and their lips run over with filthy and unſavoury ſpeeches. Oh! This is

to

to go astray quite out of the way. But let our hearts and mouths be filled with the praise and desire of things *Eternal*; let our thoughts and words alwayes run after them: we have no other way to true glory, but this; and there is no true glory, but that which is *Eternal*.

The chief Priests and the Pharisees amongst the Jewes, to overthrow Christs power (as they thought) and to eternize their politick Government, assembled themselves together in Councel: and by their foolish wisdome (as it proved) made Decrees to their own hurt. Elegantly speaketh S. *Augustine* of them, Consulting and Deliberating together in full Court: The chief Priests, saith he, and the Pharisees took counsel together what they should do for their own good, and yet they said not, *Let us believe*. The wicked and ungodly men sought more how to hurt and to destroy, then how to provide for their own security, that they might be saved. And yet they were in fear and in counsel: For they said,

August.

What

what do we? for this man doth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him, And the Romans shall come, and take away both our Place and Nation. They were afraid to loſe things *Temporal*, and never thought upon the life which is *Eternal*: and ſo they loſt both. Such is the vanity, and affected mockery of our fooliſh cogitations. What are we? and what is all that we call ours? *to day* we flouriſh like a flower, we are well ſpoken of, we pleaſe, and are in favour with men: But (alas!) *to morrow* our flower will fade, we ſhall be ill ſpoken of, and out of favour with God and man: man, whom hitherto we pleaſed, and God, whom we never ſtudied for to pleaſe. We neglect Heaven, and keep not earth: We get not the favour of God, and loſe the worlds favour. And ſo we are moſt deplorately miſerable, and deſtitute on both ſides. If death would but ſpare thoſe that are the happy ones of this world. It may be they might finde here ſome Joh. 11. 47, 48.

some glory: some, I say, such as it is; for there is none true but that which is in heaven, and *Eternal*. But (alas!) death spares no man; sees in the dark, and is not seen; and watches his time when he may set upon us, when we think not of him. What shall become of us? whither will he carry us, if here we have lived wickedly? To the bar of Christs judgement, and from thence to the pit of Hell: and from thence there is no redemption. Nobility from thence sets no man free. Power delivers no man. The applause of men formerly given, yields there no comfort. Let us here seek the favour of God and his glory. That is the true glory which is got by the shunning of vain-glory: and there is no true glory but that which is *Eternal*.

Prov. 3. 13. *Solomon* in the *Proverbs* describeth *Wisdome* like a Queen, attended by two waiting-maids, *Eternity*, and *Glory*; the first on the right hand, the second on the left. *Glory* is nothing worth, if there be not joyned with it *Eternity*;

that

that which all we Christians do expect. *For here we have no continuing City, but we seek one to come, Eternal in the heavens. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.* To give an almes to a poor man, to moderate a greedy appetite, to resist an enemy of chastity; these are works that require not much pains, or time for the doing: and yet the remembrance of these, together with their reward, shall be *Eternal.* What a small thing was it that *Mary Magdalene* bestowed upon our Saviours feet! How quickly had she done it! And yet it is made known *throughout the whole world.* Some others, it may be, would have admired other things in her, her cherry cheeks, her comely countenance, the pleasant flower of her youth, her rare grace, her great riches, her affabilite and courtesie, and such like. These were not the things which Christ commende in her; but it was the office which she performed unto his feet. The thing it self was not great:

Heb. 13. 14. *2 Cor.* 5. 1. *Psal.* 112. 6. *Matth.* 26. 13.

and

and yet it was a means to procure for her *Eternal* glory, and a never-dying name. *It shall be preached throughout the whole world*: This is the Testimony of Christ. This work of hers was not engraven in marble, nor cast in brass, nor promulged in the Market place, nor proclaimed with a Drum and a Trumpet: and yet it hath continued for a memorial of her to this day, and so shall for ever, and *It shall be preached throughout the whole world.* If you consider the *action* it self, *Judas Iscariot* the covetous Purse-bearer found fault with it; *Simon* the swelling and proud Pharisee condemned it: If the *matter*; it was but an Ointment, at the most not worth above thirty small pieces of gold: If the *place*; it was private: If the *witnesses* present; they were but few: If the *person*, she was a woman, and one infamous: And yet for all these, *It shall be preached throughout the whole world.* How many Emperours have advanced their Colours, displayed their

their victorious and triumphant Eagles, and ſet up their Standards in their Enemies Camp! How many warlike Captains have led popular Armies, and commanded them worthily! How many provident Governours have ruled their people very wiſely! How many Kings have erected rare monuments, and Statues, and built Caſtels and Cities! How many learned men have waſted their brains in new Inventions, and have like *Chymiks*, diſtilled them into *Receivers* of Paper! And to what end all this? To keep their names in continual remembrance, and to be recorded amongſt worthy and memorable men. And yet notwithſtanding they lodge in the bed of ſilence, and lie buried in the grave of oblivion. But one good work that the righteous doth, ſhall be had in everlaſting remembrance: Time and envie ſhall never deface and conceal it; the wiſeſt men, Captains, Prelates, and Kings themſelves, ſhall with reverence read and hear it. *It ſhall be*

preached

preached throughout the whole world.

The onely way then to immortality and true *Eternity* is, to live well, and so to die well. Go to now, ye *Romans*, if ye will seek *Eternity* in Statues and Marble monuments: but you shall never find it there. I for my part will wish rather with S. *Hierome*, in the life of *Paul* the *Eremite*, Oh remember, saith he, *Hierome* a sinner, who if God had given him the choice, would have preferred the poor cloak of *Paul* with his good works, before the Scarlet robes of Kings with their Kingdoms. Let us Christians here, whilest we have time, make over our riches; for fear lest we lose them, let us send them before us into another world: Heaven stands open, ready to receive them. We need not doubt of the safe carriage: the Carriers are very faithful and trusty; but they are the poor and needy of this world. We make over unto them here by way of exchange a few things of little value, being to receive in heaven an *exceeding*

2 *Corin.* 4. 17.

ceeding Eternal weight of glory. For ſo hath Chriſt promiſed upon the performance of this precept. *I ſay unto you, Make to your ſelves friends of the Mammon of unrighteouſneſs; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlaſting habitations.* But let us paſs from the *Romans* unto others. *Luke 16. 9.*

CHAP. II.

A better way then the former which the Romans followed to Eternity.

Darius the King of the *Perſians*, moſt notable for his ſlaughter, had in his Army ten thouſand *Perſians*, which he therefore called immortal (as *Cælius Rhodoginus* interpreteth it) not becauſe he thought they ſhould never die, (for where are there any ſuch?) but becauſe as any of the number was diminiſhed by ſword or ſickneſs, it was preſently made up; *Cæl. Rhodigin. lib. 8. cap. 2. & l. 25. cap. 1.*

ſo

so that still there was neither more nor less then ten thousand. Thus *Darius* framed unto himself a kinde of immortality and *Eternity*: But (alas!) it was a very short one; for within a little space, he and all his Army utterly perished.

Dan. 6. 6. *The Presidents and Princes assembled together unto Darius, and said thus unto him, King Darius, Live for ever.* Alas, How vain was this wish, and how short this *Eternity*? We live but seventy or eighty years at the most: we are but in a dream, if we think to live here for ever. Not without cause therefore *Xerxes* (when for the conquering and subjugating *Greece*, as *Herodotus* reports) he carried with him out of *Asia* two great Armies both by Sea and Land, in number three and twenty hundred thousand, seventeen thousand, and six hundred, besides others that attended upon souldiers) upon a day taking his prospect from a Mountain, and beholding his souldiers, fell a weeping: and being asked the reason why, He said it was, because

cauſe after a matter of fifty or ſixty years, of ſo many hundred thouſand men ſo ſelect and ſtrong, ſcarce one ſhould be found alive.

We may dream, and feign unto our ſelves, I know not what *Eternities*: But in the mean time *we muſt needs die and are as water ſpilt upon the ground.* 2 *Sam.* 14. 14.

Another and better type of *Eternity* was found out at *Conſtantinople*, in the year of our Lord 459. The Church of *Conſtantinople*, in the time when *Gennadius* was Biſhop, was augmented by a new and noble foundation of a Monaſtery of *Acœmets* dedicated to Saint *John Baptiſt*. Theſe *Acœmets* were ſo called for not ſleeping, becauſe they were never at all once to ſleep, but ſtill to be exerciſed in their courſe night and day in ſinging praiſes unto God. Theſe *Acœmets* were divided after this manner into three companies: ſo that when the firſt company had made an end of ſinging divine praiſes, the ſecond ſhould begin; and when the ſecond had made an end, the

third should begin. By means of this godly institution, the City had in some sort heaven within it self alwayes sounding with the praise of God; or at least a Type or Representation of the *Eternity* in heaven, where God shall be praised for all *Eternity*, with great delight and cheerfulness, and without all weariness. Therefore hath the *Psalmist* good cause to cry out, *Blessed are they which dwell in thy house, they will still be praising thee.* Then shall all the blessed say, as *Peter* did upon the mountain, *It is good for us to be here.* For, as S. *Bernard* speaketh, *Eternity* is true riches without measure: but he adds this withall, It is not found, unlesse it be sought with perseverance. But how shall we so seek that we may obtain it? Hear what the good Father saith: By *Poverty*, by *Meekness*, and by *Tears*, there is renewed in the soul the stamp and image of *Eternity*, which comprehendeth all times. First, *Poverty* is the way to *Eternity*. *Blessed*

Psal. 84. 4.

Matth. 17. 4.

Bernard Ser. 2. *de Om. S. S.*

ſed are the poor in ſpirit: for theirs is the Kingdome of Heaven. Matth. 5. 3. Where poor men are deſpiſed and forſaken, there is the heart and the money locked up together in the cheſt: Where money is expended according to the rules of *Avarice*, there is no affect or love of poverty, there is no deſire or love of *Eternity*. Secondly, *Meekneſs*. By *Meekneſs* we make our ſelves ſecure of things preſent, and have an aſſurance of things to come. *Bleſſed are the meek, for they ſhall inherit the earth.* Matth. 5. 5. If any man ask, What ſhall we ſay of him that is void of *Meekneſs*. and *Patience*, that can ſcarce at any time ſpeak a milde word? What gains he by his implacable impatience? Whac doth it profit him to rage and fret with indignation, to make outcries and tumults, to ſhew his will to do miſchief, though he cannot effect what he would; or to conclude, to ſalute no man civilly, as if he were an enemy to all humanity and affability? What ſhall we ſay of ſuch

a man? If there be any ſuch, he is ſure to ſuffer loſs of goods or good name or both. For the riches which he hath, he poſſeſſeth not, but keeps them like a dog, whoſe property is to bark at a man, to fly upou him, and to bite him: as for his good name, if he have any, he ſhall not augment it by the title of impatience: and as for Heaven, he loſeth that before he hath taken poſſeſſion of it. Thirdly, *Tears.* For by weeping and mourning we redeem the time paſt, we recover what we prodigally ſpent by ſinning. But this mourning and ſorrow muſt not laſt for an hour onely, or for a day: for this is nothing elſe but to do as he did, who at his mothers death put on mourning clothes, forced for the preſent a few tears, and ſo went along after the bier, and left her not till he ſaw her buried; but the ſame day, or the next day after, wiped away all tears from his eyes, changed his weeping into laughing, caſt off his mourning clothes,

and

and put on colours. This is not to mourn in good earneſt, to make an end of mourning ſo ſuddenly. But this we do (alas!) too often. To day we make publick confeſſion of our ſinnes to God, and hear abſolution; we repent us of our ſinnes, and receive the holy communion: and within a day after we ſinne again with delight, and without fear, and oftentimes more grievouſly then before. We deteſt for the preſent the wicked courſe of our life paſt; and we return again to the ſame paſs. We forſwear the ſinnes which we formerly committed; and again the ſame day we commit the ſame. So with the ſame tongue we proclaim Chriſt innocent, and crucifie him afreſh, as if we were the true Brothers of *Pontius Pilate*, who with one and the ſame mouth did both abſolve him and condemne him, confeſſing that he *found no cauſe of death in him*, and yet adjudging him to be crucified. We are very fickle and inconſtant, but in nothing more con- *Luke* 23.22, 24.

stant then in the repetition of a vicious course of life. Alas! Alas! we carry too much of the *Moon*, that is, Inconstancy in our breast. Sometimes we are so zealous and so holy, that we will not admit of a cheerfull countenance, for fear lest it should hinder our sanctity and devotion: we look demurely, casting our eyes down to the ground, and knit the brows, as being angry with our selves, when we find in our selves the least remissnesse or coldnesse in holy duties. But this sanctity and devotion doth never continue long: after a while we begin to hate even piety it self: and the stream being turned, we turn again to our former riot and intemperance; and we are as ready to dissolve the knot of friendship made betwixt God and us, as at the first we were unwilling to have it knit. At length *Piety*, attended with *sorrow* and *repentance*, presents her self again unto us, and puts to flight lasciviousnesse, untill the time comes that we begin to *repent*

pent us of our *repentance*. So we ſeldome continue long in any honeſt and godly courſe, for it ſeems unto us too laborious: and at every light beck we row down the ſtream of our former uncleanneſs. Such is the inconſtancy of our life, that it preſents unto our mindes all ſorts of pleaſures and vices. We make an outward ſhew of adoring virtue: but in heart and mind we fall down and worſhip vice; a moſt laborious kind of ſervice. This is not the way unto *Eternity*, unleſs it be of puniſhment and torments which ſhall have no end.

Let us ſingle out one Chriſtian man of many, and ſuch a one eſpecially as is moſt addicted to his pleaſure; let us carry him along with us to the mouth of a furnace red hot and flaming; and then let us begin to queſtion him after this manner: How much pleaſure wouldeſt thou ask to continue burning in this furnace for one day? He will anſwer to this undoubtedly, I would not be tor-

mented in these flames for one day, to gain the whole world and all the pleasures in the world. But let us propound another condition unto him, What reward wouldst thou ask to endure this fire onely for half a day? Propund what reward you will, there is nothing so delicate, so precious, so dear unto me, which I would be willing to buy at so dear a price, as these torments. But to try once more, What reward and pleasure wouldst thou ask to go into this furnace, and to stay there but one hour? His answer certainly will be this, Let the most covetous and impudent man in the world ask what he can, that is not to be compared with the unutterable and unsufferable scorchings and torments of this fire, though they should last but for one hour. If these answers be good and agreeable to right reason, how comes it to passe, O God, that for a little gain, and that but vile, for deceitfull honour, and that fugitive, for filthy pleasures, and that not long

long, ſo many men ſo little regard *Eternal* puniſhment in Hell-fire? We cannot be perſwaded with any reward, no though it be to gain a whole world, to ſtay but for one hour in fire *Temporal*: and yet, if either gain at any time inviteth us, or if honour ſmileth upon us, or pleaſure allureth us, we never fear Hell and fire *Eternal*. But thou wilt ſay, I hope for better; God is mercifull, and his goodneſſe will not ſuffer me to deſpair, or to be terrified with the fear of evil to come. So indeed we are wont to ſpeak: and the words in themſelves are not impious, if our works were pious. But for the moſt part our works are ſuch, that if we rightly conſider them, we have little cauſe to hope for mercy. It is a very dangerous and fooliſh part, for a man to live in a conſtant courſe of ungodlineſſe, and to hope for *Eternity* amongſt the bleſſed. Alas! one ſinne is ſufficient to condemn us. Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath threatned in the

Matth. 5. 22. Goſpel? *Whoſoever ſhall ſay unto his brother, Thou fool, ſhall be in danger of Hell-fire.* Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath forbidden? 28. *Whoſoever looketh upon a woman to luſt after her, hath committed Adultery with her already in his heart.* Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath premoniſhed? Matth. 7. 21. *Not every one that ſaith Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdome of Heaven: but he which doth the Will of my Father which is in heaven.* Knoweſt thou not that Chriſt ſhall ſhut many out of the gate? Matth. 10. 37, 38. *He that loveth father or mother more then me, is not worthy of me: And he that taketh not his croſs and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.* Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath openly and plainly Matth. 20. 16. & 22. 14. ſaid, and again repeated? *Many be called, but few choſen: Few indeed, yea very few.* Knoweſt thou not how often Chriſt hath exhorted to amendment of life? Matth. 18. 3. *Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye ſhall not enter into the Kingdome of Heaven.*

If

If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, 8.
cut them off, and caſt them from thee: It is better for thee to enter into life, halt and maimed, rather then having two hands, or two feet, to be caſt into everlaſting fire. Except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe Luke
periſh. And not long after, *Strive* 13. 3.
to enter in at the ſtraight gate: for many, I ſay unto you, will ſeek 24.
to enter in, and ſhall not be able. Knoweſt thou not how expreſly Saint *Paul* recites up all thoſe things that hinder us from entring into that bleſſed *Eternity? The* Gal. 5.
works of the fleſh are manifeſt, which 19, 20,
are theſe, Adultery, Fornication, 21.
Uncleanneſs, Laſciviouſneſs, Idolatry, Witchcrift, Hatred, Variance, Emulations, Wrath, Strife, Seditions, Hereſies, Envyings, Murders, Drunkenneſs, and Revellings, and ſuch like: of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in time paſt, that they which do ſuch things, ſhall not inherit the Kingdome of God. Now if any man be guilty to himſelf of any one of theſe ſinnes here reckoned up, and is not ſo grieved for

it,

it, that he seeks by all means possible to avoid it for the time to come, he may sing to himself if he will, this vain *Spero*, I hope, and I hope: but this mans hope is indeed none at all, but mere rashnesse and presumption. For a man to adventure the danger of stripes and blowes, is an evil that may be born. To lose at play an hundred or a thousand Florens, is a great misfortune, but may be endured. To lay his head at stake, and to bring his life in danger, is a bad adventure: but at the worst it is but losse of life, and that losse is not of all other the greatest. But to hazard the eternal salvation both of body and soul, by living at uncertainties, by hoping in words, and despairing in works, nullifying hope by a wicked and ungodly life: this is the extreamest of all evils: this is the most grievous misfortune a man can fall into: this is most pernicious rashnesse and boldnesse: this is extream folly and madnesse. *Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest*

Psal. 50. 22.

leſt he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you.

CHAP. III.

That the way of Eternity *is diligently and carefully to be ſought after.*

LEt every Chriſtian man therefore often ask himſelf, and others alſo which are in the place of God, this queſtion, What ſhall I do that I may obtain bleſſed *Eternity*, or *Eternal* bleſſedneſſe? Am I in the right way that leadeth unto *Eternity*? Something I do indeed, but it is but very little, and not worth ſpeaking of, I thirſt and breath after the joyes which are immortal and *Eternal*: but few are my works, cold and imperfect at the beſt, and altogether unworthy of an *Eternal* reward. I think it long till I arrive at the haven: but I am afraid of the troubleſome waves and tempeſts by the way? when

when as yet notwithstanding that is the safest and best way unto heaven, which is most rough and narrow. This the very Truth it self of Gods mouth pronounceth, and Christ proclaimeth, saying, *Enter*

Matth. 17. 13. *ye in at the strait gate: For wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be* (alack! too many)

14. *that go in thereat. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be* (alack! too few) *that find it.* Again, *Strive to enter*

Luke 13. 24. *in at the strait gate: For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.* Oh what a fearfull word is that, MANY; and that, FEW! How should it make us tremble! But we miserable men deceive our selves, rashly promising unto our selves *Eternity*: and yet I cannot tell whether we may be more truly said to hope, or to dream, that we shall be reckoned amongst those few before mentioned. Would to God *now*, even *now* whilest

whileſt it *is the accepted time*, and *the day of ſalvation*, we would have a diligent and an intent eye upon *Eternity*, and reaſon thus with our ſelves: Alas! What is all this that I ſuffer; Or, that I ſee others ſuffer? It is nothing if it be compared with *Eternity*. What if I could reckon up as many labours and perils as Saint *Paul* himſelf did undergo, as they are by him ſet down in his ſecond Epiſtle to the *Corinthians*, and the eleventh Chapter? If I ſhould endure *hunger* and *thirſt*, enmities and injuries, ſickneſſe and poverty? Yea more, what if I were *ſtoned* with Saint *Paul*, and *beaten with rods*? What if I *ſuffered ſhipwrack*? All theſe are nothing to puniſhments *Eternall*. Therefore in all adverſity, I muſt thus think with my ſelf, I ſhall *ſee an end of all*. 2 *Cor.* 6. 2. 2 *Cor.* 11. 27. 25. *Pſal.* 119. 96

The Prophet *Daniel* having reckoned up ſundry calamities, at length addeth theſe words, *Even to the time of the end: becauſe it is yet for a time appointed*. Come hither, *Daniel* 11. 35.

hither, come hither all ye that are in affliction, in sorrow, need, sickneſſe, or any other calamity. Why do ye drown your selves in your own tears? why do ye make your life bitter unto you with impatience and complaining? Here is comfort for you, great comfort drawn from the time of that suffering. Are divers calamities upon you? Be not cast down: have a good courage: they shall continue onely *for a time*. Do ye suffer contumely and reproach? are ye wearied with injuries? are other troubles multiplyed upon you? ceaſe to lament: all theſe shall last but *for a time*; they shall not last *for ever*; your sighing shall have an end.

Tears may distill from your eyes *for a time*; but sighes and groans shall not arise from your hearts *for ever*. The time is at hand, when you shall be delivered from all grief; and be translated unto everlasting happineſſe. This is most clear by that in *Ecclesiasticus*, *A patient man will bear for*

Eccles. 1. 23.

a

a time, and afterward joy ſhall ſpring up unto him. But ye alſo which think your ſelves the onely happy men on earth, and the darlings of the world, know thus much, and be not proud, neither lift up your horn: all your ſeeming happineſſe (for it is no more at the beſt) hath but ſhort and narrow bounds and limits, and is quickly paſſed over. Your triumphing is but *for a time*: your golden dreams laſt but *for a time*: after a time, and that not long, death will command you to put off Fortunes painted vizard, and ſtand amongſt the croud. Then ſhall ye truly appear ſo much the more unhappy, by how much the more ye ſeemed to your ſelves before, in your own fooliſh imaginations, moſt happy. Therefore whether ſorrow or joy, all is but *for a time* in this world. It is *Eternity* alone which is not concluded within any bounds of time. Whether therefore the body ſuffer or the mind; whether we loſe riches or honours; whether our patience be exerciſed by ſorrow or grief,

grief, cares, or any other afflictions, inward or outward, all is but painted and momentany, if we think upon *Eternal* punishments. For when fifty thousand yeares shall be passed after the day of Judgement, there shall still remain fifty thousand Millions of yeares; and when those likewise are passed, there shall still remain more and more, and yet more Millions of yeares, and there shall never be an end. But who thinks upon these things? who weighs and considers them well with himself? Sometimes we seem to have favour of things *Eternal*: but we are tossed up and down with the motions and thoughts of things past, and things future, our heart wavereth, and is full of vanity. Who will establish it, and set it in a sure place, that it may stand a while, and standing admire, and admiring, be ravisht with the splendour of *Eternity*, which alwayes stands, and never passeth away? Well did *Myrogenes*, when *Eustachius* Archbishop of *Ierusalem* sent gifts unto him, he

August. lib. 11. *conf. cap.* 11.

e did very well, I ſay, in refuſing them, and ſaying, Do but one thing for me, Onely pray for me, that I may be delivered from *Eternal* torment. Neither was *Tully* out of the way when he ſaid, No humane thing can ſeem great unto a wiſe man, who hath the knowledge of all *Eternity*, and of the magnitude of the whole world. But *Francis*, the Author of the Order of the *Franciſcans*, hath a ſaying far better then that of *Tully*, The pleaſure that is here, ſaith he, is but ſhort; but the puniſhment that ſhall be hereafter, is infinite: The labour that is here, is but ſmall; but the glory which ſhall be hereafter, is *Eternal*. Take your choice. Many are called, few choſen, but all rewarded according to their works. *Tull. Tuſc. quæſt. lib. 3.*

Let us haſten our repentance therefore, whileſt we have time. It is better, ſaith *Guerricus*, to be purged by water then by fire, and it is far eaſier. Now is the time for repentance: Let our timely repentance therefore prevent puniſhment. *Guerr. Serm. de Purif.*

ment. Whosoever is afraid of the hoar frost, the snow shall fall upon him: he which feareth the lesser detriment, shall suffer a greater: he which will not undergo the light burden of Repentance, shall be forced to undergo the most heavy burden and most grievous punishments of Hell. S. *Gregory* hath a saying to this purpose; Some saith he, whilest they are afraid of *Temporal* punishments, run themselves upon *Eternal* punishments. Hither we may adde that of *Pacian*; Remember, saith he, that in hell there is no place for confession of sinnes, no place for Repentance: for then it is too late to repent, and the time is past. Make haste therefore whilest you are in the way. We are afraid of *Temporal* fire, and the *Executioners* hands: but what are these to the clawes of tormenting *Devils*, and the *Everlasting* fire of Hell? The Counsel of Saint *Ambrose* to a lapsed Virgin fits well in this place.

Greg.

Pacian.

Ambr. cap. 8. ad virg. lapsf.

True Repentance, saith he, ought not to be in word onely, but in

in deed: and this is true Repentance indeed, if thou ſetteſt before thine eyes from what glory thou art fallen; and conſidereſt with thy ſelf out of what book thy name is blotted; and believeſt that now thou art near unto utter darkneſſe, where there is weeping and gnaſhing of teeth without end. And when thou art certainly perſwaded that theſe things are true, as indeed they are, ſeeing that the ſoul that ſinneth is in danger of Hell-fire, and there is no means after Baptiſm left to eſcape, but onely Repentanee; be content to ſuffer any labour, and to undergo any affliction, to be freed from *Eternal* puniſhment. The diſeaſes of the body move the ſick man to purge the body: Let the diſeaſes of our ſouls move us alſo to take the purgation of repentance: let the delire of our ſalvation move us: let the fear of *Eternal* death and *Eternal* torment move us: let the hope of attaining *Eternal* life and *Eternal* glory move us. Let us embrace that which purgeth the ſoul, and let us eſchew

eſchew that which polluteth
And nothing defiles the ſoul mo
then a filthy body. Faithfull
this counſel of Saint *Ambroſe*
and worthy of us to be embra
ced.

O Chriſt Jeſus, grant unto u
that we may ſo poſſeſſe thing
tranſitory and *temporal*, that
nally we loſe not the things which
are *Eternal*: and give us grace to
walk in their ſteps, and to follow
their good example, of whom
Auguſt. S. *Auguſtine* ſpeaketh; Many there
are, ſaith he, that willingly come
under the yoke, and of proud and
haughty men, become humble and
lowly, deſiring to be what before
they deſpiſed, and hating to be
what before they were, paſſing by,
like ſtrangers, things preſent, and
making haſte with greedineſs after
things to come. They pant in their
running towards their *Eternal*
Countrey, preferring Abſtinence
before Fulneſs, watching before
Sleep, and Poverty before Riches,
accounting labour in the conqueſt
of vices to be but pleaſure., loving
their

their enemies, passing by injuries; and for all the hope of an *Eternal* reward. And who then would not suffer any extremity and labour, to purchase unto themselves an *Eternal* reward?



THE

I have considered the dayes of old, the yeares of antient times. Ps: 76.5



Thy arrows passe by me the voice of thy THUNDER is round about me The arrows of present punishments fly over my head the voice of that horrible thunder, Go Ye cursed into ETERNALL fire is like a wheel that will alwaies turn.

THE FOURTH CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITY.

How holy David *meditated upon* Eternity, *and how we should imitate him.*

THat God should punish the *Apostate Angels* and men condemned at the last day, with *Eternal* punishments, this hath seemed so strange to some and so incredible, that *Origen* himself, a man otherwise of an admirable wit, and excellent learning, very well skilled in Scripture, hath been so bold as to teach, that the Devils

and the Damned after a certain time, when they shall be sufficiently purged by the fire from their sinnes, shall at length be restored to grace. But Saint *Augustine* and others convince him and condemn him of this his errour. Yet notwithstanding this errour hath found in the world many favourers. Certain Hereticks called the *Aniti*, have disseminated and scattered it throughout *Spain*, by divers their interpretations. Some thought that all the damned, others that Christians onely, others that Catholicks onely, others that those onely that had been more liberal then others in giving of alms, should be delivered at length out of Hell. Though Saint *Augustine* hath not refuted these their errours, yet the holy writ hath done it plainly and openly. *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire*: And again, *And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life Eternal.* Here no Glosses or Interpretations will

Lib. 21. *De civitate Dei. cap.* 23. *&c.*

Matth. 25. 41, 46.

serve

ſerve their turn to defend their errours. Wherefore the Divine *Pſalmiſt* king *David*, though he delighted much in the conſideration of both times, that which was paſt, and that which was to come, yet he had an eye more eſpecially to that which was to come. *Mine eyes*, ſaith he, *prevent the night-watches*: and again in another place, *Thou holdeſt mine eyes waking: I am ſo troubled that I cannot ſpeak.* What was it, Bleſſed Prophet, that thus broke thy ſleep? What buſineſſe hadſt thou to do ſo early, before day-light? What cauſed thee ſo to keep ſilence and to be troubled in mind? Hear what he ſaith: *I have conſidered the dayes of old, and the yeares of ancient times, and the yeares of Eternity I have had in my mind.* Lo, this was the thing that broke his ſleep, when he compared the years that were paſt with the years which were to come, and with *Eternity*. Neither did he thus in the day onely, but *I call to remembrance*, ſaith he, *my ſong*

Pſal. 119. 148.

Pſal. 77. 4.

Pſal. 77. 5.

6.

in the night: I communed with mine own heart, and my spirit made diligent search. And what moved him to this nightly exercise? *Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? is his mercy clean gone for ever?* See how he fears and trembles at the very consideration of *Eternity*, how he is afraid of Gods judgements, lest God should punish them with *Eternal* punishment. And what is the end and effect of this Meditation? *And I said, This is mine infirmity: But I will remember*, &c. or, *Now I will begin.* So in an instant, at the very same minute, he became better then he was, and delayed not, neither did he deferre his Repentance and put it off till worse years, But, saith he, *Now I will begin*, now I will live a more godly life then I have done. He saith not, After such an hour, or after such a day; but, *Now, even now.* I, will some men say; if I were as *David* was: if I could meditate of *Eternity* as blessed *David* did, it may be

then

then I would readily and with alacrity say with *David*, *Now I will begin*: But I am so intangled with daily cares, so hindred with worldly businesse, so distracted into divers parts one way or other, that I cannot. I live amongst men; I see and hear much evil; I have no time or leasure once to have so good a thought in mind as the thought of *Eternity*. When we meet together in company to make merry, amidst our sports, and amongst our cups, we never conferre about such grave points: our mindes wander up and down about many things, and cannot then fix themselves upon the consideration of *Eternity*. At our feasts and merry meetings we take our cups, and please our selves in making jests: Thoughts of *Eternity* are too severe, too sad and melancholick to be entertained by us; we banish such out of our company. We enquire what news out of *Italy*, or *France*, or *Spain*. That which you tell us of so often concerning Heaven and Hell, is now old, and grown stale.

WVe know it well enough already: what need you repeat it so often, till we loath it? So by this means there is no place or time left once to think upon *Eternity*. O Christian brother, it is true indeed which thou sayest, I cannot deny it. But I could wish thou wouldest be as ready and forward to amend thy fault, as to confesse it. It is too clear and manifest, we see it with our eyes, that there is little or no care in the world of *Eternity*, although one thing or other every day still puts us in mind of it.

The Book of the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of *Rome* at the consecration of their Bishops doth appoint these words to be recited, *Annos Æternos in mente habe*, *Keep* still *in mind the years of Eternity*; or, *Think upon Eternity*. For when the Pope new elect, in a solemn manner is carried along to S. *Peters Church*, there goes one before him, having in his hand burning flax, and shaking it he repeateth thrice these words, *Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*, *Holy*

Holy Father, ſo the glory of the world paſſeth away. It were a devout and godly practice, if we did every day at the beginning and end of all our actions, ſay unto our ſelves theſe words, *Annos Æternos in mente habe, Think upon Eternity.* But eſpecially when we are tempted unto any ſin, when the Devil ſuggeſts and puts into our minds ill thoughts, and when our Conſcience is in danger of being wounded, O then *Think upon Eternity.*

CHAP. I.

Divers admonitions to think upon Eternity.

PHilip King of *Macedon* appointed a certain noble young man to ſalute him thrice every morning after this manner, *Philippe homo es; Remember*, Philip, *Thou art but a man*; that being put daily in mind of his mortality, he might carry himſelf towards mortal men like a mortal man.

Much more ought every good Christian man, and true member of the Catholick Church, be a monitor unto himself, and with due consideration thrice at the least every day say to himself, *Eternity, Eternity, Eternity!* Why so? *Set thine house in order* (saith the Prophet to King *Hezekiah*) *For thou shalt die and not live.* There will come an evening for certain, after which thou shalt see no morning; or there will come a morning, after which thou shalt see no evening. Have an especial care therefore in all thy actions, that thou woundest not thy Conscience: and trust not too far to those things that perish, for fear lest thou thy self together with them dost likewise perish, and finally lose the things that are *Eternal.*

Isaiah 38. 1.

It is a custome in *Germany*, and not to be disliked, in the evening when a Candle is first lighted, or brought into a room, to say, *Deus det nobis lucem Æternam, God grant unto us light Eternal.* We shall do well to imitate the

Ger-

Germans in this cuſtome: or rather it is already in uſe, and hath been long ago in many parts of this kingdome, to ſay, *God grant us the light of heaven.* It is very good daily to put us in mind of *Eternity.*

There is likewiſe a kind of *Eternity* in ſlavery and impriſonment, but infamous and horrible. It is a cruel puniſhment, and worſe then death it ſelf in ſome mens judgement, to be condemned to perpetual impriſonment, or to be a perpetual Gally-ſlave.

Thoſe which are oppreſſed with ſickneſs or other ſorrows, do likewiſe imagine with themſelves, that even in their ſufferings there is a kind of *Eternity.* Whence it comes to paſs that we often hear them utter ſuch diſtempered ſpeeches as theſe, *Will this laſt always? Shall I ſtill without end be nailed faſt to my bed? Shall I ſuffer theſe pains and ſorrows perpetually? Shall I always be thus vexed and tormented?* Alack! theſe *Eternities* are but ſhort, and ſoon come to an

end. But if it be so grievous to flesh and blood to endure slavery or imprisonment here on earth, though but for a moment (for our life is no longer, according to *David's* measure, but a span, which is very short) what care and diligence, and what circumspection ought we to use, that we be not cast into the prison of hell, and into the fathomless pit, where there is slavery and imprisonment, pain and torment, to be endured throughout all ages, beyond all times, even to all *Eternity!*

CHAP. II.

That Eternity transcends all numbers of Arithmetick.

THere is a very common and well known Arithmetick, which children are taught when they first go to School; and this is it. Suppose there was a mountain of very fine sand as big as the whole earth, or rather much bigger:

ger: then ſuppoſe that every year an Angel ſhould take from this mountain one, and but one grain of ſand: how many thouſand, and thouſand, and again I ſay thouſand, yea how many hundred thouſand, and yet more, how many thouſand millions of years muſt there needs paſſe, before it can be perceived that the mountain is grown leſſe, or any whit diminiſhed? Let a man that is skilfull in Arithmetick ſit down, and begin to caſt, how many years muſt paſs before the mountain, or half the mountain be removed by the Angel. Certainly we cannot conceive that ever he ſhall be able to caſt up the total number of the ſand. But herein are we miſtaken; for although we cannot conceive it poſſible to be done, yet it may be done. But *Eternity* exceeds this number of years beyond all compariſon, it is moſt certain: for *between a thing finite and a thing infinite there is no compariſon, no porportion. Eternity* hath no limits, no terms,

no

no bounds, none at all. But suppose the damned should burn in Hell no longer, then till the mountain by grain after grain, year after year, should by the Angel be quite removed: yet what an incomprehensible number of years must first passe, before they can expect to see the day of deliverance? But (alas!) there is no such day to be expected; their torments shall have no end: After that incomprehensible number of years, it shall be truly said, Now beginneth their *Eternity*, their *Eternity* is not in any part expired, they are as far from the end of their torments as they were at the beginning. After a thousand years, yea after a hundred thousand years, there shall not be an end, or middle, or beginning of *Eternity*: for the measure of *Eternity* is *Always*. The same art of Arithmetick about the businesse of *Eternity*, a late Divine teacheth, in words somewhat different, but in meaning all one with the former. I therefore adde

adde it, because a man can never sufficiently think or speak of it. Consider, saith he, what is the length of *Eternity*. How long shall God and his Saints reign? How long shall the damned burn in Hell? *For ever*. How long is that? Imagine an hundred thousand years. Alas! That is nothing in respect of *Eternity*. Imagine ten hundred thousand years, yea so many ages: Yet that is nothing, *Eternity* is still as long as it was. Imagine a thousand millions of years: And yet that is nothing. *Eternity* is not a whit shortened. Imagine yet more, 1000000000 0000000000000000000, a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand Millions of years. Imagine, I say, the damned should burn in Hell so many years, and yet thou hast not found the very beginning of *Eternity*. Imagine once more so many millions of millions of years as there are drops in the Sea, and yet thou art not come to the beginning of *Eternity*.

Cornelius à Lapide in c. 15. Exod. vers. 8.

Eternity. Such for continuance is the *Eternity* of joy into which the bleſſed ſhall enter, and the *Eternity* of torments which the damned ſhall ſuffer. O Jeſus ſpare us, ſpare us O Jeſus, O Jeſus ſave us. Have mercy upon us, O good Jeſus, and ſuffer us not to be plunged headlong into the bottomleſs pit, to be tormented with the damned for all *Eternity*.

But yet if God would but ſay unto the damned, Let the earth be covered with moſt fine ſand, and let the world be filled therewith, and let it be heaped up ſo high as heaven, and then let an Angel come once in every thouſand years, and take one grain of ſand out of this heap; when after ſo many thouſand years as there be grains of ſand, the Angel ſhall have removed the whole heap, then will I deliver you out of Hell: Oh how would the damned exult and rejoyce, and not think themſelves damned! But (alas) after ſo many thouſands of years, there remain yet more, and more, and infinite more,

more to all *Eternity*, even for ever and ever. This is that heavy weight that ſo preſſeth the damned. Let every one therefore that ſinneth, conſider with himſelf, and again, I ſay, let him conſider, that unleſſe he repent, he ſhall be preſſed and groan under this heavy weight of *Eternity*.

Guilielmus Peraldus Biſhop of *Lions*, a very religious and learned man, hath another manner of reckoning, meditating upon the innumerable number of years throughout which the damned ſhall be tormented. If the damned, ſaith he, ſhould every day diſtill from their eyes but one ſmall tear, and thoſe tears ſhould be added together day after day, they would at length far exceed the drops of the Ocean: for they have their number and meaſure; and it is eaſie with God to ſay, So many are the drops of the Ocean and no more; but the tears of the damned exceed all number and meaſure. Alas! Alas! How little do we think upon theſe things! How freely and wilfully do we ſin, and

make

make our selves guilty of *Eternal* punishment, and that oftentimes for a very little short and filthy pleasure?

Yet there remains one way more of casting up this numberless number of years: Suppose there were a schedule of Parchment a span broad, but so long that it would begirt and incircle the whole Globe of the Earth: and suppose it were written all over very close with figures of 9, from one end to another: who so skilful an Arithmetician, that can tell the number thereof? What Mountain so great, that consisteth of so many grains of dust or sand? What Ocean so vast, that containeth within it so many drops of water? And yet this is nothing to *Eternity*: it stretcheth it self further than so; it knows no bounds; it is extended beyond all measure. But how far is it extended? It is extended infinitely and without end. If thy heart (O Christian man) be not turned into a stone, it cannot but melt at the consideration of

these

these things, and the very thought of the bottomless pit and *Eternal* punishment will make thee fear and tremble. If there be any sense in thee, here it will shew it self. But, as I said before, too few think upon these things; and too many live so secure of their salvation, as if there were no Heaven, no God, no Hell, nor *Eternity*. Every day they heap up sinne upon sinne, as if they laboured and studied to make their last day to exceed the former, for the measure and number of their sinnes: and so they pass unto *Eternity* sporting and playing, as if they went to prison but for a few weeks or dayes. Such men as these, saith Saint *Gregory*, when they should be mourning for their sinnes, they are dancing for their pleasure; and when they should be seriously meditating upon death, they runne laughing unto execution. This is blindnesse indeed, this is oblivious madness. For this short life which is but the shadow of *Eternity*, we labour beyond all measure; but for the life which

is

is *Eternal*, and most happy, we scarce take any pains at all: And yet the not obtaining of this life is the incurring of *Eternal* death; which as it is a torment more grievous then all the torments of this life, so in this it is most grievous, that there is no rest or mitigation of pain, no not for one short hour in the infinite space of all *Eternity*.

CHAP. III.

What effect and fruit the consideration of Eternity bringeth forth.

AND this is it that hath made so many good Christians, and so many holy *Martyrs* so prompt and ready to suffer any torments, and any kind of death, that even in their greatest pains, when they lay wallowing in their own blood, they were most stout and courageous, and with a constant heart and chearful countenance insulted over their

their Tormentours. *They had the years of Eternity in mind.* This is it that hath made the world ſeem diſtaſteful and unpleaſant unto many, inſomuch that they have taken their leave of all pleaſures, and embraced and entertained a ſevere and ſtrict courſe of life, giving themſelves wholly to reading, meditation and prayer, and ſuch holy duties, minding heaven, and heavenly things. *They had the years of Eternity in mind.* The thought of *Eternity* will make all things in this life ſeem eaſie and pleaſant, though to fleſh and blood they ſeem moſt grievous and unpleaſant. It makes all labours ſeem light and very ſhort. Prayer, ſtudy, watching, and ſuch like holy duties it commends unto us, and makes them ſeem amiable. It ſeaſons and ſweetens hunger and thirſt. It mitigates the ſenſe of pinching poverty. It makes all manner of croſſes in this life not onely tolerable, but alſo grateful and comfortable. VVhoſoever hath the years of *Eternity* in mind, and

and imprints them within, deeper and deeper by daily meditation, shunneth no labour, neither is daunted with any losses. Offer him a kingdome, offer him all the delights and pleasures in the World: and he will not change this poor estate and condition for them. Such a man as this is never complaining, he endures all things, he submits himself to all. For thus he thinks with himself, What a small thing is this or that, that or this, and of how short continuance! I will therefore endure it patiently; it will not last always. It is but for an hour, and that a very short one, that mine enemies here oppress me. Well, go to ye detractours, bite me still, if ye will, ye envious; I will not run from you. This is your hour and the power of darkness: But I expect the day of the Lord, and the day of *Eternity*; and why should I afflict and torment my self with sorrow and lamentation? All this life is but a death of one hour: The victory is not difficult; but the triumph is

Eternal.

eternal. Why ſhould I be afraid of the raging waves of this troubleſome world? I have ſight of the haven already. Now it rains and thunders upon the heads of the good and godly; but the ſtorm will ſhortly blow over. But upon his enemies God ſhall always rain fire and brimſtone, ſtorm and tempeſt: this ſhall be their portion to drink. *And many of them that ſleep in the duſt of the earth* (ſo propheſieth *Daniel*) *ſhall awake; ſome to everlaſting life, and ſome to ſhame and everlaſting contempt.* Dan. 12. 2. In the old Law God commanded *Moſes*, ſaying, *Make thee two trumpets of ſilver, of an whole piece ſhalt thou make them. If they blow but with one trumpet, then the Princes, which are heads of the thouſands of Iſrael ſhall gather themſelves unto thee. When ye blow an alarm, then the Camp ſhall go forwards.* Numb. 10. 2. 4. 5. Unto theſe two trumpets we may compare theſe two words, NOW and ALWAYES. This is the law of the world, NOW let us be merry;

now

now let us rejoyce; *now* let us enjoy our goods, while we have them: come, let us *now* crown our selves with roses, before they be withered; *now* let us leave in every place the signes and footsteps of our joy. They that attend onely to the sound of this Trumpet, they that have ears to hear nothing but this NOW, they live for the most part so, as if there were no ALWAYES for to follow. Therefore they do not remove the camp; amidst their pleasures they wilfully forget that they are here but Pilgrimes and strangers: whithersoever the wanton flesh inviteth them, they go with greedinesse: they are busied altogether in heaping up riches and following pleasures: and the sound of this NOW doth so obtund and dull their ears, that they are deaf to all good counsels and precepts: and they will not so much as lend an ear to that ALWAYES which shall follow. But they which open their ears to hear, and their hearts to understand, when the Church foundeth

ſoundeth both trumpets, (as it often doth) and thereupon ſeriouſly conſider with themſelves, and compare together this ſhort NOW with that infinite and everlaſting ALWAYES, they will uſe no delay, but preſently remove the camp: they live here as Pilgrims and ſtrangers: they have their loins girt; they remember that they are in a journey; they ſend their riches and pleaſures before them into their Countrey which is above; they chuſe rather to enjoy them ALWAYES in Heaven, then NOW for a ſhort time upon earth. Certain it is, whoſoever heareth attentively, and mindeth ſeriouſly the Alarm of theſe Trumpets, and thereupon compareth together things preſent with things future, and things tranſitory with things *Eternal*, he will preſently make himſelf ready to depart, he will prepare himſelf a place of burial, he will lay out his winding-ſheet, he will ſend for his bier, and furniſh himſelf with all things neceſſary for his journey, remem-

bring ſtill in every place, that he is paſſing on the way to *Eternity*, and conferring with himſelf every day after this manner: How ſhall I be able to give an account unto God for all my thoughts, words and deeds? and, When ſhall I give up my account? and, what ſentence will he paſſe upon me? NOW therefore will I die unto my ſelf, that I may ALWAYES live unto my ſelf and unto God. VVell is it with that man, which timely and daily thus thinketh upon *Eternity*. VVhatſoever we do, we are paſſing on our way, and we do not know how ſhort it is, unto the gate which leadeth unto *Eternity*. At the laſt hour of our life death ſhall bring us unto this gate, and compel us to enter. Let us therefore ſo live as if we were alwayes expecting death, that if it ſhall pleaſe God at any time to viſit us with ſickneſſe, the fore-runner of death, we may entertain it cheerfully, and bear it patiently, lifting up our eyes unto Chriſt hanging upon the Croſſe, the true and perfect

sect pattern of Patience, and when the time of our dissolution draweth near, praying thus; Lord Jesu stand by me and comfort me, Lord Jesu be present with thy servant that putteth his trust in thee, Lord Jesu make me partaker of thy victory, Lord Jesu receive my spirit, and lead me through the darksome valley and shadow of death, lead me and forsake me not until thou hast brought my soul into the land of the living, O thou most potent conquerour of death, O thou which art my light, life, and salvation.



Good Master, what good thing shall I doe, that I may have ETERNALL life. *Math: 19. 16.*



It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, then for a rich man to enter into the kingdome of God. The love of riches or of ETERNITIE, *are scarce resident in one heart.*

THE FIFTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITY.*

How others: even wicked men themſelves, have meditated upon Eternity.

THe old Hiſtory of the Fathers telleth us of a religious man, that reading upon the nineteenth Pſalm came at length, having not thought of it, to theſe words, *For a thouſand years in thy ſight are but as yeſterday, when it is paſt*, and here ſtuck: For he could not conceive a reaſon, why a thouſand years and one day ſhould be compared together. Whereupon they ſay there was a little bird ſent by God, which ſo

raviſht the man with her ſweet ſinging, that though he heard her ſing a very great while together, yet he thought the time very ſhort, ſcarce a ſhort hour long. *The wind bloweth where it liſteth.* Not good men onely have with holy *David* meditated upon *Eternity*, but even wicked men alſo, and thoſe oftentimes againſt their will.

John 3. 8.

Benedictus Rhenanus reports of a vain and ungodly fellow, a very Epicure and mere worldling, which never uſed to faſt or watch, one that could not endure the want of any thing, but eſpecially ſleep. Upon a certain night, it ſeemeth, this fellow could not ſleep as he was wont, being much troubled with unuſual dreams: ſo he turned himſelf upon his bed from one ſide to another, and could not by any means get any reſt; then he wiſhed it were day. But here the wind of the Lord began to blow, though it were in a ſtrange land: for good thoughts were very rare in this man. Being weary with watching, and finding no eaſe or reſt at all

all, thus he began to think with himself; VVould any be hired upon any condition to lye thus two or three years together in darkneſſe, without the company of friends, though his ſickneſſe were not very grievous? VVould he be content to want his ſports and playes ſo long? Would he be content to be bound to his bed, though it were a feather-bed, or a bed of down, and never ſtirre abroad to ſee any ſights or ſhews, or make merry with his friends? I think no man would. And ſhall I alone amongſt all men enjoy reſt and pleaſure by an eſpecial priviledge, and have no ſenſe of grief and ſorrow? Surely no. VVill I, nill I, needs I muſt ſome time or other lye down upon the bed of ſickneſs, unleſs I be ſuddenly taken away by death, which God forbid. (*This was a good wind, theſe were good cogitations.*) But what bed ſhall I have next, when death ſhall thruſt me out of this? My body muſt rot under earth: For this is the condition of all men after death.

But what shall become of my soul in another world? Surely all men do not go to the same place after death. Do not some go one way, and some another? Is there not an Hell as well as an Heaven? VVo and alas! VVhat kind of bed shall the damned find in Hell? How many years shall they lie there? In what year after their first entrance shall the flames cease and be put out? Assuredly Christ doth not onely in word threaten to cast the wicked into everlasting fire, but will also cast them indeed. This thing is certain and very manifest. Therefore the damned shall burn in Hell for ever. Therefore a thousand, and a thousand, and again I say a thousand years will not suffice to purge away the sinnes of this short life. Therefore they shall never see the sunne any more, nor Heaven, nor God, being most miserable *Eternally* and without end. VVith such thoughts as these this man became so vigilant and watchfull, and proceeded so farre that night and day he could

not

not be at reſt, but *Eternity* did ſtill runne in his mind. Fain indeed he would have ſhaken off the thoughts thereof, as gnawing wormes; but he could not. Therefore he followed ſports and paſtimes, went to merry meetings, ſought out companions like himſelf, and ſate oftentimes ſo long at his cups, that he laid his Conſcience aſleep, and ſo ſeemed to take ſome reſt: but when he came again unto himſelf, his Conſcience being awakened did preſently accuſe him, and ſuggeſt unto him afreſh ſorrowfull thoughts of *Eternity*. Thus finding no reſt, he reſolved at length to amend his manners, and to betake himſelf to a better courſe of life. And thus he began to reaſon with himſelf, Miſerable man that I am, what do I here? I ſo enjoy the world, that indeed I enjoy it not; I ſuffer many things I would not; I want many things which fain I would have; I ſerve like a ſlave; but who will pay me my wages? I ſee well enough how the world

rewardeth those that love it, and do all their lives nothing else but serve it. But suppose I had the fruition of all the delights and pleasures in the world that my heart could wish: what certainty can I have how long they shall last? I am not certain whether I shall live till to morrow or no: Daily funerals sufficiently prove this. Oh *Eternity*, if thou wert not! Oh *Eternity*, if thy place be not in Heaven, though it be on a soft down-bed: thou canst not but be bitter and unpleasant. It is true indeed, it is a hard matter to with draw our selves away from those things whereunto we are accustomed, whether it be feasting, or drinking, or company keeping, or such like: But whilest we delay and deferre the time, death may prevent us, and take us away from all these. VVhy then dost thou delay? VVhy dost thou not impose an honest and happy necessity upon thy self, Why dost thou not resolve thus presently with thy

thy ſelf? Well, I will be another man than I have been, if it pleaſe God I live. This life laſteth not long: But *Eternity* endureth for ever. I muſt walk now in a new way; I am reſolved upon it; and *Now* I begin. VVhere art thou bleſſed *Eternity*? I am ſeeking for thee, I am travelling towards thee

To conclude, he did as he ſaid, he took his leave of the world, he changed the courſe of his life; and ſo lived and died an honeſt and godly man.

Oh *Eternity*, how few are they that think thus ſeriouſly upon thee? But certainly there are very few, ſcarce any that weigh and conſider well with themſelves what thou art, and ſo continue and perſiſt in that conſideration. VVe ſeek earneſtly after all other things: onely *Eternity* ſeemeth vile unto us, and not worth the looking after. Our thoughts runne after riches, and yet the poſſeſſion of them is very uncertain; we know not how ſoon

they shall forsake us, or we them. We are ambitious after honours: and yet they are slippery, and soon slide away from us. We are in love with pleasures: and yet they have sorrow and bitterness in their latter end. We desire rest: but it is of no long continuance. We knit the knot of friendship with others: but it is such as death shall quickly dissolve. We are never well but when we are conversing with others: but our conversation is never in Heaven, where it should be. We seek for abundance: but it is there where it will soon fail. But surely if we did more often and seriously think upon *Eternity*, we should not have such a fervent desire after things of so short continuance. I call Saint *Bernard* to witnesse, who saith thus, *He that longeth after things Eternal, cannot but loath things transitory.*

Bern.

There are that have often in their mouths I know not what *Eternity*, that will promise and swear, and make good resolutions of.

of amendment, and ſay thus; As long as I live, I will beware of ſuch a place, or ſuch a place, where I have formerly been tempted to ſinne: I will never come near ſuch a man, or ſuch a woman, or ſuch a one that was my companion in evil, I will never come near him as long as I live. As long as I live, I will never go to ſuch and ſuch meetings, where there uſeth to be gluttony and drunkenneſſe, dancing, chambering and wantonneſſe, and ſuch like. It ſhall ſuffice me that I have been there once, and again, and perhaps oftner; that I have done as the company did, that I have ſinned with ſuch and ſuch. Theſe are good reſolutions: In this I commend thee, O man; Becauſe ſin is to be feared, thou doſt well in purpoſing to avoid the occaſion of ſinning: and I could wiſh thou wert as religious in obſerving what thou haſt promiſed, as thou art ready to promiſe. But (alas!) after a day or two, yea an hour or two, too forgetfull of thy promiſe and good reſolution, thou doſt

again,

again the very same thing which lately thou didst detest, abhorre and forswear. Therefore before thou makest a vow or promise unto God, it is good to use due consideration and fore-sight; and when thou hast made a vow or promise unto God, it is necessary to use after care and Christian fortitude in performance. Thou must promise nothing rashly and unadvisedly unto God; But what thou hast promised thou must religiously and constantly keep and observe. How severe God is in punishing such as break their vowes and promises, we are sufficiently taught by the wofull experience and lamentable examples of others.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The comparison of mans labour and the spiders one with another.

THere is another *Eternity*, and that the worst of all, which those men promise to themselves, which will needs erect up unto themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. *Wherefore hear the word of the Lord, ye scornfull men*, saith the Prophet *Isaiah*, *Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are at agreement.* O ye mad men! How vain, and none at all, is this your *Eternity*! There is nothing permanent and perpetual in this prison. Elegantly doth the Kingly Prophet declare this; *We spend our yeares*, saith he, *as a tale that is told, &c. We spend our years in musing, like the Spider*, (for so some read it.) He could not have declared it better, and in fewer words. For what

Isaiah 28.14. 15.

Psal. 90.9.

are

are all our years but a continual musing, and wearisome exercise? All the time of our life is consumed and wasted away with vain labours, many sorrows, sundry fears, often suspicions, and innumerable troubles: Even as the Spider spendeth her self in the weaving of her web. Our labours are continual, linked one unto another; our sighes and groans continual, partly in the pursuing of our profits and pleasures, and partly in the removing and eschewing those things which we count evil. We doe many things, we undertake many labours, troublesome and grievous to be borne, and mean while (alas! such is our folly) we perceive not that we do but weave the Spiders web, taking a great deal of pains, with little successe, to no end or purpose. *We spend our years in musing like the Spider.* It is a great deal of pains and care that the Spider taketh in weaving of her web, she runneth much and often up and down, she fetcheth a compasse this way and

and that way, and returneth often to the ſame point, ſhe ſpendeth her ſelf in a multitude of fine-ſpun threeds, to make her ſelf a round Cabinet; ſhe exenterateth her ſelf, and worketh out her own bowels, to make an artificial and curious piece of work, which when it is made, is apt to be blown away with every puff of wind; ſhe hangeth it up aloft, ſhe faſtneth it to the roof of the houſe, ſhe ſtrengtheneth it with many a threed, wheelmg often round about, not ſparing her own bowels, but ſpending them willingly upon her work. And when ſhe hath done all this, ſpunne her fine threeds, weaved them one within another, wrought her ſelf a fine Canopie, hanged it aloft, and thinketh all is ſure; on a ſudden in the twinkling of an eye, with a light ſweep of a beeſome all falleth to the ground, and ſo her labour periſheth. But here is not all: Poor Spider! ſhe is either killed in her own webbe, or elſe ſhe is taken in her own ſnare, haled to death

and

and trod under foot. Thus the silly *Animal* may be truly said, either to weave her own winding sheet, or to make a snare to hang her self. Just so do many men, like the Spider, waste and consume themselves to get preferment, to enjoy pleasures, to gather riches, to keep them, and to increase them. In such projects they spend all their wit, and oftentimes the healths of their bodies, running up and down, labouring and sweating, carking and caring, wearying themselves, and weakning their bodies, even as the Spider doth by spinning out of her own bowels. And when they have done all this, they have but weaved the Spiders web to catch flies. Yea, oftentimes they are caught in their own nets, they are instruments of their own mischief. The dayes of mirth which they promise unto themselves, prove oftentimes the dayes of mourning: That which they call their palace, becometh their burying place, So *we spend our years*

yeares in muſing like the Spider; I ſay, in muſing, for the moſt part: For we often purpoſe to do many things, and do them not. And what we do, moſt an end were better undone. Thoſe things which we purſue with ſuch greedineſſe, for the moſt part flie from us; and thoſe things which we contend for with ſuch earneſtneſs, we ſeldome attain to: But ſuppoſe we did, (Alas!) they have no perpetuity. So *the covenant with death ſhall be diſannulled, and the agreement with hell ſhall not ſtand.* We all conſume away and dye: and which is worſt of all, we blindly ruſh headlong into *Eternity*, from whence there is no return. *Iſaiah* 28.18.

Guerricus hearing theſe words read in the Church out of the book of *Geneſis*, *And all the dayes that Adam lived, were nine hundred and thirty yeares: And he dyed. And all the dayes of Seth were nine hundred and twelve yeares: And he dyed. And all the dayes of Enos were nine hundred and five yeares; And he dyed.* Gen. 5. 5. 8. 11.

27. *died. And all the dayes of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: And he dyed, &c.* Hearing, I say these words read, the very conceit of death wrought so strongly upon him, and made so deep an impression in his mind, that he retired himself from the world, and gave himself wholly to his devotions, that so he might dye the death of the godly, and arrive more safely at the haven of *Eternal* felicity, which is no where to be found in this world.

CHAP. II.

What is the best question in the World?

Matth. 19. 16. SAint *Matthew* telleth us of a young man that came unto Christ, and propounded a question unto him. And Saint *Mark* describeth the manner of his coming to our Saviour, and his good carriage: For, saith he, *There came one*

Mark 10. 17.

running

running and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit Eternal life? And our Saviours answer was, *Thou knowest the commandments: If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandements.* At *Philippi a City of Macedonia, the keeper of the Prison came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas,* and moved this question unto them, *Sirs, What must I do to be saved?* This was a very good question; A better and more profitable could not be moved. But, O good God, where is this question now in the world? The world is full of other questions: but this is scarce any where to be heard. Most men do now adayes betray themselves by their own questions, and bring to light, and so make others witnesses of their simplicity, or curiosity, or some such hidden disease of mind. He which maketh diligent search and enquiry where the best wine is to be sold, doth sufficiently declare what he loves best, and where his chiefest care is. Another asketh

19.. *Matth.* 19. 17. *Act.* 16. 12. 27. 29. 30.

such

such questions as a modest man would blush to hear: And this man shews that his heart is full, and that out of the abundance thereof his mouth speaketh. All mens mouths in all places are full of questions, such as these are: But it is a rare thing to hear one man ask another this question. Do you think this is the way to heaven? It is a fault common to every vicious man, but more proper to the libidinous and lustfull, the luxurious and riotous man, though he be plunged into the deep, and begins to sink, and to be overwhelmed, yet seldome or never to enter into a serious consideration with himself, and with a sincere mind ask himself this question, Shall I ever think to obtain *Eternal* felicity by this course of life? Is this the way to heaven? But of all men those especially least think upon such questions as these, those I say, that live a soft life, fare deliciously, and wallow in pleasures, that feel little or no sorrow and affliction, or if they do at any time feel never so little, labour what they can

can to be senseleſs of it. To ſuffer, they count the greateſt of all evils. If it goes well with them, they care not how it fares with others. If it be well with them for the preſent, they take no care what ſhall follow after. They never once think upon *Eternity*. This is their daily ditty, *The heaven of heavens is the Lords, but the earth he hath given to the ſonnes of men.* They want neither ſtrength of body or mind, by which to eſcape the hands of men. But God hath long hands, he ſhall ſurely find them out, they muſt appear before him who is the Iudge of all the world; they cannot eſcape his judgement; they ſhall ſurely ſuffer *Eternal* puniſhments for their wickedneſſe and their offences. But if God in his ſecret judgement caſteth away any man as a reprobate, and ſuffereth him to live after his own luſt and pleaſure, he giveth him his portion of proſperity and felicity in this life, he ſpareth him here, that he may punish him hereafter. And if at any time he doth any thing that is good, he pre-

presently receiveth his reward. Of such unhappy-happy men the kingly Prophet thus speaketh, *They are not in trouble as other men: neither are they plagued like other men.* *Psal.* 73. 5. They go *a whoring with their own inventions.* *Psal.* 106. 39. And this is a most miserable estate and condition of life, if there be any. For whom God hath predestinated to bring into the way of *Eternal* happinesse, he spareth him not here in this life, but scourgeth him daily. I might bring infinite examples to prove this: I will name but one; but the like, I think, hath not been seen or heard of in many ages.

CHAP. III.

How God punisheth here, that he may spare hereafter. A strange example, the like hath scarce at any time been heard of.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand one hundred eighty

ſive, *Andronicus* Emperour of the Eaſt being overcome and taken priſoner by *Iſaac Angelo*, had two heavy iron chains put about his neck, was laden with fetters and ſhackles, and was moſt barbarouſly and deſpitefully uſed, and at length in this manner was brought before the forenamed *Iſaac*. Before whom complaining of his hard uſage, he was delivered over to the multitude to be abuſed at their pleaſure. They being ſet on fire with anger, thought it a fine thing to be revenged of their enemy: And thus they uſed him. They buffeted him, they baſtinadoed him, they pulled him by the beard, they twitcht his hair from his head, they daſht out his teeth, they dragged him in publick, they made him a laughing ſtock, they ſuffered women to beat him with their fiſts. Then they cut off his right hand; and being thus maimed, they thruſt him into the dungeon of theeves & robbers without either meat or drink or any other thing that was neceſſary, or any one to look after him. After a few daies

they

they put out one of his eyes, and being thus shamefully mangled, having one eye put out, and one hand cut off, they put upon him a very sorry short coat, shaved his head, set him upon a scabbed Camel with his face towards the tail, put upon his head a Crown of Garlick, made him hold in his hand the Camels tail in stead of a Scepter, and so they carried him through the market-place very leisurely with great pomp and triumph. And here the most impudent, base and vile amongst the people, like savages after an inhumane sort fell upon him, nothing at all considering that not past three dayes before he was no less then an Emperour, crowned with a royal Diadem, commended, worshipped, honoured, yea & adored of all men. Nothing at all regarding the oath of Allegiance, they raged and were mad upon him, and their rage and madnesse stirred every man with instruments of mischief against him. Some struck him on the head with clubs, others filled his nostrils with dirt,

others

others ſqueezed ſpunges upon his face, firſt ſoaked in the excrements of man & beaſt, others run him into the ſides with ſpits. Some threw ſtones, others threw dirt at him: ſome called him mad dogg, others called him fool and blockhead. An impudent woman running out of a kitchin with a kettle of ſcalding water in her hand, poured it upon his head as he paſſed by. There was none which did not ſome miſchief or other to him. At length they brought him to the Theatre to make him a laughing-ſtock, took him down from the Camel, & hanged him up by the heels between two pillars. Thus the poor Emperor having ſuffered a thouſand indignities, yet he bore them patiently, carrying himſelf like a man & a true Chriſtian Champion. He was never heard all the while to lament, or cry out of his hard fortune: for it had been to no purpoſe. He was all the while caſting up his account, which he was to make unto God, and begging pardon for his ſinnes. He was heard to ſay nothing but

onely this, and this he said often, *Domine miserere, Domine miserere*, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy.

Unhappy *Andronicus*, which wast compelled to suffer such things! But happy in this, that thou didst suffer them so patiently, as being the just reward of sinne!

When he was hanged up, one would have thought their malice should have ceased: but they spared him not then, as long as he lived. For they rent his coat from his body: and tossed him up and down with their hands, tearing him in pieces with their nails. One more cruel then the rest run his sword through his belly and guts as he was hanging. Two others, to try whose sword was sharpest, thrust him through the back, leaning upon their swords with both their hands. Here the most miserable unhappy Emperour with much ado lifted up his maimed hand to his mouth, to suck out the blood, as some thought, from the fresh and bleeding wound, and so ended his life

life miserably. After some few dayes he was taken down from the gibbet, and thrown under one of the arches of the Theatre like a beast, till some that had more humanity in them than the rest, removed him; but yet notwithstanding he was not suffered to be buried, Oh *Andronicus*! Oh thou Emperour of the East! How much wast thou bound unto God, whose will it was that for a few dayes thou shouldest suffer such things, that thou mightest not perish for ever! Thou wast miserable for a short time, that thou mightest not be miserable for all *Eternity*. I make no doubt but thou hadst the yeares of *Eternity* in mind, seeing that thou didst suffer such things so constantly and couragiously.

Nicetas Choniates is mine Author from whom I borrowed this lamentable history; and he lived about the same time, when this happened.

Let us Christians keep alwayes in mind the years of *Eternity*. So whatsoever adversity or affliction

happeneth, we shall more easily bear it. Every thing is short, if we compare it with *Eternity*. *For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, and Eternal weight of glory.*

2 Cor. 4. 17.

August. Hereupon Saint *Augustine* cryeth out and prayeth so earnestly, *Domine, hic ure, hic seca, modo in æternum parcas; Lord, fear me here, taxt me here, so thou spare me hereafter.*

Fulgentius. And *Fulgentius*, though a most holy man, drawing near unto his death, threescore and ten dayes before he died was often heard to cry out, *Domine, da mihi modo patientiam, & postea indulgentiam; Lord, grant me patience here, and ease hereafter.* These were his words and prayers even to the last gasp. Certain it is, God spareth them least of all, whom he determineth to take unto himself to dwell with him throughout all *Eternity*.

THE



We have a building of God an house not made with hands, ETERNALL in the heavens. 2. Cor: 5. 1.



Let none wonder at my habitation, I have here a most large palace, when I thinke upon the everlasting prisons of hell and the ETERNALL MANSIONS of heaven.

THE SIXTH CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITY.

How the holy Scripture in many place; teacheth us to meditate upon Eternity.

THe Kingly Prophet, ſpeaking of the Wicked, ſaith, That they *walke on every ſide, or in a circuit:* This is their manner of life: they go from feaſt to feaſt, from delights to delights, from wickedneſſe to wickedneſſe. This is their Circuit. And when they think they have almoſt finiſhed their Circuit of wickedneſſe, and gone over the round of their luſt, they begin again, returning ſtill to their former courſe, *Pſal.* 12. 8.

till death stealeth upon them before they be aware.

The children of *Iob* made this law amongst themselves, to feast one another round every one in his course. The good man their father observed and knew very well, that this their feasting round, could not be without sinne: And therefore
Iob 1. 5. he *sent, and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them all.* As therefore the wicked delight and rejoyce in going the circuit of their pleasure: So God shall appoint them a *circuit* to goe, but it shall be a *circuit* of torments, and that perpetual and *Eternal.* Blessed *David* foresaw this likewise: For saith
Psal. 77. 17. 18. he, *Thine arrowes went abroad: The voyce of thy thunder was heard in the Heaven*, or, *round about.* Famine, Warre, Pestilence, Sorrows, Diseases, Calamities, Death it self, and all adversities whatsoever that happen before the first death, are the Arrowes of the Lord; but they flye over: they have

have wings, and they quickly flye from one to another. But the voyce of this thunder, the voyce of his anger and fury shall continually roar in the prison of Hell, and like a wheel run round without wearing, for all *Eternity*. This wheel, as if it were filled with Gunpowder, when it hath once taken fire, shall burn for ever and ever. *A fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest Hell.* There is also another *circuit*, and that likewise is *Eternal*: from unutterable cold to intollerable heat, and from heat back again to cold. *Drought and heat consume the snow waters*, (so saith *Iob*) and *so doth the grave those that have sinned*. S. *Matthew* signifieth it more expressely by the *gnashing of teeth, and weeping* of eyes. That we may more fully set out this horrible and incomprehensible wheel, order requireth that we shew how the Church agreeth with the holy Scripture in this, as the holy Fathers agree with the Church. We have here divers

Deuter. 32.22.

Iob 24. 19.

Matth. 22. 13.

good admonitions from all these which if we attend unto, we cannot easily let *Eternity* slip out of our memory.

CHAP. I.

The Answers of the holy Fathers and the Church about this.

OF all the holy Fathers which have lived in divers ages, we should do well to hearken unto five especially, *Augustine*, *Chrysostome*, *Gregory*, *Bernard*, *Laurentius Iustinianus*.

The first question here (which yet may seem a vain and foolish one) is, Which is easier, and more tolerable, to suffer pain in the head, eyes or teeth; to be troubled with the stone; to be pained with the wind Colick, or *Iliaca Passio*, or any other acute disease; neither to sleep night nor day, but to be tormented continually without any respite for three dayes together.

The

The queſtion now is, I ſay, Which is eaſier, whether to ſuffer the paines now mentioned, or elſe to eat a piece of fiſh which made bitter by the breaking of the Gall. This may ſeem a very ridiculous and moſt idle queſtion. For, How much ſweeter is it to eat ſuch a whole fiſh, rather than ſuffer thoſe ſo grievous torments though but for one day! The bitterneſſe of the fiſh will not endanger a mans life, nor make him ſick, but leave onely a bitter taſte in the mouth, which is unpleaſing to it. It is truly anſwered. And yet how many thouſands of men make choice rather of the former! For, how often doth the Preacher teach & exhort, cry out & ſpeak plainly! Chriſtian brethren, conſider well with your ſelves, and look about you; the *Eternal* ſalvation of your ſouls is in queſtion: If you walk this way, you muſt aſſuredly look for *Eternal* torments: Chriſt hath ſhewed you another way both by his life and doctrine. Return therefore and repent, you have gone long enough aſtray.

astray. You may if you will have entrance into Heaven; if you be shut out, it is your own fault: God is not wanting to those that are willing. It is true indeed, There is some bitterness in using abstinence and fasting, in confessing of sinnes, in keeping the body under, in setting a strict watch over thy senses, in conquering ones self, in living chastly and continently. This is no easie task: But, let it be what it will, we must suffer it. *Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into his glory?* Let not a little and short labour terrifie us. It is but for a few years, or it may be but a few dayes, that we are to do and suffer valiantly; but our joy and rest shall be *Eternal.* He overcometh all, whosoever overcometh and conquereth himself, containeth himself, and resisteth his evil and violent passions; and all this for Christ, for Heaven, for blessed *Eternity.* Christ after his resurrection found his Disciples eating fish broyled upon the coals:

Luke 24. 26.

To

To teach them how great things they ſhould afterwards ſuffer: and that they were not to think of a ſoft and eaſie life, but that they were to be ſtoned, whipped, crucified, have their skin pulled over their eares; that this was the way to a joyfull reſurrection, and to the participation and fellowſhip of *Eternity* with the bleſſed; that all other things were ſmall and of no worth in compariſon of immortality, and that bleſſedneſſe, which yet eye hath never ſeen, Theſe things are often ſpoken of, but they are little regarded. This fiſh bitter with the over-flowing of the gall, that is worldly croſſes and the ſufferings of this life, is often ſet before us: but it goeth againſt our ſtomach, we cannot endure to taſte of it. *Eternity* is a thing we often hear of, we often read of, it is continually preached unto us, and often repeated: but we either hear not, or believe not, or regard not, or if we do for a time, the cares of the world ſoon put it out of our minds, and we bury

burie it in oblivion. But again, the Conscience often playes the Preacher, and recalls to our mind these wholesome lessons, is instant, dehorts, reproves; but prevailes nothing. All is in vain. For many are so obstinate and perverse, that neither the Preacher nor their own Conscience can work upon them. But some are so impudent, that they will set themselves in opposition, and reply thus, *Let it go well with us here and we care not; we neither know nor care what shall come hereafter; we are all for present profits and pleasures: no man returneth again from the dead; neither was it ever known that any one came back again out of Hell. Come therefore, let us eat, drink, and be merry, let us enjoy our goods and take our pleasure.* These are the worldlings Ditties: But let S. *Augustine* determine this question, *Melius est, modica amaritudo in faucibus, quam Æternum tormentum in visceribus. Better it is*, saith he, *to suffer a little bitternesse in the mouth, than Eternal torments in* *August.*

the

the inward parts. It is far better to ſuffer for our offences here in this world, then the world to come. Farre better it is for threeſcore years and ten continually together here on earth, to be puniſhed with moſt grievous puniſhments, then to ſuffer the torments of Hell for one day, yea for one hour hereafter. But let us hear what another of the Fathers ſaith.

Saint *Chryſoſtome* propounds the ſecond queſtion after this manner; Suppoſe one night in an hundred years a man ſhould have a ſweet and pleaſant dream, and be after puniſhed an hundred years for it, would he think ſuch a dream were to be deſired? And yet ſaith the Father, as a dream is to an hundred yeares, ſo is this preſent life to the life to come, yea rather is it much leſſe: And as a drop is to the main Ocean, ſo are a thouſand yeares unto *Eternity*. And in another place, What is there, ſaith he, to be compared unto *Eternity*? VVhat are a thouſand yeares in compariſon of infinite ages

Hom. 20. ad Pop. Antioc.

Hom. 28. in Epiſt. ad Hebr.

ages which are yet for to come? Are they not like unto the least drop of a bucket compared unto a bottomlesse Well? Look for no end of torments after this life, unlesse thou repentest before thou departest out of this life: for after death there is no place of repentance, no shedding of tears will profit thee, or do thee any good. Though a man in Hell should gnash his teeth, and blare out his scorched tongue, he shall not obtain so much as a drop of cold water. Grant then that a man should enjoy pleasures all his life-long, what is that to infinite ages which are yet for to come? Here in this life all things good and bad have at length an end; but the punishments that shall be suffered hereafter shall have no end. Set fire on the body here, and the soul will soon depart: but after the resurrection, when the body shall be from thenceforth immortal and incorruptible, the soul of the damned shall alwayes burn, and not consume in Hell-fire. They shall

ſhall riſe again, incorruptible indeed: but how? Not to receive a Crown of incorruptible glory, but to ſuffer *Eternal* torments. But let us hear what another of the Fathers ſaith.

Saint *Gregory* maketh anſwer to this common queſtion, Will not drunkenneſſe ſooner ſteal upon a man in the Wine-cellar, ſtanding by the hogshead, than in the Parlour ſitting at the table? The Spouſe of Chriſt triumpheth in the words of *Solomon*, *He brought me to the Banquetting-houſe* (or as ſome read it, *He brought me into his Wine-cellar*) *and his banner over me was love*, or, *He hath ſet his banner of love over me.* Upon which words Saint *Gregory* diſcourſing ſaith thus, By the *Wine-cellar* what can we better or more fitly conceive, than the ſecret contemplation of *Eternity*? For truly whoſoever doth ſeriouſly conſider with himſelf upon *Eternity*, and let this conſideration ſink deep into his mind, he may truly rejoyce, and triumph with

Gregor.

Cant. 2. 4.

with the Spouse, saying, *He hath set his banners of love over me:* For he will keep better order in his love, loving himself lesse, God more, and even his enemies also for Gods sake. But such is the nature of this profound consideration, that it will presently make a man drunk. Make him drunk? How? With the drunkennesse of the best desires, such as will lead him to amendment of life, carry him to his heavenly Country, and bring him at length to joyes *Eternal*. It was cast in the Apostles teeth, that they were drunk with wine: and so they were indeed; but it was with wine out of this Cellar. Saint *Gregory* hath many excellent considerations, and sayings upon *Eternity*: amongst others he hath this, which is a very short one and a true one, *Momentum quod delectat, Æternum quod cruciat: That which delighteth is momentany, but that which tormenteth is Eternal.* Here I could wish with *Iob*, *Oh that these words were written! Oh that*

Iob 19. 23. 24.

they

they were printed in a Book! That they were graven with a pen of iron! These words, I say, *That which delighteth is momentany, but that which tormenteth is Eternal.* The *Book* in which this should be written, is the *heart* of man; the *pen of iron* with which it should be written, is serious *meditation*; the *ink* with which it should be written, is the *blood* of *Christ*. And these words so imprinted and ingraven in the breast, are then especially to be called to mind, and to be often repeated, when pleasure fawneth, when lust provoketh, when luxury inviteth, when the flesh rebelleth, and the spirit faileth, when there is occasion of sinne offered, and danger of falling into sinne. But let us hear what another of the Fathers saith.

In the fourth place comes Saint *Bernard:* He shall answer to the question here to be propounded. In the lives of men there is such difference, that almost now so many men so many judgements concerning

cerning afflictions. There are found some so grievously and continually afflicted, that they are ready to fall down under the crosse, as being too heavy for them to bear. One is oppressed with poverty, another is afflicted with sickneſſe. another is over-charged with secret debts, another is tormented with cares, another is grieved and vexed with injuries and slanders: every man thinketh that most grievous which in present he suffereth. And many times it cometh to passe that such as are faint-hearted and impatient, wish for death, runne into the water, and make haste to the halter, thinking thereby to find an end of all their griefs and sorrows, whereas indeed that supposed end becomes to them but the beginning of their sorrows, and such sorrows as never shall have end. But with the good and godly it is not so: They patiently endure all, submitting themselves in all things to God's good will and pleasure. They neither desire to dye quickly, nor yet to live long.

Is

Is it God's will they ſhall dye? They alſo are willing. VVill he have them dye quickly? They are willing to that alſo. VVill he have them live yet longer? They are not againſt that. What God willeth, that they will: what he willeth not, neither will they. Beſide theſe two kinds of men, there is a third, and that is the greateſt part of men, that deſire to live long: And there is almoſt no man ſo old, but he hopes and deſires to live yet another year. Theſe men are never heard to ſay, they have lived long enough. Death maketh too much haſte with them, he commeth to them too ſoon, yea and before his time. Here now the queſtion may be moved, Who live, or who ſhall live longer? Saint *Bernard* in his ſeventeenth Sermon upon the 91. Pſalm, upon theſe words, *With long life will I ſatisfie him*, breaketh forth into this admiration, VVhat is ſo long as that which is *Eternal*? What is ſo long as that which ſhall have no end? Life *Eternal* is the good

end

end which we are all to aim at, and this end is without end. And further he addes, That is the true day indeed after which there follows no night, where there is *Eternal* verity, and true *Eternity*, and therefore true and *Eternal* faciety. So then the question may be determined thus, That those onely shall live a long life truly so called, whosoever shall never dye, but alwayes live in heaven; And again, That those shall dye in a lingring death (alas! too lingring a death) whosoever shall alwayes dye, but never live in Hell: for they shall live onely there to be tormented alwayes. Let us hear but one more, and so conclude.

Laurentius Justinianus shall resolve the last question for us. There are, saith he, many things in this world which nature hath so appropriated and assigned to some one certain place, that they are not to be found in another place, unlesse it be in part. Of some flowers which grow in the new-found

found world we have onely the seed: Of some living Creatures there are brought over unto us onely the Skinnes. Now *Eternity* is a thing so proper to another world, that it is not to be found in this; onely the seed thereof we may have even in this world. And what are the seeds of *Eternity*? They are, saith *Laurentius*, *Contempt of a mans self, the gift of Charity, and the taste of Christs works. To contemn others*, is a tree that over-spreadeth the whole world, whose wood is fewel for the fire of Hell. *To contemn* himself is a very small seed, scarce known in the world: Christ brought it down from Heaven with him, who *made himself of no reputation, and tooke upon him the forme of a Servant, and became obedient*, not to the Stable onely, or the Manger, but even to mount *Calvarie*, *unto death, even the death of the Crosse*, unto the grave, yea even unto Hell. *Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him.* Behold, this

Philip. 2. 7. 8. 9.

this little seed is grown up and spread in breadth, and is become the highest of all trees. The same Author, speaking of *Charity*, saith thus, the measure of our *glory* and *Eternal* reward shall be according to the measure of our *Charity*. *Luke 7. 47.* For, *To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.* He obtaineth lesse *grace*, whosoever hath lesse *Charity*: And where there is lesse *grace*, there also shall be lesse *glory*. So then it is most true, The more thou lovest God, the more thou heapest up unto thy self *Eternal* rewards. The whole Law is *love*, but it must be pure, chaste, and holy. I have done with the second, which is *Charity*. I come to the third, which is *The taste of Christs words*. It is a common and witty saying in the Rhetorick Schools, *He is to be thought a good proficient who can relish Tully's works*: We may say as much in the School of Christianity, *He hath made a good progresse in Religion and Virtue, who can relish Christs workes, who likes the taste of*

of Christs *doctrine and example.* but whosoever findeth no taste almost at all, no relish in the words and works of Christ; whosoever is not moved, affected, and delighted with those things, which belong unto the mind, and Christian piety, to Heaven and heavenly felicity; but on the contrary findeth much sweetnesse in eating, drinking, walking, laughing, telling and playing: the same man may say with sorrow enough, and truly; *How little seed of Eternity have I within me, O my God!* Or rather; *I have none at all.* For when I descend into my self, I see manifestly what spirit is within me, and whither my affection carrieth me. To spend whole nights in dancing, feasting, revelling, quaffing, dicing and carding, hearing foolish and idle tales, reading impure books, calling for, and laughing at amorous songs, playing the good fellow, and doing as the company doth; Oh! this never offendeth me, this is pleasing & delightfull to me. But to hear of Christ

and his life, to hear of holy men that lived formerly, who were much given to watching, fasting, and prayer, or to read of their lives, that makes no musick in my eares, and this is an eye-sore unto me: I can neither hear nor see: I stop mine eares, and close mine eyes for fear lest they should be offended. To hear a Sermon of an hour long, it is death unto me, and therefore I seldome come to Church: or if I do sometimes, I drive away the time, either sleeping or prating. There are too many such men in the world: but of such it may be truly said, that they have no taste or relish at all of the works of Christ. But now let us hear the judgement of the Church concerning *Eternity*.

The memory of *Eternity* is so precious in the esteem of the Church, that there is no Psalme, no Prayer, no Hymn but closeth with it, *Glory be to the Father, and to the Sonne, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning,*

is

is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. At it was in the beginning, that is, before all beginning from all *Eternity*, without any beginning *is now*, *and* ever *shall be, world without end*, that is, throughout all ages; infinite, innumerable, incomprehensible ages; to all *Eternity*. But let us leave the little rivers, and make haste to the fountain.

CHAP. II.

Clear testimonies of Divine Scripture concerning Eternity.

I Will produce onely three witnesses, a *Prophet*, an *Apostle*, and an *Evangelist*.

How many and how great are the sighs and groans of poor abject and despised men! we may hear them every day. One or other every where is complaining, Wo is me poor man, I have few or no friends at all; I am disre-

spected; I am scorned and trampled under foot almost by all. Have patience a little, O man, suffer for a while; the day of comfort will rise at length, though it seem long first. Remember Gods promise in the Propheſie of *Baruch*, *Caſt about thee a double garment of the righteouſneſſe which cometh from God, and ſet a Diadem on thy head of the glory of the Everlaſting.*

Baruch 5. 2.

Others there are that accuſe Nature, complaining ſtill that ſhe hath given too long a life to ravens, and too ſhort a great deal unto man. Hear thus much, you that are ſtill complaining of the ſhortneſſe of mans life, This life is ſhort indeed: but when this ſhort and vain life ſhall end, there remains another life which never ſhall have an end. If ye will not believe me, yet believe *S. Paul*. *For we know*, ſaith *S. Paul*, *that if our earthly houſe of this tabernacle were diſſolved, we have a building of God, an houſe not made with hands, Eternal in the heavens.*

2 *Cor.* 5. 2.

What

What great losse is it then, if this earthly tabernacle of our body be dissolved, when as we have a royal palace prepared for us, which is not subject to dissolution? To the testimony of the *Prophet* and the *Apostle* let us adde the testimony of the *Evangelist* Saint *Matthew*, in whose Gospel we may read these words of our Saviour. *If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee; It is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather then having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: It is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather then having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire.* Oh fire! Oh hell! Oh *Eternity*! *Time* is nothing, if it be compared with *Eternity*; shortnesse of life; and so losse of time is no losse at all, but great gain, if thereby we gain *Eternity*. Christ hath promised it, and Saint *Matthew* hath recorded it, and sealed it in these words of

Matth. 18. 8. 9.

Matth. 19. 29. our Saviour, *Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my names sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.* Is it not clear enough that this promise is of blessed *Eternity*, when we have security given us of receiving an hundred-fold reward? Again, Christ according to the same *Evangelist* forewarning of the latter judgement, three times makes mention of *Eternity* expressely in these words, *everlasting fire*, or *eternal fire*, *everlasting*, or *eternal punishment*, and *life eternal.*

Matth. 25. 41, 46.

Seeing therefore the holy Fathers, the Church, and the sacred Scripture do so many wayes propound unto us the serious consideration of *Eternity*; it is our part and duty, as many of us as look for *Eternal* life in heaven, it is our part and duty seriously to meditate thus with our selves every one: Oh my God! How seldome have I heretofore thought upon

upon *Eternity*! or if I have thought upon it, in what a cold and negligent manner have I done it, notwithstanding every day, yea every hour and minute I draw nearer and nearer unto *Eternity*? But for the time to come by the assistance of thy grace I will mind it more carefully then heretofore I have done; and if at any time through thy bounty riches shall increase, I will not set my heart upon them: though the world should smile upon me, though I should want no temporal thing that my heart can desire, though I should seem to flow in never so much abundance, yet will I still remember *Eternity*. In the midst of my prosperity these shall be my thoughts. But how long shall this last? will this fair weather never change? will this comfortable sunne alwayes shine upon me? Or if I should live in prosperity all the dayes of my life, what shall it profit me after death? After this sweet, but short, pleasing but perilous, unhappy happinesse, there shall shortly follow *Eterni-*

ty, *Eternity*. But if the world goes ill with me, if it frown upon me, if I meet with many crosses, troubles and afflictions, if misfortunes befall me, if they rush upon me like waves, one on the neck of another, if I be turmoiled and tossed up and down, then these shall be my daily thoughts, Well, let the world have its course, I am content to bear it, Gods will be done. Let the sea be troubled, let the waves thereof roar, let the winds of afflictions blow, let the waters of sorrows rush upon me, let the clouds of tentations threaten rain and thunder, let the darkness of grief and heavinesse compasse me about, yea though the foundation of the world should seem to shake, yet will I not be afraid. These storms will blow over, these winds will be laid, these waves will fall, this tempest cannot last long, and these clouds shall be dispelled. Whatsoever I suffer here, shall shortly have an end, I shall not suffer *Eternally*. Come the worst that can come, death will put

put an end to all my ſorrows and miſeries. But no ſtorm to that ſtorm of fire and brimſtone which the damned ſhall ſuffer in Hell *Eternally* and without end. All things here ſhall have an end, but the torments there ſhall have no end. Whatſoever is not within the circle of *Eternity*, is ſhort, ſwift, and momentany, it is but a ſhadow, but a dream, ſo ſaith S. *Chryſoſtome*, It is but a *Modicum* or *a thing of nothing*, *a little*, *a very little*, *for a little while*, yea *a very little while*. Often doth our Saviour beat upon this, ſpeaking to his Diſciples. All his own ſufferings, yea his moſt bitter death upon the croſſe, he calleth but a *little*. All the ſufferings, puniſhments, and violent deaths of the Apoſtles, all but a *little*. And why ſhould not I alſo think it but a *little*, whatſoever here I ſuffer, though I ſhould ſuffer it an hundred years together; *For yet a little while, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry.* Heb. 7. 27. I will therefore ſuffer patiently whatſoever can

happen, and account one thing onely necessary, and that is, To do nothing against my Conscience, and displeasing unto God. For all is safe and sure with him who is certain and sure of blessed *Eternity*.

CHAP. III.

This life in respect of that which is to come, is but as a Drop *to the* Ocean, *a* little stone *to the* sand *upon the Sea-shore*, *a* Centre *to the* Circle, *a* Modicum, *a little, a very little time, a* Minute *to* Eternity. *And such are the sufferings of this life in respect of the joyes that shall be hereafter.*

MOst true it is, whatsoever labour or sorrow we suffer in this life, it is but a *Modicum*, or *for a little while*. It is the saying of S. *Augustine*, *This Modicum or little while seems long unto us, be-*

cause

cauſe it is not yet all paſt and gone: *But when it ſhall come to an end, then ſhall we perceive and underſtand what a little while this Modicum was.* The wiſeſt of men being to ſhew the vanity and ſhortneſſe of this preſent life, though it ſhould be lengthened to an hundred years; which few men can reach unto, makes choice of the moſt minute things in the world, whereby to expreſſe it, and ſet it forth by way of reſemblance. For thus we read expreſſely in *Eccleſiaſticus, The number of a mans dayes at the moſt are an hundred years. As a drop of water unto the ſea, and a gravel-ſtone in compariſon of the ſand, ſo are a thouſand years to the dayes of Eternity.* And why then do ye rejoyce in this, ye long-liv'd men, that ye have lived an hundred year? All our years are, What are they? They are *as a drop of water unto the ſea, and a gravel-ſtone in compariſon of the ſand.* And what is a little ſtone to thoſe exceeding high mountains of ſand: and what is a ſmall drop

Eccluſ. 18. 9. 10.

of

of water to the deep and fathomlesse Sea? such are fifty, sixty, yea an hundred years. (Hear this, ye old men) they are but a *Modicum*, a very little while, but a *Minute* of time, indeed nothing at all to the dayes of *Eternity*. And yet, fooliſh and miſerable men, we are overjoyed with this little ſtone, this ſmall drop. Our life is indeed *a little ſtone*, but no jewel, no precious ſtone; it is made of no better matter then ſand. Our life is a *drop*, but not of ſweet and freſh water; it is ſalt and brackiſh as the ſea-water is. *For all his dayes are ſorrows, and his travel grief; yea his heart taketh no reſt in the night*: So ſaith the *Preacher*. It is the counſel of *S. Auguſtine*, Recall to mind, ſaith he, the years that are paſt, from *Adam* to this preſent day; runne over all the Scripture: It is but almoſt yeſterday ſince he fell, and was thruſt out of *Paradiſe*. For where are thoſe times that are paſt? Certainly, if thou hadſt lived all the time ſince *Adam* was thruſt out of *Paradiſe*, even unto this preſent

Eccluſ. 2. 23.

Auguſt.

sent, thou wouldst perceive and confesse that thy life was not long, which is so soon fled away. For what is any mans life? Adde as many years as thou wilt; imagine the longest old age: What is it? Is it not as a morning blast? All this is most true. I pray you tell me, where is *Adam* now? where is *Cain*? where is long liv'd *Methuselah*? where is *Noah*? where is *Sem*? where is *Eber*? where is most obedient *Abraham*: where is *Iacob*? where is *Ioseph*? They are dead and gone, their time is past; we may say of them, *Vixerunt, fuerunt Troes*, *Once they were, now they are not.* Thus our life passeth away; thus the glory of the world passeth away. O morning dew! O meer vanity! What is it that we so desire here? what so long as to be hoped or wished for here? short it is, a *Modicum* it is, it is vile and nothing worth, it is but a small point whatsoever thine eye beholdeth here. It is a true saying of *Gregory* the great; The longest measure of our life is but a point; *Greg. mag.*

or

or it is a short line that begins, continues, and ends in a point. *In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye* all things shall have an end; *I have seen an end of all perfection, but thy commandement is exceeding broad*, so saith the *Psalmist*. Why then do we account any time long? For that which is past, now is not; that which is to come, yet is not; and what is the present? The glasse is alwayes running, and the clock never stands still: The hour passeth away by flying minutes. What is flown by, is past and gone: what is yet behind, is still to come: But where is the time which we use to call long? *Bernard* makes often mention of that most true and excellent saying of S. *Hierom* (and, Reader it is worth observing) *No labour ought to seem long unto us, no time long, in which we are seeking after Eternal glory.*

1 Cor. 15 52. Psal. 119. 69. Hierom.

And yet though the life of man be but very short in comparison of *Eternity*, there is none of the damned that can justly accuse God for not granting him a longer life.

They

They must condemn themselves for not living better. *There is no inquisition in the grave* (saith *Siracides*) *whether thou hast lived ten or an hundred, or a thousand years.* Eccles. 41. 4.

In hell it is no time to complain of shortnesse of life. Every man hath lived long enough, if he hath lived godly enough.

Here, Christian brother, I will deal more boldly and plainly with thee, and lay the matter so open that thou shalt see it clearly presented before thine eyes. Thou sayest that thou dost often think upon heaven, and that thou hast an earnest and longing desire after *Eternity*. Sayest thou so? I hear thee, but I do not believe thee: neither would I have thee believe me if I should say so of my self. For how can it be, O good Christian brother, how can it be that thou or I should think so often and so seriously upon heaven, and have such a longing desire (as we say we have) after *Eternity*, and yet be so luke-warm, yea stone-cold, in matters of religion; so slow and back-

backward to that which is good, so prone and forward to that which is evil, so ready and willing to all manner of wantonnesse, so querulous and complaining, so slothfull and negligent; Where we should be angry, there are we too patient; and where we should be patient and couragious, there are we too faint-hearted and pusillanimous. In the fire of every light affliction our patience melts and consumes away: nay we are often cast down with a word, we are blown down with the breath of mans mouth. But never are we more impatient and desperate, then when ours wills are crossed: I might speak here of the hot *Apostems* of lust wherewith our hearts are often inflamed and swoln, and likewise of the devouring *Cancer* of envy, which often eats into our breasts and makes our flesh consume away: But I pass them by. Notwithstanding what hath been said, we good and godly men, as we professe our selves, and would have others think us to be, are too timorous where

where we ſhould be bold, and too bold where we ſhould be timourous, glory in nothing more then in this, That we have often in our minds the hearty deſires, the joyes of *Eternity*. Believe it, it is not credible that the thoughts of heaven and *Eternity* ſhould be ſo often in our minds as we ſpeak of, and yet mean while that we ſhould live no better then we do. Did I ſay, It is not credible? Nay I ſay, it is impoſſible. And thus I ſhall declare it.

The Patriarch *Jacob* ſerved his uncle *Laban* for his daughter *Rachel* ſeven years, *And they ſeemed to him but a few dayes for the love that he bare to her.* Heareſt thou this whoſoever thou art that ſo complaineſt? Thou ſerveſt no impoſtour or deceiver as *Laban* was, but God thy maker, and him that will ſurely keep his covenant and promiſe. Thou ſerveſt not for a wife but for the kingdome of heaven: not for the beauty and ſight of a wife, but for the beatifical viſion and *Eternal* ſight of God: not for the *Geneſis* 29.20.

the delight and pleasure of a wife, but for celestial and *Eternal* delights and pleasures. And yet doth the trouble of one winters day oftentimes so cast thee down, that suddenly all thy love towards God and thy desire after heaven begins to wax cold in thee. As soon as the storm of adversity begins, thou breakest forth into most bitter complaints, thou callest heaven and earth to witnesse, thou breathest nothing but revenge; yea oftentimes, I believe thou sparest not God himself, but callest his justice into question. At other times when pleasure with her fawning allurements hath once enticed thee, she doth so bewitch thee and take away thy memory, that thou quite forgettest to serve God, and so runnest headlong into the *Labyrinth* of sinne, which hath a fair entrance, at least seemingly, but leadeth thee the next way to destruction. Is this the vigilancy which thou so much talkest of? Is this thy heroical fortitude and love of God? How wilt thou serve God

God ſeven years, as *Iacob* did *Laban*, when (alas!) thou canſt not endure the labour and ſorrow of one ſhort day? *O Simon, Simon, ſleepeſt thou; couldſt thou not watch one hour* with thy Lord and Maſter? but hear further concerning the Patriarch *Iacob*. He being beguiled by his uncle *Laban*, who gave him blear-eyed *Leah* in ſtead of beautiful *Rachel*, ſerved him yet ſeven years more for his daughter *Rachel*, whom he dearly loved: and no doubt but thoſe ſeven years alſo ſeemed unto him but as a few dayes for the exceeding great love that he had unto her. And it is very likely that oftentimes when he was weary at his work he had an eye unto *Rachels* beauty, and ſaid thus with himſelf, Surely for her beauty ſhe is worthy for whom I ſhould ſuffer ſeven years hard ſervice; and, if need were, I would not ſtick to ſerve yet ſeven years more. Such was the affection that he bore unto *Rachel*, that it made him ſcarce ſenſible of any labour. *Mark* 14.37.

Heareſt

Heareſt thou this, thou which goeſt for a ſouldier of Chriſt? conceiveſt thou this, underſtandeſt thou this? How then canſt thou ſtill murmure againſt God? Thou art bid to ſerve God for Gods ſake, that ſo thou mayeſt at length enter into Gods *Eternal* reſt; Thou art exhorted to tolerance and patience here, that ſo thou mayeſt be made partaker of immortality with the bleſſed hereafter: And yet ſleepeſt thou, O ſluggard? Haſt thou not an ear to hear? Art thou ſtill complaining? Do but reckon up the years which thou haſt ſpent in the ſervice of God, and ſee whether thou haſt ſerved God faithfully and painfully twenty years, as *Iacob* did *Laban*. I am afraid thou wilt come ſhort in thy reckoning: Haſt thou ſerved God ſo many moneths? I tell thee, I make a queſtion of it. Number the nights that thou haſt ſpent in watching and praying, recount the dayes which thou haſt ſpent in holy exerciſes, and ſee if thou canſt truly ſay unto God as *Iacob* did to *Laban*,

In the day the drought consumed Gen. 31.
me, and the frost by night, and my 40, 41.
sleep departed from thine eyes. Thus
have I been twenty years in thy
house: I served thee fourteen years
for thy two daughters, and six
years for thy cattel. Tell me, Christian man, hast thou served God thus twenty years? Thou knowest thy wages if thou servest God: Not *Labans* daughters, nor flocks of sheep; God himself shall be the reward of thy service: Thou shalt be blessed both in soul and body; It shall be well with thee on every side; Thou shalt enjoy all manner of delights; great delights without either lacking or loathing, and without end. Thou shalt swimme in the bottomlesse *Ocean* of pleasures: And yet (behold) thy hands are slack to every good work; Thy feet are slow to go to Church; thy heart consumes away with envy, flames with anger and revenge, abounds with the vermine of filthy thoughts, and is quite dead through slothfulnesse and impatience. Is this thy serving of God?

God? Is this the way, thinkeſt thou, to heaven, to immortal life, to *Eternal* bleſſedneſs? Surely it is not. Why doſt thou not rather as *Jacob* did? when thou art weary with any labour which thou undergoeſt in the ſervice of God, when the world goes ill with thee, when adverſity preſſeth thee, proſperity ſeduceth thee, and labours burden thee, lift up thine eyes to heaven, behold *Rachel*, who is promiſed unto thee, and thus comfort up thy ſelf, Be not troubled, O my ſoul: Behold thy *Rachel*, thy *Rachel*, which is in heaven, fair *Rachel*, comely *Rachel*, *Rachel* that is all beautiful, not having any one blemiſh about her! Behold heaven and the houſe of thy *Eternal* reſt and pleaſure! Be content to ſuffer for a while, a little ſorrow, and ſome pains: For thou ſhalt ſhortly be where thy *Rachel* is; and there thou ſhalt be the more joyful and bleſſed, by how much the more thou art here ſorrowful and afflicted: There ſhall thy reſt be the more pleaſant and joyful, by how much

much the more thy life here is heavy and painfull. Well then, be of good courage, shew Christian fortitude and patience. *Eternity*, blessed *Eternity* is more worth, infinitely more worth then all that we can do or suffer. If thus, O Christian brother, thou wouldest animate and encourage thy self, if with such eyes thou wouldest oftner look up to heaven, if with such affection thou wouldest daily think upon *Eternity*; believe it, all thy dayes of service here on earth would seem but few, for the great love which thou wouldest have unto *Eternity*: Thou wouldest count all labour ease, all troubles welcome, all losses gain. This I will say, and therewith I will conclude,

The more a man thinks upon the *Eternity* of the world to come,
the more care he will take here,
to lead a godly life in
this present world.

THE

Thus saith the high and lofty one, that inhabiteth ETERNITIE.



Adam lost ETERNITIE. *Christ regained it: to this the Angels invite us from this the devils withdraw us: have a care whether thou followest.*

THE SEVENTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITY.*

How Chriſtians uſe to paint Eternity.

HE that is to go through an houſe in the dark muſt go warily and leiſurely, ſtep after ſtep, and he muſt grope for the wall. If mans underſtanding will be prying into *Eternity*, if he thinks here in this life to enter into it, he is much deceived: The way is dark and full of difficulties. He may hurt himſelf by the way, but he ſhall never here attain unto it. The way thi-

ther is but short indeed: but when a man is once in, there is no coming out again. And yet though no mortal man can so conceive of *Eternity*, that he can certainly say what it is, notwithstanding the infiniteneſſe thereof is shadowed out by certain pictures and reſemblances, in such manner that every man may have a glimpse of it. Whatsoever we speak or write concerning *Eternity*, howsoever we set it out in colours; all is but a shadow, yea a shadow of shadows: No *Orator* in the world can with all his Rhetorick, sufficiently expresse it; No *Limner* with all his curious art and skill can set it forth to the life. If all times that ever were and ever shall be should be put together, they would infinitely come short of *Eternity*: The latitude thereof is not to be measured, neither by hours nor days, nor weeks, nor moneths, nor years, nor *Lustra's*, nor *Olympiads*, nor *Indictions*, nor *Jubilees*, nor *Ages*, nor *Plato's years*, nor by the most slow motions of the *Eighth sphere*, though these

theſe were multiplied by a thouſand, or a million, or the greateſt multiplyer or *Number numbering* that can be imagined. Neither can it be meaſured by any *Number numbered*, as by the ſtarres of heaven, the ſands of the ſea, the graſs of the field, the drops of the rivers, and ſuch like. The number of *Eternity* is paſt finding out.

The Sailers uſe to ſound the depth of the ſea by a plummet and a line: Let us alſo let down the plummet and line of our humble and reverent cogitations, to ſound the depth of *Eternity*, which yet is paſt finding out. But if he will go by this *Map*, if we will ſail by this *Card*, if we will view well this *Picture*, we ſhall come much nearer finding it, then otherwiſe we ſhould.

Chriſt as a Childe, taken as it were from the manger, and the cradle, almoſt quite naked, and without clothes, *ſtands in the clouds: on his ſhoulders he bears a Croſſe: in the clouds* there is this inſcription, *ETERNITY: beneath Chriſts*

feet, down upon the earth there is the *Sceleton* of a man, or nothing but the bones of a man without hair or skinne; onely he hath a beard to be known by: *in his left hand* he holdeth a *piece of parchment*, in which these words are writ-
Gregor. ten, *Momentaneum quod delectat*, *That which delighteth is momentany*: *in his right hand* he holdeth up an *Apple*. Near unto him there standeth a *Raven* pecking a shell-fish, with this subscription, *Cras*, *Cras* *To morrow*, *To morrow*. *The earth opens her mouth, and flames of fire break forth* and tend aloft, in which these words are written,
Gregor. *Æternum quod cruciat*, *That which tormenteth is Eternal*. *Christ* coming down from the clouds *to adore* with bended knees of divers sex, in the place of all mankind. *Behind them* there is a running *Hour-glasse*, or a *Dial* measuring hours by the running of water, called a *Clepsydra*, and a *Book* lying wide open. On one page there
Job 21. 13. is written, *They spend their dayes in mirth, and in a moment go down*

down to the grave. On the other page, *Who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?* Before them ſtand two heavenly *Angels*, which embrace them with their armes, and pointing at Chriſt, bid them lift up their eyes unto him. This is the *Picture*: The meaning followeth. Rom. 7. 24.

CHAP. I.

Chriſt inviting.

CHriſt the *Eternal* ſonne of the *Eternal* God came into this world, clad with no other garment then we, that is, ſtark naked. The garment of immortality and innocency we loſt by *Adam*'s diſobedience. And now (alas!) how miſerably arayed do we come into this world! Chriſt together with us, yea for us, ſuffereth puniſhment and yet was not guilty of any ſin. But what meaneth this *Croſs upon the ſhoulders* of the Sonne of God? It is a bed on which he ſlept in death. *Golgotha* was his chamber,

The thorns his pillow, and the Crosse his bed. Which many religious men of former times well considering with themselves, have voluntarily and freely chosen to lie hard, and take little rest, that at the day of resurrection they might rise joyfully to rest *Eternal*. Some, as we may read, have made the earth their Mattresse, Sackcloth their Sheet, and a Stone their Boulster. And many there are which do so still to this day. But I leave them, and return to Christ. He suffered *death*, *even* that most bitter and shamefull *death of the Crosse*. To what end? That he might save us from death *Eternal*. Dye we must all of us; but our death is but short, In a moment, in the twinckling of an eye the soul is snatched from the body, and this is all that which we call *Death*. But it is not so with them in Hell: Their torments farre exceed all the sorrows and pangs of death, not onely because they are more grievous for their quality, but also because they are of longer continuance beyond all com-

Phil. 2. 8.

compariſon; for they are *Eternal*. So then their torments are, alwayes to be tormented; and their death, to dye alwayes. And from this death hath Chriſt the Sonne of God delivered us; the *Child* that we ſee deſcribed walking amidſt the clouds. Under his feet is a bare *Skeleton*, or the bare bones of a man, which by all ſigns we may gither to be our fore father *Adams*. Hearken ye children, and ye childrens children, hearken unto the words of your fore-father *Adam* thus ſpeaking unto you.

CHAP. II.

Adam lamenting.

O My children, happy then indeed, if your fore-father had known his own happineſſe, but now miſerable, and that even in this, becauſe mine. By me were you deſtroyed before you were begotten; by me were you damned before you were brought forth. I

fain would be as God, and by that means I am left scarce a man. Before you could perish, you all perished in me. I my self do not know whether you may better call me a Father, or a Tyrant, and a murderer. I cannot wonder or complain justly that you are so vicious and so sinfull: for you learned it of me. I am sorry that you are so disobedient: but this you learned also of me. I was first disobedient unto God that made me. The Angels in heaven blush & are ashamed to see your gluttony and intemperance: but this is your Fathers fault. Your pride hath made you odious and detestable before God: but this monster first conquered and triumphed over me, and so pride became more proud then she was before. This is the inheritance you receive from me, nothing else but an heap of miseries. God indeed of his free good will gave unto me by a sure promise Heaven for an inheritance, and intailed it upon you: But I have undone you all, cut off the intail, and prodigally made away

away all for one bit. I valued my wife and an apple more then you all, more then Heaven, more then God. A curſed and unhappy dinner, for which I deſerred to ſup in hell many thouſand years after. I lived in *Paradiſe*, a garden full of all delight and pleaſure beyond imagination. God gave me the free uſe of all things therein; onely the fruit of one tree was forbidden me. I was Lord of all the Creatures, I was wiſe and beautifull, ſtrong and luſty. I abounded with all manner of delights. The Air was then as temperate as could be deſired; the Clouds were clad in bright blew; the Heaven ſmiled upon us; the Sunne did ſhine ſo pure that nothing could be more. All things ſeemed to gratifie us at our new marriage. Our eyes could behold nothing but that which was flouriſhing and pleaſing to them. Our eares were continually filled with muſick, the birds thoſe nimble Choriſters of the Air ever warbling out their pleaſant ditties. The Earth of it

ſelf brought forth odoriferous cinnamon and ſaffron. I was compaſſed about with pleaſures on every ſide. I lived free and remote from all care, ſorrow, fear, labour, ſickneſſe and death. I ſeemed to be a God upon earth. The Angels in heaven rejoyced to ſee my happineſſe: there was none that did envy me but my ſelf. But, becauſe I obeyed not the voice of God, all theſe evils fell upon me. I was driven out of *Paradiſe*, banished from the ſight of God, and for ſhame I hid my face. Labour, ſorrow, mourning, fears, tears, calamities, a thouſand miſeries ſeized upon me, and quite wearied me out: you feel it, as many as are of my family: and that which ſeemeth to be the end of all temporal miſery and ſorrow, is oftentimes the beginning of *Eternal*. O my children, learn by your own woſull experience, learn by your own loſſe and mine, learn, I ſay, to be wiſe at length. I will give you but one leſſon, and it is but in three words, which you ſhall do well to learn by

by heart, and that is, *To hate ſinne.* Behold; Do you not ſee *a grievous flame* breaking out hard by me? It hath burnt ever ſince ſinne firſt entred into the world, and ſhall never be put out. All other puniſhments are but light, and ſhall ſhortly have an end: but the damned ſhall be tormented in this flame for ever and ever. Now if we will, we may eſcape it. Heaven is ſet open to all; but there is no coming to it, but by the way of repentance, and the gate of the croſs. He that walketh in this way, and entreth in at this gate, may be certain of his ſalvation, and eternal joy in the kingdome of heaven, where he ſhall have an everlaſting habitation. This is the counſel of *Adam* to his children, I ſay it is *Adam*'s counſel.

Who falling once, did make his children all
Both guilty of his puniſhment and fall.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Raven croking.

NEar unto the *Sceleton* of the *Protoplast*, or the bare bones of the first man that God made, is the *Ravens* place in the picture, which maketh very much for the representation of *Eternity* to the life. It is a well-known saying of Saint *Augustine*, *Cras*, *Cras*, that is, *To morrow*, *to morrow*, *is the voyce of the Raven: Mourn therefore like a Dove, and beat thy breast.* The chiefest cause, that I conceive, why most men loose their part and portion of blessed *Eternity*, is because they seek it not *To day*, but defer the seeking of it till *To morrow*. For what is more frequent or ordinary, then putting off repentance till *To morrow*, *To morrow*, which God doth know we are uncertain whether we shall live to see or no? but that we may not seem to put it off without some fair pretence, we make many fair promises unto God.

August.

I will.

I will To morrow, *that I will,*
I will be ſure to do it:
To morrow *comes*, To morrow *goes*;
And ſtill thou art to do it.
Thus ſtill repentance is deferr'd
From one day to another:
Until the day of Death is come,
And Judgement is the other.

But the day of promiſe is ſo long a coming, that the day of death often prevenieth it, and we are ſuddenly ſnatcht away, and ſwallowed up of *Eternity*, and ſo plunged into the gulf, miſerable men that we are, into the gulf of everlaſting horrour and deſpair. This is it that undoeth many, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*: Whileſt they cry, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow*, the gate is ſuddenly ſhut againſt them. Therefore the Sonne of *Sirach* often calleth upon us to this purpoſe, *Make no tarrying to turn unto the Lord, and put not off from day to day: For ſuddenly ſhall the wrath of God come forth, and in thy ſecurity thou ſhalt be deſtroyed, and* Eccluſ. 5. 7.

periſh

perish in the day of vengeance. It
Seneca. was truly said of *Seneca* that Roman Philosopher, A great part of our life we spend in doing ill; the greatest part in doing nothing; but all in doing another thing rather then that we should. Not unlike to *Archimedes*, who when *Syracuse* was taken, was sitting secure at home, and drawing circles with his compasse in the dust. For do we not see most men, when the *Eternal* salvation of their souls is in question, handling their dust, and stretching themselves to their furthest compass, set upon the tenter-hooks as it were, and distracted with law-suits, money-matters, worldly businesse, and labours that shall nothing profit them at the last? *Eternity* is a thing they never once think of, or else very seldome, and then but slightly for a snatch and away, as dogges are
Luke 10. 41. said to lappe at *Nilus*. *Martha, Martha, thou art carefull and troubled about many things: but one thing is needfull*, and that is *Beatitude* or blessednesse: not that

that on earth, with ſuch as it is, is yet but ſhort; but that in heaven, which is *Eternal*.

Before we take any buſineſſe in hand, we commonly examine it at this well known rule, ſaying, *Is it worth my pains? Shall I get my bread by it?* Should not a Chriſtian man rather in the beginning of every work ſit down and ſay with himſelf, *Shall I gain heaven by it? Will it any thing further me in the way to bleſſed Eternity?* We do not love to trouble our heads with ſuch *Quære's* as theſe, we put off the hearing of them till another time: we do adjourn it from one time to another, and another, and ſtill another; and at the laſt day of Term, we will grant a hearing. Fooliſh men! when at laſt we are not able to labour, then we firſt begin to think of labour. When we muſt needs depart out of this world, then we begin to think upon another world. When we can live no longer here then we begin to think of the life to come hereafter. When the hour-

hour-glasse of our shore time is run out, then we begin to think of *Eternity*. When there is no time left for repentance, then presently we will repent. When the gate is shut, then we knock. But this is the fault of all sinners in general, still to deferr their repentance from day to day. Every sinner is ready to say, (saith Saint *Augustine*) *I cannot now, I will another time.* Alas! Alas! *If another time, why not now?*

Augusti.

Dionys. *Dionysius* King of *Sicily* disrobing *Apollo* of his cloth of gold, said thus, *Nec æstati nec hyemi vestis hæc convenit. It is a weare neither fit for Winter nor Summer.* In Summer it is too heavy, and in winter it is too cold. So do many (saith Saint *Ambrose*) play with God, and deceive their own souls. They say, Let a young man live according to the fashion of the World; let him drink and dance; let him go to the Horse-race, and to the Wrestlers; let him go a coursing in the fields with his companions. It is for old men

to

to ſtay at home, and not to ſtirre abroad, unleſſe it be to Church. This is too melancholy a life for a young man. But when they grow old, what do they then? Then are they old and ſickly, weak and feeble: you muſt not look for theſe things of them at that age: their ſtrength will not permit: it is not with them as formerly it hath been; you muſt give them leave to take their eaſe; let them have a care of their health: this is all they have to do. Thus we let the Summer and Winter of our age paſſe away, and never once think of the *Eternal* Spring. But let us remember our ſelves; and *as we have opportunity let us do good.* But let not our ſong be any more, with the black Raven, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow*, and ſo let, *To day*, and *To morrow*, and the next; and ſo our whole life paſſe away, and *Eternity* overtake us before we are aware. *To morrow* is not, *To day* onely is ours. So ſaith Saint *James*, *Go to now, ye that ſay, To day, or to morrow we will go.*

Gal. 6. 10.

James 4. 13.

go into such a City, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is our life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. It was a very good answer that *Messodamus* gave one, inviting him to a feast the next day, (as it is reported by *Guido Burricensis*) My friend, saith he, why dost thou invite me against to *morrow?* I durst not for these many years secure my self that I should live one day; for I have expected death every hour. No man is sufficiently armed against death, unlesse he be alwayes prepared to entertain it. What is it else but rashnesse and folly, folly and madnesse, and indeed meer contempt of *Eternity*, for a man to lye down in ease upon a feather-bed, to sleep secure snorting and snoring, and to lodge an enemy, a deadly enemy, all the while, sinne, in his very bosome? Sudden deaths are very common and ordinary amongst us. How many have we heard

Messodamus.

heard of, that went to bed well o-ver night for ought any man could tell, and were found dead in the morning? I will not say carried away out of their beds and cast into Hell fire; whether it be so or no God knoweth. Have we not seen and known some that have been suddenly struck, fallen sick, and died in the space of an hour? Within an hour? yea lesse then an hour, sound and sick, quick and dead. And yet do we (rash and foolish men) procraftinate it from day to day (that is nothing,) from year to year do we deferre our Repentance, and the amendment of our lives, and death mean time unexpected seizeth upon us, and delivereth us up unto *Eternity*. Saint *Augustine*, correcting in himself such lingering and dangerous delay, such lenitude and backwardnes of mind and will to repent, saith thus, I felt and found how I was held, intangled, and I uttered such lamentable complaints as these, *Quamdiu, quamdiu, Cras & Cras? quare non hæc hora finis* *August.*

tur-

turpitudinis meæ? How long shall I deferre, and still cry *To morrow, To morrow?* Why do I not now begin, even this very present hour? Why do I not break off my sinfull course, and begin to live better? thus I spake and fell a weeping for very contrition of heart.

Antony the Great (as Saint *Hierom* witnesseth) when he used exhortations to the people to stirre them up to godlines and virtue, was wont to wish them alwayes to keep in mind, and often meditate upon that saying of the Apostle, *Sol non occidat super iracundiam vestram*, *Let not the Sun go down upon your wrath.* And this prohibition he did not restrain to wrath onely, but made it general; Let not the Sunne go down upon your wrath, hatred, malice, envy, lust, or any other sinne, lest it depart from you as a witnesse against you.

John Patriarch of *Alexandria* had a certain controversie with one *Nicetas*, a chief man of that city. The

The matter was to be tried at law. *John* was for the poor, *Nicetas* for his money. But for peace ſake there was a private meeting and hearing appointed, to ſee if they could come to ſome compoſition and agreement. They met, they fell to words, they were hot at it, a great deal of choler and ſtomach was ſhown on both parts, neither would yield a jot, neither would depart an inch from his right. A great conflict there was between them, many hours ſpent to little purpoſe: they were further off from Agreement at length then before; for neither would yield to conditions propounded by either. Well, it grew late; they departed more offended and diſpleaſed one with another then before, and ſo left the ſuit pendent. *Nicetas* thought it a hard caſe to part with his money, and the *Patriarch* ſeemed to be in the right, and to ſtand out in the cauſe of God and the poor. But yet when *Nicetas* was gone, the *good Biſhop* weighed the matter better with himſelf, and

and condemned himself for his pertinacy, and though he was in a good cause and knew it also, yet said, Can I think that God will be well pleased with this implacable wrath, and wilfull stubbornesse? The night draweth on: And shall I suffer the Sunne to go down upon my wrath? That is impious, and not according to the connsel of the Apostle. So the good Prelate could not be at rest till he had sent unto *Nicetas*: For he out of hand sent messengers of good esteem, and gave them this charge, that they should say no more to him but onely this, *Domine, Sol ad occasum est*, that is, *Sir, the Sunne is going down.* Upon the hearing of which message there was such a sudden alteration wrought in *Nicetas*, that his high stomach came down presently, he began to melt, his eyes did stand full swoln with tears, and he had much ado to keep them in. Out of doores he ran presently after the messengers (for he made haste to speak with the *Patriarch*) and coming

coming to him in humble manner, saluted him thus; *Holy Father, I will be ruled by you in this or in any other matter.* Whereupon the *Patriarch* made him very welcome: So they embraced each other very lovingly, and became good friends. Great surely was the virtue, and speedy was the operation of these few words, *The Sunne is going down:* For presently upon the hearing thereof a peace was concluded betwixt them, which was sought for before with multitude of words but could not be effected. So doe thou, whosoever thou art that knowest thy self guilty of any grievous sinne, if not before, towards the evening at least call to mind those operative words, *The Sunne is going down.* For what knowest thou whether thou shalt rise again with the Sunne or no? And if thou dyest in the night without Repentance, it is a question in which *Eternity* thou shalt have thy part, whether of the blessed, or of the cursed. Wherefore do what thou hast to do quickly,

ly, *The Sun is going down.* But have a care it go not down upon thy luſt or luxury, envy or blaſphemy, detraction or theft, or upon any other grievous ſinne unrepented of. Good God! what a thing is this? if there be but a ſtain in a garment, a ſpot in the face, a blot in a cap, we preſently uſe ſome means to take it out, or waſh it off. Are theſe ſuch eyeſores to us? and yet are we ſo blind within, that we cannot ſee our manifold corruptions and pollutions? or do we ſee and ſuffer them? can we ſuffer them, and not be troubled at them? are we troubled, and yet ſeek no means to expiate and purge them out? When we are polluted at any time with the ſtain of ſinne, we ſhould labour preſently to take it out: The ſooner it is done, the better and the eaſier it is. Therefore ſaith Saint *Ambroſ.* *Ambroſe*, VVe ought to be carefull to repent: but that is not all; our repentance muſt be alſo ſpeedy, for fear leſt the Heavenly husbandman in the Goſpel, that planted a fig-

fig-tree in his vineyard, come and ſeek for fruit, and finding none ſay unto the dreſſer of his vineyard, *Cut it down.* If the ſentence be once paſt, there is no avoiding the fatal blow: Down it muſt. If therefore we find our ſelves once wounded with ſinne, let us look for help in time. The brute beaſts which have no underſtanding will teach us ſo much providence. The Harts of *Candy* or *Crete*, as ſoon as they are ſtruck, runne preſently to their *Dictamnum* or Dittany: The Swallows, to cure the blindneſſe of their young ones eyes, flye to fetch their *Chelidonium* or Celandine: The Dogge, when he is ſick, maketh haſte to his *Graſs* to give him a vomit: The Toad fighting with the Spider, as ſoon as ſhe feeleth her ſelf begin to ſwell, crawleth to her *Plantane*, and ſo is recovered. Theſe by a natural inſtinct know their own proper medicines, and upon all occaſions preſently make recourſe unto them. But we poor miſerable men, more unreaſonable and with-

out understanding then the beasts, are wounded every day, and that many times deadly, and yet notwithstanding we seek for no medicine to cure our spiritual diseases. We use the same diet we were wont to do, we talk as freely and merrily as ever we did, we go to bed at our accustomed hour, and sleep according to our old compasse. But *Repentance* is the Physick that goeth against our stomachs, *Contrition* cutteth us to the heart, *Confession* seemeth bitter in our mouthes: we choose rather to continue sick, then to be cured. This is our miserable condition: so foolish are we, and void of understanding, either not knowing, or at least, not embracing that which would make for our *Eternal* good.

If we would give ear unto the counsel of the heavenly *Angels*, which seem in the picture according to their description, to give direction unto us, and are indeed appointed by God as ministring spirits for our good; if we would, I say, give ear unto their counsel, then

then certainly we ſhould neither ſuffer our eyes to ſleep nor our eyelids to *ſlumber*, neither the temples of our heads to take any reſt, until our peace and reconciliation were made with God. They put us ſtill in mind that our day is almoſt ſpent, that the night drows on, that our glaſs is near running out, that death is at hand, and after death cometh judgement: But we ſecurely walk on in our old way: Let the day ſpend, let the night draw on, let the glaſſe run out; come death, follow judgement; we are not troubled at it, we care not, we regard not, no warning of the *Angels* will ſerve our turn.

We ſweetly ſleep, and never dream of this.

Unhappy *man* whoſoever thou art!

— *Potes hoc ſub caſu ducere ſomnos?*

And canſt thou ſleep in ſuch a caſe as this?

Canſt thou go to bed, with a Conſcience thus laden with ſin? Canſt thou take any *reſt* when thou

lieſt in danger of *Eternal* death? Canſt thou lodge in the ſame bed with the brother of death, and entertain ſleep into thy boſome? I can, I tell thee, that I can, and find no harm at all by it. Be not too confident: That may happen in the ſpace of one hour, which hath not happened in a thouſand. Thou art not paſt danger: For conſider with thy ſelf how long thou haſt to live: There is no great diſtance betwixt thy ſoul and death, hell and *Eternity*. It is gone in a breath. Thou mayeſt moſt truly ſay every hour, I am within one degree of death, within one foot, yea within one inch. Death need not *ſpend* all his quiver upon thee: One arrow, the head of one arrow ſhall wound thee to the heart, and make ſuch a large orifice, that blood and ſpirits and life and all ſhall ſuddenly run out together. Either thou liveſt in a malignant and corrupt air, or elſe thou art troubled with diſtillations falling down from thy head upon thy lungs, or elſe there is ſome obſtruction

ſtruction in the veins or in the liver, or elſe the vital ſpirits are ſuffocated, or elſe the pulſation of the Arteries is intercepted, or elſe the Animal ſpirits runne back to their head, and there are either frozen to death, or elſe drowned. One way or other thou poſteſt to the end of thy ſhort race; and preſently thou art but a dead man, carried away to *Eternity* in the turning of an hand, before thou couldſt imagine or think upon it. There are a thouſand wayes to bring a man to his end; I do not ſpeak of lingring deaths, before which there goes ſome *warning*, but of ſudden deaths that ſummon us, arreſt us, and carry us away all in a moment. He dies *ſuddenly* that dies unpreparedly. Death is not ſudden if it be foreſeen and alwaies expected. That is *ſudden death* which was unpremeditated: and unpremeditated death is the worſt of all deaths: And from ſuch ſudden death good Lord deliver us. It is good *counſel* for every one, let him be of what age he will, for no age

is priviledged more then another; death hath a generall commission which extends to all places, persons, ages, there is none exempt: It is good counsel then, I say, for every one at all times, and in all places, and in all companies to expect death, and to think every day, yea every hour to be his last: Then let him die, when please God, he shall not die suddenly. How many men have we heard of, whose light hath suddenly been put out, and life taken away either by a fall, or the halter, or poyson, or sword, or fire, or water, or Lions pawes, or Boars tusks, or Horse-heels, and a thousand more wayes then these! As many senses as we have, (that number is nothing.) As many parts and members as we have, (and yet that is nothing.) As many pores as there be in all the parts of our *body* put together, so many windows are there for death to creep in at, to steal upon us, and suddenly cut our throats.

August. *Thou wast born* (saith Saint *Augustine*) *that is sure: For thou shalt*

ſhalt ſurely die. And in this that thy death is certain, the day alſo of thy death is uncertain. None of us knows how near he draws unto his end. *I know not*, ſaith *Job*, *how long I ſhall live, and how ſoon my maker may take me away*, or (as our tranſlation hath it) *I know not to give flattering titles: in ſo doing my Maker would ſoon take me away.* In the midſt of our life we are near unto death: For we alwaies carry it in our boſom: And who can tell whether he ſhall live till the evening or no? This murderer and man-ſtealer (for ſo I call Death) hath a thouſand wayes to hurt us, as by thunder and lightning, ſtorms and tempeſt, fire and water, *&c.* Inſtruments of miſchief he hath of all ſorts; as Guns, Bows, Arrows, Slings, Spears, Darts, Swords, and what not? We need not be beholding to former ages for examples of ſudden deaths: Alack! we have too many in our own dayes. Have not we our ſelves known many that laying them- *Iob* 32.12.

selves down to sleep, have fallen into such a dead sleep, that they are not to be *awaked* again till they shall hear the sound of the trumpet at the last day? Death doth not alwayes send his *Heralds* and *Summoners* before to tell us of his coming, but often steals upon us unexpected, and as he finds us so he takes us, whether prepared or unprepared. *Watch therefore:* *Matth.* *For ye know neither the day nor* 25. 13. *the hour.* There is a kind of Repentance indeed in Hell; but neither is it true, neither will it *profit* any thing at all: For it is joyned with everlasting and tormenting horrour and despair. *Heb.* 3. 13. *Now, now* is the acceptable time of Repentance, now *whilest it is called to day.* *Matth.* 3. 8. *Bring forth therefore fruits meet for Repentance.* *Iohn* 9. 4. *The Night commeth when no man can work.* Work therefore while it is day. *Origen.* The Day, saith *Origen*, is the time of this life: which may seem long unto us, but indeed is very short if it be compared with *Eternity.* And after this

this short day of this present life there follows the day of *Eternity*, which is infinite long, and hath no night to come after it. O man, whosoever thou art, think upon these things: but thou especially whosoever findest thy self guilty of any grievous sinne. Repent and amend, remember *Eternity*, and think upon the day of Death. It is uncertain in what place death will expect thee; Do thou therefore expect Death in every place. As the Lord shall find thee when he calls for thee, so shall he also pass sentence upon thee.



Whatsoever thou takest in hand remember the end, and thou shalt never do amisse. Eccius: 7. 36.



To think upon ETERNITIE, & not to amend ons manners, is to bid heaven farewell & to joyn hands w^th hell.

THE EIGHTH CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITY.

How Christians ought not onely to look upon the Emblemes *and Pictures of* Eternity, *but come home and look within themselves, and seriously meditate upon the thing it self.*

ORder requires now, that leaving the *Psalmist* and the rest, who have described unto us *Eternity*, we should descend into our selves, keep at home, and stay within. He is a great way from *home*, from himself and from his own salvation, whosoever hath an eye to that onely which is *Transitory*, and

and forgetteth that which is *Eternal.*

The Lawyers know well enough that a man will not *let go* his right and title, though it be but in a matter of three half pence, if it be a perpetuity, and to be yearly paid for ever. Yea it is thought a great rent if a man be bound to pay though but three farthings yearly to his Land lord, as long as the world endures. In such esteem are perpetuities, though in things little worth, though but three Pepper-corns. If thou art so solicitous and eager in pursuing thy right of three *half pence*, how *comes* it to pass, O man, that thou art so negligent and careless in seeking after the inheritance of an *Eternal* kingdom, which may be had at a few years purchase? Thou fallest out with thy brother for three half pence, thou goest to law with him, thou makest it a long suit: In the mean time thou sufferest others to carry away the inheritance of the kingdom of heaven. What is the reason? Is it so

little

little worth? is it not worth looking after? It ſeems, thou thinkeſt ſo; or elſe thou wouldſt labour for it more then thou doſt. Thou art much cumbred about other *things*, thou thinkeſt all pains little enough; thou art never weary of ſeeking after them: But as for *Eternity*, that thou thinkeſt to be a great way off, and therefore thou art ſcarce ever at *leiſure* ſo much as once to think upon it; or, if thou art any time at leiſure, then thou haſt no mind to it. Oh! it is a grievous thing, and very wearisom to be alwayes looking after that which *yet* is not *here ever* throughly to be lookt into. Who would trouble his head, and weary his mind about it? We are all for the preſent: Give us *preſent* poſſeſſion; that is the thing we deſire, that is the thing we delight in; there is ſome content in that.

See our folly and want of diſcretion? What blindneſs is this, or rather is it not madneſs, to look for certainty where none is, and where it is never to look for it?

In

In a busines concerning our temporal and uncertain riches we love to be certain, we will have good security, which yet at the best is very uncertain: But concerning *Eternal* and certain riches, we make our selves so certain, that we look for no assurance; we are so secure, that we look for no security, which yet if we would we might have as good as could be desired. Does any man lend money without a bill or a bond, or a pledge? Every man hath this presently in his mouth, I love to be certain; I desire good security; I will go safely to work; I will not put the matter to hazard. Things present and certain; when we hold the balance, alwayes weigh down things future and uncertain. *Better*, say we (as the proverb goes) *a one bird in the hand then two in the bush.* And, *I had rather see a Wren in a cage, then an Eagle in the clouds.* We are of *Plautus* his mind, we carry our eyes in our hands, and believe no more then we see. What fond and foolish

foolish men are we, that seek for certainty of such things as are most uncertain, which deceive us most when we make our selves most sure of them, which make themselves wings and flie away, whilst we think we have them fast enough in our hands! But, be it known unto all Christian people, what assurance and security Christ the King of Heaven will give; what assurance, I say, of *Eternal* life Christ will give unto all those that will enter bond for performance of covenants: *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments. Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.* The condition of this obligation is such, that if thou keepest the Commandments, thou shalt enter into life, life *Eternal*: But if thou breakest the Commandments, in as much as thou breakest them, then this obligation shall be void and of none effect. For whosoever breaketh one of these Commandments, and deferreth his repentance, and doth not the same hour. Matth. 19. 17.

hour wherein he hath sinned, seek reconciliation and peace with God, whom he hath offended, he is in danger to lose himself and all that he hath, and manifestly hazardeth the *Eternal* salvation both of soul and body. There is but three fingers breadth, or rather but an inch between him and death. For he hath within himself the matter of a thousand diseases and causes of death; And yet rash and foolish man he persisteth and continueth still without fear or wit in the state of damnation; in which state if it should please God to take him away suddenly, he is in danger to perish everlastingly. Is it not a bold and foolish part for a man to adventure all that he hath at a cast, and hazard the losse of *Eternal* riches, when he may easily keep them?

If a man should suffer in Hell but so many torments as he hath lived hours, or but so many torments as he hath committed sinnes all his life, this might seem somewhat

what the more tolerable. If it were ſo, that in hell there were any end of torments after the expiration of any certain number of years, men would make no end of ſinning all the dayes of their life: The enemies of *God* would encreaſe every day more and more. For albeit they know that the torments in Hell are ſo many in number, that they cannot be numbered; ſo long for continuance, that they cannot be meaſured; ſo grievous for quality, that they cannot be endured but with ſuch infinite pain, that every minute of an hour ſhall ſeem a whole year: Notwithſtanding all this men are nothing deterred from ſinne, but walk on boldly, or rather run headlong to their own deſtruction.

If all the torments that can be inflicted or imagined, ſhould be heaped together upon the head of a man for an hundred years together, they would not come near the puniſhments of Hell for one year, no not for a day, nor yet an hour. All the puniſhments that

Thieves

Thieves, Robbers, Murderers, and such Malefactors suffer, though grievous for the time, yet they are quickly ended; in three or four days they are over, or in the compasse of a week at most: But the torments of the damned are not for a year, or an age, but for ever. God shall ever punish them, because he can never punish them enough, though he punish them to all *Eternity*.

CHAP. I.

Eternity *doth not onely cut off all comfort and ease, but even all hope also.*

IN this life we have *Hope* for our comforter in all calamities and distresses, which hath a sovereign virtue to mitigate and asswage all pains and sorrows. And God of his great mercy for the most part in all adversities still leaveth a man some *Hope* of help and succour. The *sick man* as long as he lives, he still lives in *Hope*: as long as there is life there is *Hope*. But after this life ended there remaineth to the damned

damned no more any *Hope*, of comfort. *Hope*, the laſt comforter of all, taketh her flight, and *Eternal* deſperation ſeizeth upon them. The Prophet *Daniel* ſpeaketh of an Angel coming down from Heaven, and ſaying, *Hew the tree down and deſtroy it*, cut off her boughs, ſhake off her leaves, and ſcatter her fruit abroad, *yet leave the ſtump of the roots thereof in the earth.* Upon which words ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, The leaves and the fruit are ſhaken off, but the root is preſerved; that is, Delights here are taken from us, and puniſhments are inflicted upon us, but yet *Hope* is not taken away from us. Behold! The root is preſerved, *Hope* is left behind. In Hell it hath no rooting. *Behold the day cometh*, cryeth the Prophet *Malachy*, *that ſhall burn them up*, ſaith *the Lord of Hoſts, that it ſhall leave them neither root nor branch.* And *Job* lamenting, cryeth out, *I am gone, and my Hope hath he removed like a tree. The Hope*, or *The expectation of the wicked ſhall periſh*: So

Dan. 4. 23.

Mal. 4. 1.

Iob 19. 10.

Prov. 10. 28.

So saith *Solomon*. Therefore whilst there is time and place for *Hope* let us have *Hope*; but let us *Hope* for such things as we ought. All humane things are vain and uncertain: The Heathen Poet tells us so much in these verses,

(*filo*,
Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia
Et subito casu quæ valuere ruunt.

All humane things hang by a slender thred,
What stands most strong is quickly ruined.

We must not therefore place our *Hope*, trust, and confidence in such things. S. *Bernard* sheweth us a better way in these words, *Faith* saith, God hath prepared for the faithfull, great and unconceivable good things: And *Hope* saith, He hath reserved them and laid them up for me: And *Charity* saith in the third place, I make hast, and think it long till I come to them. True *Hope*, as Saint *Gregory* affirmeth, raiseth up the mind to the thought of *Eternity*, and taketh away the *sense* of all outward crosses

Bernard

Greg.

ſes and troubles. True *Hope* makes us to underſtand that all worldly things are vain, but a *Modicum*, but for a *moment*: But oh that moment on which all *Eternity* doth depend! The day of death, and the hour of the extreme and laſt agony is properly that moment, and that precious jewel, for buying whereof the wiſe *merchant* ſelleth all that he hath. But few know the worth of this jewel. About *Eternal* ſalvation, ſaith Saint *Hierome*, every man is negligent. But what is the reaſon that men are ſo negligent in a thing of ſuch great moment? Poor men! we are troubled with weak and ill eyes. We ſee well enough near at hand, but we can ſcarce perceive any thing afar off. I do not ſpeak of ſuch as are come to mans eſtate, or ſuch as are grown old. Boyes and Girles when they are new taken from their cradle, before they have all their teeth come forth, learn the firſt elements of vices, they ſmutch their *fingers* preſently with the ſoil of covetouſneſs; and after a while they

Hierom.

they have an unsatiable desire after getting riches; they learn to make good *markets* for themselves; if they meet with a good penyworth, they presently lay hold upon it, their hand is presented in the purse, either laying out for gain, or receiving in gain; they know how to make the best use and advantage of their mony; they get an insight into the mysteries of divers trades, they will be talking of merchandise, they will learn good judgement of wines, they will tell you what fashion and cut is in use beyond seas: *Iuvenal* the Poet in his Satyrs gave these a lash long ago.

This old wives teach boyes in their infancy,
And girls do learn before their A B C.
Hence is rice,
Of every vice.

Hence cometh our gross ignorance, and forgetfulness of things *Eternal*. Young and old, all do overvalue their money: but as for Heaven and *Eternity*, they know not, neither will they understand

the

the true worth of them. But let us proceed.

CHAP. II.

Eternity *is a Sea, and a three-headed Hydra: but it is also a Fountain of all joy.*

I Would fain ask thee, O Christian man, whosoever thou art that heareſt Sermons often, but ſeldom, it may be, with attention and devotion; thee eſpecially fain would I ask one queſtion. Suppoſe thou ſhouldſt take in hand to lade out all the water in the ſea into a ſmall river near adjoyning, which runneth back again into the ſea continually as faſt as it is caſt out. Suppoſe thou ſhouldſt uſe no other ladle but a very ſmall *ſpoon* to caſt it out withal. Now tell me, How long doſt thou think thou ſhouldſt be in draining of the ſea. Or again, Suppoſe thou ſhouldſt draw it out with a bucket as big as an hogſhead, and as faſt as thou draweſt, pour it out into another channel: Anſwer me, In how many

ny years dost thou think thou shouldest be able to draw the sea drie? To sit scorching and frying in the flames of Hell-fire so many years, I know thou wilt say, were a grievous and wicked torment: And yet the damned would think it well with them if it were so; they would like the condition well and not think the time long, so that they had any assurance, that at length their torments should have an end, and not extend to all *Eternity*.

We read in Heathenish Authors of old time, a thing more strange then true, of a certain *Hydra*, or *Snake*, which (as they feigned) had three heads, and as soon as one was cut off, had two shoot up in the place thereof. But if this *Hydra* be any where to be found, it is in Hell; where there is a threefold *Eternity*, which like the *Hydra* stretcheth out her long neck with three heads, that is, *The pain of loss*, *the pain of sense*, and *the worm of conscience* that never dieth. What miserable and improvi-

dent

dent men are we, that having but a short journey to go, but full of dangers all the way, go on notwithstanding so merrily and sportingly, as if we were walking all the while through a *Paradise* or a most pleasant *garden*, free from all fear of enemies, and in the end of our walk presently to be received and admitted as Citizens into our Heavenly Countrey, a place of all security? For can we be ignorant? if we be, it is our own fault. But we cannot be ignorant that at length we shall come to the two gates of *Eternity*, the one of the blessed, the other of the damned: And enter we must at one of them; that is certain: at which God knows; it is according as we shall behave and carry our selves by the way.

Laurentius Justinianus, wondring at the merry madnesse of such travellers, breaks forth into this exclamation, Oh the lamentable condition of mortal men, which go on exulting all the way, whilst they are but exiles, or banished men from their own coun- *Laur. Justin.*

trey! Let us not settle our minds upon any vain joys and fond toys by the way, whilst we are travelling towards our Countrey; but let us so run our race, that at the end thereof we may obtain admittance in at the gate which is the entrance to *Eternal* blessednesse. God hath indeed created us rather unto joys and pleasures then unto labours and sorrows, but we are much mistaken both of the time and place: It is not here, it shall be hereafter. Joys are prepared in Heaven; but none but the good and faithfull servants shall enter into them. And by what means may a man obtain entrance? Knowest thou not what Christ said? *The Kingdome of Heaven suffereth violence: and the violent take it by force.* Think now thus with thy self, Am I this violent man? Is this the violence here spoken of, To eat, to drink, to rise up to play, to ly down to take my ease? It is not certainly. Fight we must, but it must be the good fight, like Christian champions; Run

Matth. 11. 12.

Run we muſt, but ſo that we may obtain; Strive we muſt, but to enter in at the ſtrait gate: Labour we muſt, and offer violence to the kingdome of heaven; but it muſt be in due time and place: Now whileſt we have time; here, whileſt we are on the way, whileſt we have life and ſtrength, that when we come to the point of death, and ſo paſs the *Horizon* of this world, and depart into another never to return back again; when we ſhall be tranſlated from time to *Eternity*; then at the laſt we may have joy for our life paſt, and hope for that which is to come. Let us labour therefore, let us labour, I ſay, and offer violence to our ſelves, fighting againſt our own froward wills and affections: ſo ſhall we obtain by the mercy of God everlaſting reſt for ſhort labour, and *Eternal* glory for a few dayes travel.

True and ſolid joy is not here to be found in vain delights and pleaſures, but in heaven, where there is joy and pleaſure for evermore.

Ionah 4. 6. *God prepared a gourd, and made it come over Ionah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd.* And what is all the pleasure, or rather vanity of this present world? Is it not like *Jonahs gourd* flourishing for a time, and yielding a comfortable shadow? Rich men have their *gourd* also, that is, their riches, under the shadow whereof they rejoyce with exceeding great joy. Drunkards and gluttons have their *gourds* also, that is, great tables and delicious fare, under the shadow whereof they are merry and joyful. Voluptuous men also have their *gourds* too, that is, their unlawful pleasures, under the shadow whereof they lie down and sport themselves. But (alas!) sorrow follows after such joy, and suddenly overtakes it. Their mirth is soon turned into mourning; and their delights and pleasures end in gall and bitternesse. For what became of *Jonahs gourd*? *God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next*

next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered. Now tell me, *Jonah*, where is thy *gourd?* what is become of it? Where is now thy exceeding great joy? They are both gone together: Thy *gourd* is withered, and thy joy is ended. Such are our vain delights and pleasures, such is our joy, rather shadows of things then any thing indeed, they passe away suddenly, and become like *Ionahs gourd* that soon withered. The joy of this world is but for a moment, but the joy of the life to come is for all *Eternity.*

CHAP. III.

Here is declared by a most memorable example, How sweet and precious the taste of Eternity *is.*

THis knew *Theodorus* very well, one born of Christian Parents; and as it seems he learned it betimes, when for years he was but a youth, but an old man for judgement and discretion. For on a great Festival-day kept throughout all *Egypt*, there being a great feast at his fathers house, and many invi-

ted thereunto, when some were eating and drinking, others laughing and playing, and others sporting and dancing, he amidst all these jollities retired himself to his inward closet, finding himself wounded to the heart, but with a chast arrow. For thus he began to expostulate with himself. Unhappy *Theodore*! What would it profit thee, if thou shouldst gain the whole world? Many things thou hast indeed; but canst thou tell how long thou shalt enjoy them? Thou livest in abundance now; thou maist feast it and make merry, thou maist laugh and be fat, thou maist rejoyce and skippe for joy: But art thou sure how long this shall last? I should like it well if it would last alwayes. But what shall I do? Shall I for the enjoying of these short and transitory pleasures and delights deprive my self of those joyes which are *Eternal*? Tell me, *Theodore*, is this according to Christian Religion, to frame unto our selves an heaven here on

on earth, and think to passe from delights to delights, from *Temporal* to *Eternal*; Either I am much deceived, or else Christ shewed unto us another way unto the kingdom of heaven, and that is through many tribulations. Therefore have no more to do with worldly vanities, but preferre *Eternal* joyes before *Temporal*. Thus he said, and fell a weeping. So then he retired himself into a withdrawing-room, and there prostrating himself upon the earth, he prayed after this manner: Eternal God, my heart is naked and open before thee, I send up my sighs as humble *Oratours* and *Petitioners* unto thee; I know not what to ask, nor how. Onely this one thing I beg at thy hands, that thou wilt not suffer me to die an *Eternal* death. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, and that I desire to be with thee, that I may sing *Eternal* praises unto thee Lord, have mercy upon me. Whilest he was thus

praying, in comes his mother on a ſudden, and preſently perceiveth by the redneſſe and moiſtneſſe of his eyes that he had been a weeping, and thereupon ſhe ſaith, My Sonne, what is the matter with thee? Why weepeſt thou? Why mourneſt thou? Why keepeſt thou out of ſight to day? Why doſt thou not come to the table? The reſt are all there: Thy company is deſired: Come away. But *Theodore* anſwered and ſaid, I pray you good mother, have me excuſed: I find my ſelf ſomewhat ill at ſtomach, I pray you do not urge me to eat or to drink againſt my ſtomach. So with a fair and colourable pretence he ſent away his Mother. Then being alone he conferred with God and himſelf about *Eternity*, and ſtrictly examined all the courſe of his life, ſaying unto himſelf, What am I? or, What have I been? How hath it been with me heretofore? or, How ſhall it be with me hereafter, if I loſe my part and fellowſhip in the kingdom of heaven and bleſſed *Eternity*? There are

divers

divers wayes to heaven: Some go one way, ſome another: It is no matter which way we go, ſo we come thither. But becauſe all ways are not alike, neither are all natures alike, every man ought to chooſe that way which is moſt convenient. There is a ſhort way, and a long; a ſafe way, and a dangerous. If then I be afraid to go a long and dangerous way, there is a ſhorter and a ſafer, which if I ſhall chooſe, without all doubt I ſhall have the Angels for my companions and comforters, and they will rejoyce with me. But my friends will grieve at it: at the firſt, it may be; but after a while they will alſo rejoyce. Well, *Theodore*, deferre a while, but not too long, and do not yield too much. I hope I ſhall one day grow a ſtrong man, and then I ſhall be better able to deal with mine enemies, for I ſhall find thoſe that are ſtrong: But what if they be eaſie, flattering, fawning, and ſuch as will even weep for me? The truth is, I am moſt afraid of ſuch. But pluck

up a good heart man, and though by nature thou art flexible and easily moved, yet pray unto Christ, and he will make thee strong and immoveable. But what if thy mother falls a weeping, beseecheth thee with her tears trickling down her cheeks? What if she hangs about thy neck, and desires thee to spare thy self? What if she shews thee her breasts which gave thee suck? Will not all these move thee? Here remember what
Hie'om. Saint *Hierome* saith, Notwithstanding all these importunities, run with speed unto the Standard of Christs Cross. It is a virtue and praise-worthy to be cruel in such a case as this. It is the portion and inheritance of thy mother the Chu ch to stand under the Crosse of Christ: So did *Mary* the mother of Christ: and so must thou, if thou wilt have God thy Father in heaven, and the Church thy mother on earth: And so thou wilt do, if thou beest a true Sonne and no bastard. But must I do it now in my youth, in the very flower of mine

mine age? that's hard. So it is indeed to flesh and bloud. But experience teacheth it, that God is not well pleased with late service: for late services are seldom good. Therefore they do wel that begin to serve God betimes, that seek him early, and that remember him in the days of their youth, & learn to submit their tender necks unto the yoke of Christ. But I have been brought up tenderly, I have been fed with dainties: & shall I now enter upon a strict and rigid course of life, and bid adieu to all my pleasures? Shall I be able to endure it? I hope I shall. But, how long? For a year or two? That's not enough: I must go further, & continue to the end, even as long as I live. Therefore weigh & consider the matter well with thy self, before thou resolvest; and either never begin, or else continue to the end. I will by Gods assistance; for I hope he will not leave me alone to strive with these difficulties which of my self I shall not be able to overcome. But it is a hard matter to strive

against

against custome. I have hitherto lived like a Noble-man and a Free-man: and shall I now live like a poor-man, and a slave? or, if I do, how long shall I live so? If I put on the poor mans person, and act in the *Theatre* of this world, when shall I put it off? At the end of the last Act. And how farre is it thither? As long as it is to the last breath. Thy part is not ended till thou art to depart out of this life. If thou once comest forth in the poor mans dresse, there is no putting it off again: Thou must not once think of thy silks, sattens, and Velvets. Purple and fine linen thou must not wear, until thou beest clothed with the robe of immortality and glory. *Theodore* what thinkest thou? shalt thou be able to hold out to the last Act? I will strive what I can, and comfort my self by the example of other good *Actours* that have gone before me. And whom should I choose rather to follow and imitate then Christ the Sonne of God, who voluntarily became poor,

poor, and made himſelf of no reputation, humbling himſelf above meaſure, to do and ſuffer like a ſervant, being Lord of all? And ſhall not I do and ſuffer any thing after his example? Shall not I take up the Croſſe and follow him? Am I better than he? Why ſhould I be afraid to follow, when I have ſuch a Leader? For who is it? Who bids me follow him? It is the voice of man that I hear; but it is the will of God, whom I ought to obey, becauſe he commands. But this is too high a point of Philoſophy, for a man to forſake his riches, and to embrace poverty. And what wilt thou do, *Theodore*? Reſolve with thy ſelf what to do.

Why do I thus long doubt and diſpute within my ſelf? Why do I waver thus between hope and fear? Have I not the example of my Lord before mine eyes? Did not he ſuffer many things not to be uttered? Was not he nailed to the Croſs, and deſpitefully uſed? He forſook his heavenly treaſures, and

and came poor into this world. His *birth* and *death* shew it. At his *birth* he wanted a cradle: in his *life* he had not where to hide his head: and at his *death* he had not wherewithal to cover his body. Naked came he into this world, and naked he went out. How was it with him in his *life*? He was fain to flee from one place to another. He was often wearied with travel, scorched with heat, and dry for thirst. He was as indefatigable in doing, as he was patient in suffering; and both in an high degree. Was ever any one so well bent to poverty, so patient in labours, and so gentle and mild when he was reproached? And should I be ashamed of such a Leader? Should I blush to be called one of his followers? Shall not I be content to be such as my Lord and Saviour will have me to be? I am ready for love of him to suffer, hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness, poverty, and such like. I am willing for his sake to be bound, burnt, and cut in pieces.

These

Theſe ſufferings are but ſhort, they cannot continue long. But the joyes or torments of *Eternity* are long indeed: for they ſhall never have end. Therefore farewell all the world, and the things that are in it, I care not for you, I regard you not; Farewel, I ſay. But welcome, *Eternity*, whenſoever thou comeſt: Thou art the onely thing that I ſeek after; my ſoul longeth after thee, there is nothing that I deſire in compariſon of thee.

With the heat of ſuch cogitations his ſoul was ſo ſet on fire, that it was inflamed with the love of *Eternity*, which the bleſſed ſhall enjoy in Heaven. Therefore he reſolved to take leave of his Parents, to forſake his riches, and bid adieu to his delights for ever. He did not reſolve haſtily, but continued in his reſolution conſtantly. He was not ſoon hot, and ſoon cold: He was not altered all on the ſudden: He did not paſſe from one extreme to another: He did not ſtrive for the higheſt pitch

at

at the first, but rose up by degrees, and became one of *Pachomius* his Scholars. You have heard the *Prologue*; But there follows no *Tragedy* after it: For, contrary to the law of a *Tragedy*, we have a sorrowful beginning, but a joyful ending. He came forth with a *Lacryma*, but went off with a *Plaudite*: At his *Intrat* there was weeping for grief, but at his *Exit*, there was clapping of hands for joy. Thus have ye heard the life and death of *Theodorus*, whose soul fed as it were upon thoughts of *Eternity*, and was delighted therewith as with marrow and fatnesse. He was not of the worlds mind, which counteth *Eternity* but a fable; but refused not himself to become a fable and a by-word in the world, being perswaded fully of a blessed *Eternity*, and earnestly desiring and thirsting to have a part in it.

Christian brethren, shall I speak a free word, but a true? or, not I but *Theodorus*; Most men live so, as if there were no such thing as

Eternity,

Eternity, as if it were but a meer fable and feigned thing. But what do I tell you of *Theodorus*? Will you hear what Saint *Peter* ſaith? *The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the Heavens ſhall paſs away with a great noiſe, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat, the Earth alſo and the works that are therein, ſhall be burnt up. Seeing then that all theſe things ſhall be diſſolved, what manner of men ought we to be in all holy converſation and godlineſſe?* 2 *Pet.* 3. 10. But where are thoſe men now a-dayes by whoſe holy converſation and godlineſs a man may judge that they believe Saint *Peter* that the day of the Lord is coming, and that *Eternity* ſhall follow after? But if you will not believe Saint *Peter*, hear what truth it ſelf ſaith, *Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be which go in thereat.* *Matth.* 7. 13. Certainly men would not go in at the broad gate of deſtruction, if they did think they ſhould

should come out no more, if they did once dream of *Eternity*. But, as I said before, most men make *Eternity* but a feigned thing, a witty invention to keep men in aw, and a good honest fable. And yet how many are apt to say, We believe that there is a blessed *Eternity* after this life, we hope to have part in it, we have a desire and longing after it! But (alas!) how little is their faith! how vain is their hope! how cold is their desire! Present pleasures, money in the hand, the allurements of the flesh steal away the hearts of many, and by little and little make the desire and love of *Eternity* grow quite cold in them, as if they had drowned and buried it in the grave of oblivion. We hear it often read and preached, *Thus saith the Lord*, *This is the commandment of the Lord*: And as often as we hear it, we still neglect it. Say the Lord what he will, command what he will, our old way pleaseth us best, *We will walk after our own devices*, and we

we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart. Therefore thus ſaith the Lord, Ask ye now amongſt the heathen, who hath heard ſuch horrible things? Had the people which knew no God but known theſe ſecrets of *Eternity*, certainly they never would have contemned and neglected them. Go to now, O ye ſonnes of men, *Becauſe I have called, and ye refuſed, I have ſtretched out my hands, and no man regarded; I will alſo laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh: when your fear cometh as deſolation, and your deſtruction cometh as a whirlwind, when diſtreſs and anguiſh cometh upon you, when Eternity* ſhall ſuddenly overtake you. If Death ſeize upon you in this miſerable ſtate and condition, there is then no hope of mercy: The gate is preſently ſhut, there is no opening of it: The ſentence of condemnation is paſt, there is no repealing of it, *Depart ye curſed into everlaſting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*

Ierem. 18. 12, 13. *Prov.* 1. 24. 26. 27. *Matth.* 25. 41.

Watch

Watch therefore, good Christians, watch, I say: The Judge stands at the gate. That may happen in a minute, that you may be sorry for for all *Eternity*. *Anthony* the Great, in a certain Sermon which he made to the people, spake thus unto them. Dearly beloved brethren, in matters of this life we have a care to make good bargains, we will be sure to have a penyworth for a peny. I lay out, for instance, so much money, and I have the worth of it in wares; I give so many crowns, and I have so many bushels of wheat; so many pounds, and I have so many quarters of Malt. But we are not so wise in heavenly matters, we will not give things *Temporal* in exchange, for things *Eternal*. *Eternal* life is a thing not worth looking after, we much undervalue it, we will scarce give any thing for it, we will not take any pains or labour to obtain it. And yet what is our labour, suppose the greatest we can undergo? If it be compared unto life

life *Eternal* the reward of it, it will not amount to ſo much as one halfpenny in reſpect and reference to a *Million* of Gold. For what ſaith the *Pſalmiſt*? *The dayes of our life are threeſcore years and ten; and if by reaſon of ſtrength they be fourſcore years, yet is their ſtrength labour and ſorrow.* But ſuppoſe a man ſhould live an hundred years, to ſpeak with the moſt, and all that while ſerve God zealouſly and faithfully, were it not time well ſpent to gain *Eternity*? were not the labour well beſtowed to purchaſe a kingdome? I do not mean a kingdome to continue for an hundred years onely, but throughout all ages; not an earthly kingdome, but the kingdome of heaven. Therefore, Chriſtian brethren, be not puffed up with vain-glory, be not ambitious after worldly honour, be not wearied out with well-doing, be not caſt down with afflictions, do not ſink under the burden of the Croſs, but bear it patiently and cheerfully, *rejoycing* with the Apoſtles, *that ye are counted*

Pſal. 90. 10.

Rom. 5. 3. Rom. 8. 18. *counted worthy to suffer: For I reckon,* saith S. *Paul, that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.* Let no man when he hath forsaken the world, think that he hath forsaken any great matter. For what is earth in comparison of heaven? It is but a *Centre* to the *Circle*, a *Minute* to *Eternity*, a *Drop* to the *Sea*, and a *Grain* of dust to the *Dry land.* What are our riches? Fading and uncertain moveables. We are soon taken from them, or they from us. Though with much ado we keep them as long as we live, yet whether we will or no, we must part with them when we die: we cannot carry them to our graves. Why do we not then make a vertue of necessity? why do we not willingly part with them whilest they are ours, seeing that shortly we must part with them, whether we will or not, when death attacheth us for a debt due to Nature, & then they can be no longer ours? Why do we not lay them out like good Merchants

chants for the *Margarite* or precious pearl of *Eternal* life? Thus sweetly goes on *Athanasius*: But I must leave him, and draw to a conclusion.

Pachomius was wont, whensoever he felt any unlawful thoughts or desires arise in his mind, to drive them away with the remembrance of *Eternity*: and if at any time he perceived them to rebel again, he still repelled them by meditating seriously upon *Eternity*, the *Eternal* punishments of the damned, the torments without end, the fire that never goes out, and the worm that never dieth. And here I will conclude this consideration with the exhortation of the same *Pachomius*; Before all things, saith he, let us every day think upon the last day; Let us in time remember *Eternity*; Let us every minute we have to live, so live, as if we lived in fear of everlasting torments, that so by the mercy God in Jesus Christ we may for ever escape them.

THE

To him be glory both now and for ever Amen 2 Pet. 3. 18.



Because man shall go to his ETERNALL habitation: Eccl. 12.
Alas! how vnlike are the houses of ETERNITIE! One of them we must inhabit: we must either for ever rejoyce in heaven, or for ever burne in hell.

THE NINTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITY.*

The first Conclusion.

NO man living is able in word to expresse, or in thought to conceive the infinite space of *Eternity*. Between a true man and a painted man, true fire and painted fire, there is a great deal of difference; and yet these are in some kind one like unto another. But between our common fire and the fire of Hell, between the sorrows of this life and the pains of Hell, there is no comparison, no proportion at all. For this life, and the sorrows of

this life are measured by space of *time*; but the life to come, and the sorrows thereof cannot be measured by any thing but onely *Eternity*, which also is without measure. This doth our Saviour most elegantly expresse in the Gospel of S. *John*, by the parable of the Vine-branch, *If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.* In these words is *Eternity* briefly and plainly described: for mark the words well; they runne not in the *future*, *He shall be cast forth, and shall wither, and men shall gather them, and shall cast them into the fire, and they shall be burned*: I say they run not in the *future*, but all in the *present* tense, *He is cast forth and withered, and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. They are burned.* This is the state and condition of the damned, *They are burned*, that is, *alwayes burning*. When a thousand years are past and gone, as it was in the begin-

John 15. 6.

beginning, ſo it is ſtill, *They are burned*: And when a thouſand and a thouſand more yet are gone, As it was, ſo it is, *They are burned*. And if after certain millions of years the queſtion be asked, What is now the ſtate and condition of the damned? What do they? What ſuffer they? How fares it with them? There can be no other anſwer made but this, *They are burned*, ſtill burning, *continually, inulterably, Eternally*, from one age to another, even for ever and ever. Upon this place excellently ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, One of theſe two muſt needs be the condition of the vine-branch, either it muſt abide in the vine, or elſe be caſt into the fire: if not in the vine, then certainly in the fire. But that it may not be caſt into the fire, let it ſtill abide in the vine. *Auguſt.*

The ſecond Concluſion.

IF thoſe men which do ſtill continue in their ſinnes, did but

know how near they are unto *Eternity*, and everlasting torments; if they did consider well with themselves, how that God in a moment, in a breath, in the twinkling of an eye (as we speak) may suddenly take them away in their sinnes, and deliver them up unto death; Then surely, if they had it, they would give all *Spain*, all the treasures of *Asia*, all the gold of *India*, yea all the world to obtain but one hour to confesse their sinnes, to repent them of the same, and to ask God pardon and forgiveneſſe: They would not, certainly they would not, still hug and embrace their sinnes, they would not every day multiply them as they do, they would not lodge them every night in their bosome, and lie snoring in them. *For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* Though thou loseſt every thing else in the world, yet, O man, have a care to keep thy soul. It were needleſs here to reckon up a *Catalogue* of the Martyrs of Christ

Matth. 16. 27.

Chriſt in all ages. There are whole books of them in great volumes: they are recorded to all poſterity, and their names ſhall be had in everlaſting remembrance. But the greateſt honour that we can do them is to follow their good example, to learn of them Chriſtian fortitude and magnanimity, to fear God more then man, *God which is able to deſtroy both body and ſoul in Hell, rather then man which can onely kil the body, but is not able to kill the ſoul*; to love God more then all the world; to be willing to part with all for Chriſt, to lay down our lives for Chriſt, to loſe all to ſave our ſouls, and gain *Eternity.* I will conclude here with that excellent exhortation of Saint *Auguſtine*; What then ſhall we do, brethren? What? What elſe but whileſt we have time amend our lives, where we have done amiſs do ſo no more; become new men: That what is threatned and ſhall certainly come upon wicked and ungodly men, may not fall upon

Matth. 10. 28.

Auguſt.

us; not because we shall not be, but because we shall not be like unto them. Whatsoever is written in the Scripture, is written for our learning, it is the voice of God. Observe and make good use of what you read: Whatsoever we suffer in this life is but the gentle rod of our most merciful Father, who correcteth us here, as his dear children, that we be not tormented with the damned hereafter. Why then do the light afflictions of this life seem so grievous unto us? Why do we even tremble, and quake for fear, when we do but hear of them? The most grievous sufferings of this life, if we judge aright of them, in comparison of everlasting fire, are very small, yea indeed none at all.

The third Conclusion.

AMongst Christians, God knoweth, there are a great many, that either believe there is neither Heaven

Heaven not Hell, or elſe if they did truly believe it, they would certainly live otherwiſe then they do. As concerning ſuch men, the queſtion may be very fitly asked, *When the Sonne of man cometh, ſhall he find faith upon the earth?* Some there are that would fain be thought to be true believers; They confeſſe it indeed with their mouthes, but diſſemble with their double hearts: If their words may be believed, they may go for true believers; but if their lives be examined, they may be thought to be no better then Infidels. They never think upon *Eternity*, or very ſeldome; and when they do, they do but think upon it and there is all; it is gone in a thought, they never weigh well with themſelves what it is, they never ſeriouſly meditate upon it, they never rouſe their underſtanding to be intent upon it, they never bend their wills and affections to ſeek after it, they never imprint it in their deep cogitations that ſo they may remember it. They ſcarce begin to think upon it, but Luke 18. 8.

their minds are presently somewhere else, their thoughts go a wandering, their imagination is working upon somewhat else. And if at any time some sparks of devotion and godly desires arise in their hearts, they are presently quenched and choked with cares of this world, with multitude of business, with profits or pleasures, and such like. And thus miserable men they stop thir ears and close their eyes, and without fear or understanding they run hoodwinkt in the way that leadeth to *Eternal* death. It is observed by the holy Fathers of the Glutton in the Gospel, that he never lifted up his eyes till he was in torments: All his life long they were shut against the poor and against all godliness: He opened them not till he was in Hell, when it was too late. And it is no marvel that so many men run blind-fold to the house of slaughter, and *Eternal* sorrow: For the way is very broad and pleasant, smooth and plain, a man can hardly go out of it, there is no

fear

fear of losing himself till he comes to the end thereof. Then he shall perceive that all the while he was travelling, he was quite out of the right way: then I say, when there is no returning back again. Many would like this way well, if there were no end thereof: For, though it rids merrily, it ends miserably: and therefore they do wisely, that leave the great road, and travel on in the rough way; that choose rather to go through bryars and thorns unto an *Eternal Paradise*, then through a pleasant *Paradise* to an *Eternal Prison*; that resolve with themselve to break through all difficulties; counting it better to go on weeping and mourning in the narrow way of salvation, rather then laughing and rejoycing in the broad way of destruction. Most true it is which *Iob* speaketh, *As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave, shall come up no more: He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.* Iob 7. 9.

The fourth Conclusion.

WHosoever useth to descend into a deep and serious consideration of *Eternity*, he will be so farre from living licentiously and wantonly, that you shall hardly ever see him laughing heartily. It hath been observed of as many as have been raised from the dead, & turned again unto life, that they were scarce ever seen to laugh at all. In particular it hath been observed of *Lazarus* of *Bethany*, whom Christ loved. He and they, as many as have been raised from the dead, might truly say with the *Preacher*, *I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?* Not without cause in this doth *Cyril* of *Alexandria* confess himself to be fearful; For he saith thus, I am afraid of Hell and the punishments thereof, because they have no end: I am afraid of the devouring worm, because it never dieth. *Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would*

Eccles. 2. 2.

Deut. 32. 19.

would consider their latter end! Whosoever is not bettered by the consideration of *Eternity* (I dare boldly say, and think I may say it truly) either he hath no faith at all; or if he hath any faith, he hath no heart at all; or at the best it is but an heart that is dead and without all sense. It was the witty saying of a learned man, That marriage was a short and a sweet song, but that it had a long and a doleful close: So we may most truly say of all the pleasures that we take in sinne, that it is a short and a merry song, but it ends in mourning and lamentation; or rather it is a song *short* for *time*, and *sweet* for *tune* as long as it lasteth: for it runnes much upon *quavers* and *semiquavers* of *mirth* and *jubilation*. But the *time* suddenly changeth, and the *tune* is altered: for there follows without any *rest* the *larges* and *longs* of *sorrow* and *lamentation*; which cannot be measured by any *time*. For the torments of Hell are *Eternal*.

Oh

Oh Eternitie, Eternitie, Eternitie.

The fifth Conclusion.

WHensoever we speak of *Eternity*, we speak alwayes with the least, but we can never speak too much of it. Whatsoever is said comes short of it. No words can utter it, no figures number it, no time can measure it. For *Eternity* is of this nature, take from it what you will, it is still the same. It is neither increased by addition, nor diminished by substraction. Suppose there were substracted from it so many years as there are starres in the firmament, drops in the sea, sands on the shore, leaves on the trees, grass in the field, motes in the Sun, dust on the earth: What remains? As much as there was, before the *Substraction*. Suppose there were so many years added to it: What then is the *Result*? The same that it was before the *Addition*.

The

The *total ſumme* is neither more nor leſs, then what it was, that is, *Eternity*.

As long as God is, ſo long ſhall the damned be tormented. This we have ſhadowed out before by ſome ſimilitudes and reſemblances, unto which we will adde one more out of *Bonaventure*. If one of the damned, ſaith he, ſhould weep after this manner, that he ſhould let fall but one tear in an hundred years, and thoſe tears ſhould be kept together ſo many hundred years till they would equal the drops of the ſea: Alas! Alas! (Not to ſpeak of the ſea) How many millions of years muſt needs paſſe before they can make one little river! or if they ſhould at length make a whole ſea of water; yet even then it might truly be ſaid, *Now Eternity beginneth*. And if he ſhould weep again after the ſame manner till he made another ſea; yet then alſo it might be ſaid again as truly as before, *Now Eternity beginneth*: and ſo on forwards for ever. Let no man

once

once doubt of the truth hereof; for between that which is finite and that which is infinite there is no proportion. But this seems wonderfull and strange unto us, because our imagination cannot conceive it: It cannot reach unto that which is so farre remote; It connot penetrate into that which is infinite, for that is impenetrable. And this is the reason that our understanding is so hardly drawn to the consideration of *Eternity*; because it blusheth in a sort, and is ashamed, or else for indignation cannot endure to tire it self in the search of that which cannot be found out. But let us put away this foolish and shamefull modesty, and let us force our understanding to the due and serious contemplation of *Eternity*, and let it be our daily exercise to be still meditating upon such similitudes as may in some sort shadow it out, and represent it unto us: And so shall we never do amiss. Say what we can, think what we will, imagine so many millions of millions of

years

years as it is possible for the mind of man to conceive, we shall still come short of the measure and length of *Eternity*: The years of *Eternity* are more, farre more, yea infinitely more. This is certain, and without all controversie.

The Prophet *Daniel* signifieth the incomprehensible dimension and length of *Eternity* in these words, *They that be wise shall shine as the brightnesse of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousnesse as the starres for ever and ever.* Mark these words, *For ever and ever.* As if he should have said, No words are sufficient to express the nature of *Eternity*. It is, *for ever and ever*: Here is all that I can say of it: Though more might be said in respect of its own nature, yet I am not able to say more. Observe his *Auxesis*, or his *augmentation* of it by *multiplication*; *For ever*, that is, for *Eternity*: but he thinketh that not sufficient, and therefore he doubles it, *and ever.* And yet in the Latine Dan. 12.3.

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it is expreſſed more fully, in theſe words, *In perpetuas Æternitates*, *To perpetual Eternities*: Mark here, he ſaith not, *In Æternitatem*, *To Eternity* barely in the *Singular number*; but *In Æternitates*, *To Eternities* in the *plural*, as if one were not enough: neither doth he reſt here indefinitely, ſaying *To Eternities*, nor yet doth he adde any finite term, becauſe none can expreſs it, but an infinite, *Perpetuas*, *Perpetual*; *In perpetuas Æternitates*, *To perpetual* or *Infinite Eternities*. Now if one *Eternity* is without end, what are two? what are ten? what are an hundred? what are infinite? If we ſhould multiply the great year or years a thouſand times, it would not amount to the leaſt fraction of the numberleſs number of *Eternity*. They ſay that the eighth celeſtial *Orb* or *Sphere* is moved wonderful leiſurely beyond all compariſon: For though it be daily wheeled about by the rapid motion of the *Primum mobile*, yet it finiſheth not its

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own proper circuit but once in thirty six thousand years, and this space of time they call *The great year*, or *Plato's year*. But compare this with *Eternity*, and it will appear to be but a moment, but an instant, but a minute, indeed nothing at all. It is a true saying of *Boetius*, that an instant or point of time, and ten thousand years, compared together keep better proportion, then ten thousand years and *Eternity*. But hear what Saint *John* saith, *Little children, it is the last time*, or the *last hour*. And this he said one thousand six hundred years ago. It is most true therefore what Saint *Augustine* saith, Whatsoever hath an end, that thing is but short. *Eternity* is a *Word* consisting but of four syllables, but it is a *thing* without end. Therefore set thy love upon *Eternity*. Let Christ be thy end, and thou shalt reign with Christ without end.

1 *John* 2. 18.

August.

The

The sixth Conclusion.

IT is not to believed that any man that hath but the least smack of true Religion can be so farre carried away by his impotent and unruly passions (if he be not as bad as a beast, ruled merely by sense, and serving only his sensual appetite: For the wicked and ungodly man, even then when he is almost swallowed up in the deep pit, whereinto his sinnes have plunged him headlong, even then, I say, doth but laugh at it, regards it not, is not a jot troubled at it.) It is not to be believed, I say, that any man that hath any Religion at all in him, can be so far carried away by his headstrong and unbridled passions, but if he will spend a part of an hour every day in meditating upon *Eternity*, yea if he will but once in a week seriously think upon it, he will mend his manners, he will change the course of his life to better, he will certainly become a new man: Of

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a proud man, he will become humble and lowly; of an angry man, he will become mild and gentle? of an unclean man, he will become chaſte and continent; of a drunken man, he will become ſober and temperate. He will put on, not the outward, but the inward habit of a true religious and godly man. He will become ſuch a one, not in clothes and outward expreſſion, but in heart and inward affection. Neither will he raſhly and unadviſedly, ſlightly and negligently, upon a ſpurt all at once on the ſudden paſſe from one extreme to another: (ſuch alterations are not good, neither will they continue long.) But he will again and again weigh the matter well with himſelf, he will conſider wel upon it, he will faſten his ſerious thoughts upon it, he will often revolve in mind *Eternity Eternity Eternity*, that ſhall never have end, end never, never end; which ſhall laſt throughout innumerable, incomprehenſible, infinite

nite ages. This will he do with consideration and attention, and often ruminate upon it, as beasts chew the cud. Meat though never so good and wholesome, if it be not chewed in the teeth, prepared in the mouth, digested in the stomach, turned into bloud, and distributed by the veins into all the parts of the body, turns to poison rather then to nourishment, begets all manner of diseases, is retained perhaps sometime in the body, but doth more harm then good, were a great deal better out then in. Even so the thoughts of Death, Judgement, Heaven and Hell are good and wholesome, godly and holy, but none more then the thought of *Eternity*, which may worthily be called the *Quintessence*. But as it is with meat, not the taking of it meerly into the mouth, but the good digesting of it in the stomach, the turning of it into good bloud in the liver, and the distributing of it into all the parts by the veins, nourisheth the body: So it is with these precious thouhgts of *Death*,

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Judgement, *Heaven*, *Hell*, and *Eternity*: not the bare thinking upon them, but ſerious thinking upon them with our ſelves, ſetting apart all cares and worldly diſtractions, the pondering of them well in our hearts, and the often ruminating upon them, this is it that ſeedeth and nouriſheth the ſoul. If this be not done, the reſt is to little purpoſe: without this even the reading of the holy Scripture is fruitleſſe, the hearing of the word preached is unprofitable. Many hear Sermons often, read the Scripture over and over again, and yet are little bettered by it, becauſe they do not meditate upon what they have both read and heard. VVhen they hear, what comes in at one ear goes out at the other: when they read, the eye is no ſooner off from the book, but what was read is ſoon ſlipt out of memory. Before they can practice what they have heard or read, they have quite forgotten what they ſhould do. Therefore if we will read or hear with profit, we muſt

ſpend

ſpend ſome time in meditating and pondering with our ſelves what we have read and heard. This leſſon we may learn of the bleſſed Virgin the mother of our Lord, *But Mary kept all theſe things, and pondered them in her heart.*

Luke 2. 19.

The ſeventh Concluſion.

FEw or none believe, or elſe do not well underſtand and weigh with themſelves theſe words of Chriſt, *Enter ye in at the ſtrait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Becauſe ſtrait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* This again our Saviour repeats by the mouth of Saint Luke, *Strive to enter in at the ſtrait gate: For many, I ſay unto you, will ſeek to enter in, and ſhall not be able.* Whoſoever laughs at this faith, and therefore will not believe becauſe he doth not ſee; when

Matth. 7. 13. 14.

Luke 13. 21.

Auguſt.

when that ſhall come to paſs which he did not believe, he ſhall bluſh and be confounded, he ſhall be confounded and ſeperated from the bleſſed, he ſhall be ſeparated from the bleſſed, and have his portion with the damned.

Hieronymus Platus reports of a certain woman, that hearing *Bertoldus* a powerful man in the Pulpit inveigh very vehemently and bitterly againſt a ſinne that ſhe knew her ſelf guilty of, fell down dead in the Church; and after a while by the bleſſing of God upon the prayers of the Congregation coming again unto her ſelf, related unto them what ſhe had ſeen in this trance, ſaying thus, Me thought I ſtood before Gods tribunal, and threeſcore thouſand ſouls more with me, called together from all the parts of the world, to receive their final ſentence: And they were all condemned and adjudged to *Eternal* torments, but onely three. Oh! what a fearful thing was this! I ſhould hardly believe this womans relation, but that I believe

lieve Christs asseveration in the Gospel, *Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat*: And again, *Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* It may seem strange to flesh and bloud that God the Father of Mercies should passe the sentence of condemnation upon so many, I do not say threescore thousand, but threescore thousand thousand? and what man would believe it, were he not perswaded of the truth thereof, upon the consideration of the sovereign and infinite Majesty of God which is offended; the unutterable malice of sinne which is committed, and many evident testimonies of Scripture by which it is plainly proved; *Iob* trembles at it, saying, *A land of darknesse, as darknesse it self, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darknesse*, or according to the Latine, *where there is no order, and where everlasting horrour dwelleth.*

Matth. 7. 13. 14. Iob 10. 22.

Saint

Saint *Matthew* affirms as much in the words of our Saviour, *Depart from me ye curſed into everlaſting fire.* Let us conſider theſe things well with our ſelves, and whileſt we have time let us waſh away our ſinnes with the tears of repentance, for fear leaſt God ſuddenly ſnatch us away, and give us our portion to drink with hypocrites in the bottomleſs pit of Hell, where there is nothing but weeping and gnaſhing of teeth, where the worm never dieth; and the fire never goes out, from whence there is no redemption, no redemption, I ſay, and again I ſay, no redemption; No, not any comfort at all, not ſo much as a little drop of cold water. If the godly themſelves, who are in the ſtate of grace and in the favour of God, whoſe minds and wills be good, if they I ſay could ſufficiently conceive from what grievous torments they ſhall be delivered at the day of judgement, and into what unutterable and unconceivable joyes they ſhall enter, without doubt they would uſe no Matth. 25.41.

O delay,

delay, they would not let an hour paſs, but out of hand they would take their leave of all vanities, forſake the world, and leave the dead to look after the dead: But as for themſelves, they would be daily and hourly well employed about their Maſters buſineſſe, alwayes ſtudying to pleaſe God, ever lauding and praiſing him for his goodneſſe and mercy towards them, in bleſſing them in part here in this world, and giving them an aſſured promiſe of everlaſting bleſſedneſſe in the world to come, for delivering them from the torments of Hell, and giving them entrance into the joyes of Heaven. It is the ſaying of Saint *Gregor.* *Gregory*, The evils of this preſent life ſeem the more hard unto us, the leſs we think upon the good which ſhall follow hereafter; And becauſe we conſider not the exceeding great rewards which are laid up for us, therefore we count the afflictions of this world grievous to be born: whereas if we did lift up our minds, and raiſe our

our thoughts to the contemplation of thoſe things which are *Eternal*, and not ſubject to any change; if we would have an eye unto *them* & ſet our hearts upon *them*, we would certainly count the ſufferings of this life, & whatſoever hath an end, to be as nothing; & again, *joy in tribulation* is a ſong in the night: For although we are outwardly afflicted with the ſenſe of ſorrows *temporal*, yet we are inwardly comforted with the hope of joyes *Eternal*.

Much after the ſame manner reaſoneth Saint *Auguſtine*: If thou wouldeſt but attend, ſaith he, unto what thou ſhalt hereafter receive, thou wouldeſt count all the ſufferings of this preſent life to be but light, and altogether unworthy of the glory which ſhall be revealed. For brethren, (to ſpeak of the worth of things) for *Eternal reſt* a man ſhould be content to undergo *Eternal labour*, and for *Eternal joy* willingly ſuffer *Eternal ſorrow*: But if the labour and ſorrow were *Eternal*, when ſhould a man come to reſt and *Auguſt.*

joy *Eternal*? Therefore upon neceſſity thy *tribulation* muſt be but *Temporal*, that ſo at length thou maiſt receive a *reward* which ſhall be *Eternal*. For hang up the ſcales, and put *Eternity* in one, and a thouſand years in the other: what do I ſay, a thouſand years, yea ten thouſand, yea an hundred thouſand, and yet more, a thouſand thouſand, they are all too light to weigh with *Eternity*; there is no compariſon betwixt them. And yet further, to make them more light; As they are but *Temporal*, ſo likewiſe they are but *ſhort*, and of no continuance, they laſt but for a few winter-dayes, when they are at the ſhorteſt, or rather but for one day, and that a ſhort one; the day of this life which is ſoon paſt, and they are gone. Though a man therefore ſhould ſuffer all his life long even to the laſt breath, though he ſhould ſuffer, I ſay, labours, griefs, ſorrows, impriſonment, ſcourges, hunger, thirſt all his life long, even to the laſt breath, yet his ſufferings

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are but ſhort, becauſe his life is but ſhort. For *the dayes of our pilgrimage are* but *few*, though *evil*, as *Jacob* told *Pharaoh*. And *Man that is born of a woman is of few dayes*: though as *Job* complaineth, *full of trouble*. And *Behold*, ſaith *David*, *thou haſt made my dayes as an hand-breadth* (and that is but a ſhort meaſure, and yet he goeth further) *and mine age is as nothing before thee*. And as our *life* is *ſhort*, ſo is our *Affliction light*, but it *worketh for us a farre more exceeding and Eternal weight of glory*: when this *ſhort life* and *light labour* is ended, we ſhall inherit *everlaſting life*, an *Eternal Kingdom*, and felicity without end: we ſhall be made equal to the Angels, *heirs of God, and joynt-heirs with Chriſt*. Oh! For how little labour how great a reward! And again, *Auguſtine* in another place, *The thoughts of God are very deep*. Where is the thought of God? and what is his purpoſe? He letteth the rains looſe for the preſent, but afterwards

Gen. 47.9. *Job* 14. 1. *Pſal.* 39.5. 2 *Cor.* 4. *Rom.* 8. 17.

terwards he will draw them in. Do not rejoyce and sport thy self, like the fish in the water, which having got the bait in her mouth, playeth up and down, but being struck with the hook in the jaws, may be pulled up at the fishers pleasure. The time which seems long unto thee is indeed but short, very short. For what is the life of man compared with *Eternity*? Wouldest thou be patient and long suffering? Consider Gods *Eternity*: Dost thou onely consider thine own days, which are but few and short, and dost thou think that in them all things shall be fulfilled? That the wicked should be condemned, and the godly crowned? Wouldest thou have all these things fulfilled in thy few and short dayes? God shall fulfil them in his own time. God is *Eternal*, God is patient and long-suffering: And thou sayest, But I cannot be patient and long-suffering, because I am not *Eternal*. But thou mayest be if thou wilt: For do but joyn thy heart to Gods

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Eternity, and thou ſhalt be *Eternal* with him. If thou beeſt a good Chriſtian, and well inſtructed in the fear of the Lord, thou wilt certainly conclude, God hath reſerved all unto his own judgement. The good and godly men are troubled and afflicted: For God chaſtiſeth them as his own children. But the wicked and ungodly men come into no ſuch trouble and affliction: For God caſteth them off, and condemneth them as aliens. A certain man hath two ſonnes; He chaſtiſeth the one, and letteth the other go without any chaſtiſement: The one, if he goes never ſo little awry is preſently buffeted, whipped and ſcourged; the other, let him do never ſo ill, he never hears of it, he is not ſo much as once rebuked for it. What is the reaſon: He that is puniſhed, is the fathers heir; and he that goes unpuniſhed is diſinherited. For what ſhould the father do? He ſees there is no hope of him, and that he is paſt grace, and therefore he lets him alone to do what he

liſteth. But yet notwithſtanding, the ſonne which is ever and anon puniſhed for the leaſt offence, will be ready to bemoan & deplore his own caſe, and count his brother happy which goeth unpuniſhed. He will, I ſay, unleſs God hath given him a wiſe and underſtanding heart, to know what maketh for his own good. He will be apt to ſay in his heart, My brother followeth all ill courſes, taketh his pleaſure, waſteth his means, doth what ſeemeth good in his own eyes, is ever breaking my fathers commandement, and hath never an ill word for it. But the caſe is otherwiſe with me: If I be but out of ſight never ſo little while, if I go but to the next door, if I do but ſtep aſide, ſtirre but a foot, but an inch beyond my bounds, preſently I am called in queſtion, Sirrah, where have you been? there is no hope of pardon, I am ſure to ſmart for it. This is my caſe. And I ſay, Thou art in a farre better caſe then thy brother; and if thou beeſt not a fool, thou wilt think

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ſo too: For in that thou art corrected, it is a ſign that thou art beſt beloved. If thou thinkeſt onely upon thy preſent ſtate, it cannot but ſeem grievous unto thee: But if thou haſt an eye to the Inheritance which is reſerved for thee, again it cannot but ſeem joyous unto thee. For the aſſurance of thy future reward will quite take away the ſenſe of the preſent ſmart.

Hither may be added out of the ſame holy Father that which followeth, as the ſumme of all that hitherto hath been ſaid. How great and wonderful is the mercy of God! He ſaith not, Labour thou for ten hundred thouſand years together; nor yet, one thouſand years, nor yet, five hundred years. But what? Labour whileſt thou liveſt: it is but for a few years; after that thou ſhalt have reſt, ſuch reſt as ſhall have no end. Conſider this well with thy ſelf, Thou art injoyned to labour but for a few years, and amidſt thy labour art not without ſome joy, not a day

passeth in which thou mayest not receive comfort and consolation. But rejoyce not thou after the manner of the world, but as the
Phil. 4. 4. Apostle exhorteth, *Rejoyce in the Lord alwayes: and again I say, Rejoyce:* Rejoyce in Christ, Rejoyce in his word, Rejoyce in his law. For it is true which the Apostle
2 *Cor.* 4. 17. saith, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a farre more exceeding and Eternal weight of glory.* Consider what a small price thou art to give, but the husk of an Akorn, for everlasting treasures: The husk of thy short labour, for rest *Eternal.* Hast thou joy for a time? Do not trust too much to it. Art thou sad and sorrowful for a time? Do not despair of joy and comfort. Neither let prosperity puffe thee up, nor adversity cast thee down. God hath promised unto thee *Eternal life:* Therefore contemn *Temporal felicity.* He hath threatned *Eternal fire:* Therefore contemn all *Temporal sorrows.*

To

To conclude then with the ſame divine Author, Let us therefore be in love with *Eternal life*; and thereby we ſhall come to know how much we ought to labour for the obtaining of it: For we ſee that thoſe men which are lovers of this preſent life, which is but temporal, and ſhall ſhortly have an end, labour with might and main to preſerve and prolong it as long as they can. And yet they cannot eſcape death: For that at one time or other will ſeize upon them. All that they can hope for, is but to put it off for a little time. When death approacheth, then every one is labouring and ſeeking to hide himſelf, ready to give and part with any thing that he hath to redeem his life. He ſends for the Phyſician, he will be ruled by him in any thing, he will take any thing at his hands, he will ſuffer any thing, purging, bleeding, cupping, ſcarifying, and what not? You ſee, what charge a man will be at, and what pains he will voluntarily endure, to live here though

though but for a short time: And yet he will scarce be at any charge, or take any pains, after this life ended to live for ever. Brethren, it should not be so. If there be such labouring and watching, such sending and going, such running and riding, such spending and praying, such doing and suffering, to live here a while longer: What should we not willingly do and suffer to live for ever? And if they be accounted wise, which labour by all means they can to put off death a while longer, being loth to lose a few dayes: What fools are they which live so, that finally they lose the day of *Eternity*!

Think upon those things well with your selves, O mortal men, and foresee the day of *Eternity*, whether of joy or of torment, before it cometh. For although all other things pass away, yet *Eternity* still remaineth, and shall never pass away.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The Puniſhment of Eternal death.

THe *Meſſenians* had a certain priſon or dungeon under earth void of air and light, and full of Helliſh horrour: which as it was a moſt diſmal place, ſo had it alſo a glorious title; for it was called the *Treaſure-houſe*. This priſon or dungeon had no doors at all to it, onely one mouth, at which the priſoners were let down by a rope, and ſo it was ſtopped up again with a great ſtone. Into this *Treaſure-houſe* was *Philopœmen* that great Emperour of *Greece* caſt, and there by poyſon he ended his life; God hath alſo his *Treaſure-houſe* under earth, if I may ſo ſpeak: But, I pray you, what a one is it? It is of moſt wicked and ungodly, deſperate and damned men.

Actiolinus a Tyrant of *Padua* (as *Jovius* reporteth) had many priſons ſo infamous for all kind of miſeries and torments, that who-

whosoever were cast thereinto counted their life misery, and their death happinesse. Death might come in there without knocking, he was so welcom unto them, and so long look't for. For this was their hard usuage, They were laden with irons, starved with hunger, poison'd with stench, eaten up with vermine, and so in a most miserable manner they lived, and died at length a long and a lingering death. There every one was judged most miserable, but he that was dead and could feel no misery. Whilst they lived it was a punishment worse then death to have their habitation amongst the dead. For the dead bodies lay on heaps rotting amongst the living in such manner, that it might be truly said there, That the dead killed the living.

But the very worst of these prisons is a *Paradise*, and a most pleasant place, if it be compared with the infernal prison of Hell. Whatsoever misery was suffered in *Attilius* his prison, in this regard it was

was tolerable, becauſe it was of no long continuance, being to laſt no longer then a ſhort life, and quite vaniſhing away at the hour of death. But the Treaſure-houſe of the damned, which is Gods priſon, is void of all comfort: The torments thereof are intolerable, becauſe they are *Eternal*. Death cannot enter in there, neither can thoſe that are entred get out again: But they ſhall be totmented for *evermore*. For *evermore*? What a fearful thing is this! They ſhall be tormented for *evermore*. It was a moſt true ſaying of *Caſſiodorus*. As no mortal man can apprehend or underſtand what the *Eternal reward* is, ſo neither can any man conceive or imagine what that *Eternal torment* is.

The *Perſians* had a priſon into which a man might enter eaſily, but being once in, could get out no more; or if he did, yet very hardly. And therefore it was called *Lethe*, or *Oblivion*. It is an eaſie matter to deſcend down into Hell; but to aſcend up again it is altogether im-

impossible. Was ever any heard to return from Hell? This prison of Hell is not without just cause called *Lethe*, or *Oblivion*. For God is so unmindful of the damned, that he will *never* remember them to have mercy upon them. Hell is called the *Land* of *Oblivion* or *Forgetfulnesse*, and that for two reasons (as a godly and learned Writer observeth,) First, Because, saith he, they remember God no more for their good, neither have they any memory at all of things past, but such as doth afflict and torment them. All their pomp and glory, pleasures and delights, are quite forgotten, or else not remembred without grief and sorrow. Secondly, To those that are in this horrid Region, and lake of fire, God hath forgotten to be gracious, and merciful, neither will he send his angels at any time to minister unto them the least comfort: If once in, there is no coming out again. For what said *Abraham* unto the rich Glutton frying in Hell; and desiring him to

to send *Lazarus* to cool his tongue with a drop of water? *Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would passe from hence to you, cannot; neither can they passe to us, that would come from thence.* Oh gulf full of horrour and despair! Oh *Eternity* of torments, the very thought whereof is able to make a stout man quake and tremble! The wicked and ungodly men dig their own graves, and dwell therein for evermore: But what manner of graves do they dig? They dig as deep as Hell, where the rich Glutton was buried, from whence *he lifted up his eyes in torments and saw Abraham afarre off, and Lazarus in his bosome*, to his greater torment. Oh what a terrible deep is this! Oh what a fearful grave is this! Who lieth here? He that suffered *Lazarus* to lie at his gate, having no compassion on him. How is it with him now? He lodgeth in flames of fire instead of his soft bed: he is scalded with thirst, and his sweet cups are taken from

Luke 16.26.

Luke 16.23.

from his mouth; his table is removed, and he hath no other food but fire and brimstone; he is not now dancing and exulting for joy, but gnashing his teeth for hellish desperation. They that are shut up in prison here in this world, have *hope* for their comfort; it may be they shall be delivered, and redeemed out of prison: But from Hell there is no deliverance, no redemption, no not so much as any hope at all, but *Eternal* desperation.

It is a short, but a terrible Sermon that God preacheth by the Prophet *Ezekiel* in these words, *Say to the Forrest of the South, Hear the word of the Lord, Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devour every green tree in thee, and every dry tree: The flaming flame shall not be quenched.* How many tall Cedars, how many wicked and ungodly men flourish and wax green in this life for prosperous successe in all outward things, and yet are dry and withered for want of virtue! Hear this therefore every green,

Ezek. 20.47.

and

and yet dry and withered tree, *I will kindle a fire, ſaith the Lord, and the flaming flame ſhall not be quenched.* In Hell, whither you make ſuch great haſte, there are no Holy dayes, no Feſtivals, no ſet times in which the fire ſhall ceaſe burning. There is *Eternal* grief, *Eternal* death, *Eternal* ſorrow, without the mixture of the leaſt comfort. Night and day there is no reſt, no ſleep at all, but continual watching and waking for grief, and anguiſh, and intollerable torments in everlaſting fire. There ſhall you alwayes have your being, that you may alwayes be tormented: There ſhall you alwayes live, that you may alwayes die. If you will not believe me, believe Saint *Auguſtine*, whoſe words are theſe; *Auguſt.* The ungodly, ſaith he, ſhall live in torments: but they which live in torments ſhall deſire, if it were poſſible, that their life were ended. But death hears them not, there is none to take away their life; Their life ſhall never end, becauſe their torment ſhall never end.

But

But what saith the Scripture? The Scripture doth not so much as call it life. For life is a name of comfort: but what comfort can there be imagined in tortures and torments, frying and broyling in everlasting fire? But what doth the Scripture call it? *The second death*, that is, a death which followeth after the first and natural death which is common to all men. But how can the second death be called a death, seeing that he that hath part therein never dieth? We may better indeed express what it is not, rather then what it is. As it cannot properly be called a death, so it may be truly said that it is no life: And as concerning them that have part therein, as they cannot properly be said ever to die, so again it may be most truly said that they never live. For so to live, that a man shall alwayes live in sorrows and torments, is not to live. Therefore that life is no life; But the onely life indeed is that life which is blessed; and that life onely is blessed, which is *Eternal*. Again,

we

we have another place in the ſame Father to this purpoſe; if the ſoul liveth in *Eternal* torments, tormented with the unclean ſpirits, this is rather to be called *Eternal* death, than *Eternal* life. For there is no greater or worſe death, then that death which never dieth. *Auguſt.*

Saint *Gregory* alſo giveth the like teſtimony. In Hell, ſaith he, there ſhall be death without death, and without end, becauſe death ever liveth, and the end ever beginneth: there death ſhall never die. Oh death, how much ſweeter wert thou, if thou wouldſt take away life, and not compel thoſe to live, who would fain die! But ſo it is: the number of the years in Hell are without number. It paſſeth the skill of the beſt *Arithmetician* to find out the number thereof. God himſelf knoweth no end thereof. After a thouſand thouſand millions of years paſt, there are ſtill as many more to come; and when thoſe alſo are paſt, there are yet as many more to come; and ſtill they are as far from *Gregory.*

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the laſt as they were at the firſt. It is now above five thouſand years ſince *Cain* that ſlew his brother *Abel*, was caſt into the lake that burneth with fire and brimſtone; and yet the number of the years throughout which ſtill he is to be tormented, is as great ſtill as it was the firſt day of his torment; and after certain millions of years, the years of his torments for their number ſhall be nothing diminiſhed: It ſhall be all one as if he were caſt into the fire but this preſent hour. And though the rich glutton mentioned in the Goſpel, be tormented two thouſand years together, yet ſtill he doth burn, and ſhall burn for ever; neither ſhall he obtain ſo much as a little drop of water, though he uſe never ſo much intreaty, not ſo much as a little drop of water to cool his inflamed tongue.

Theſe things we often hear of, and when we hear of them, we do but laugh at them. Certainly we count it but a light matter to burn

in

in *Eternal* fire. Here a man might well ask the queſtion, *Where are your tears, O mortal men, ye that are given ſo much to laughing?* This is our condition: A ſmall loſs if it be but a matter of three half pence, will wring great ſtore of tears from us: but as for an infinite and irrecoverable loſs, that we can brook eaſily, we can digeſt that with laughter. When we are cited to appear at the barre of an earthly judge, then we quake and tremble: But as we are going to Gods Tribunal, (for every day we rid ſome of our way, we walk on ſtep after ſtep, will we, nill we; and yet as we are going) we ſport by the way. When we go to ſea, we are afraid of ſhipwrack: But without either fear or wit we lanch into the deep ſea of *Eternity*, and make but a laughing matter of it.

It is the wiſh of Saint *Bernard*, Oh that men were wiſe! that they were wiſe! Oh that they were wiſe! What then, holy *Bernard*? Oh, then would the image of *Eternity*

nity begin to be reformed in them. Then would they order things present wisely, judge of things past understandingly, and fore-see things to come providently.

Here we have Saint *Pauls* command to the *Ephesians*, and not his wish onely, for his words runne in the *Imperative Mood*, and not in the *Optative*: Brethren, *see that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, Redeeming the time, because the dayes are evil.* The great business of our salvation, ought circumspectly, diligently, and carefully to be regarded of us. It is the most foolish thing in the world for a man having but little time alotted him, to spend it prodigally in vain delights, whereas he should like a thrifty Merchant imploy it rather for his best advantage, to purchase a portion in blessed *Eternity*. If we think to gain heaven by sporting, playing, and idling, we are much deceived. To be telling of tales, or giving ear unto them when they are told; to be given to our ease, and spend our

Eph. 5.15, 16.

our time in idleneſs; to be calling for our cups, and ſit ſo long at them till we cannot ſtand. This is not to redeem the time. But this is truly to redeem the time, To give our ſelves to labour and ſtudy, prayer and meditation; not for a ſpurt and away, but to hold on in this courſe conſtantly unto the end; This, I ſay, is truly to redeem the time. It is the counſel of Saint *Auguſtine*, to ſteal ſome time from our worldly buſineſſe. Will any man ſue thee at the Common Law? Be content, ſaith he, to loſe ſomething, that thou mayeſt be at leiſure to ſerve God, and not follow ſuits: for that which thou loſeſt, is the gaining of time. For as thou giveſt thy money and buyeſt bread; ſo be content to loſe thy money, that thou mayeſt buy reſt, and opportunity to ſerve God: for this is indeed truly to redeem the time. *Auguſt.*

So ought we to ſpare for no coſt, but willingly part with any thing to gain an opportunity of doing

good, seeing that the dayes are
Anselm. evil. The dayes of this life are full of sorrows, griefs, dangers, and tentations which ever and anon take from us the opportunity of doing good; So saith *Anselm.* But if we let slip the opportunity of doing good when it is offered, and let our dayes consume away in meer purposes of amendment of life, without bringing them to good effect: from henceforth it is in vain to look for any opportunity of doing good; we shall not obtain one minute of time; our loss is altogether irrecoverable.
Naz. Our life, saith *Nazianzen*, is like a *Mart* or a *Fair*: When the day appointed is once over, there is no more buying any commodities. If then we will buy any thing, we must do it quickly, whilest the Fair lasts: We must live godly, whilest we have time to live: We must serve God, whilest we are
Eccles. strong and able. The *Preacher*
9. 10. often beats upon this, *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.* The *Apostle* often spurs

ſpurs us on to lay hold upon opportunity, and make good uſe of our time. *As therefore we have opportunity, let us do good to all men:* For, *now it is high time to awake out of ſleep.* Thou ſleepeſt, ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, but thy time ſleepeth not, it runneth apace, yea it flyes with wings. Happy he, happy they that think upon theſe things, to do thereafter; that live ſo, as at the point of death they will deſire to have lived; to do ſuch things, as they will rejoyce to have done when they are tranſlated to *Eternity. A light neglect now will prove an Eternal loſs.* Whatſoever we think, ſpeak, or do, once thought, ſpoke, or done, it is *Eternal*, it abideth for ever.

Gal.6. 10. *Rom.* 13.11.

CHAP. II.

The reward of Eternal life.

THe life in heaven is life indeed, and the moſt perfect and abſo-

lute life of all others, in that it is *animal*, in that it is *humane*, in that it is *angelical*, yea in that it is *divine*. There lives the *Memory*, by the perfect remembrance of all things that are past: There lives the *Understanding*, by the knowledge and vision of God: There lives the *Will*, and enjoyeth all manner of good, without fear of losing it. In like manner liveth there the *Appetite*, both that which is called *Concupiscible*, and that which is called *Irascible*. There live all the *Senses*, and are filled with delights. There is heard no sighing, no lamentation, no grief or sorrow, nor so much as the least sign thereof. There is the most sincere and pure song of joy, without the mixture of the least drop of the gall of bitterness and sorrow. Let the *eyes* be silent, they never saw the like; let the *eares* be silent, they never heard the like; let thy heart be silent, it could never conceive the like to this life. This life includeth within it self all pleasures, riches, honours, and all the delights of all lives,

lives, senses, and faculties. S. Augustine as it were set on fire with the fervent desire of this life, breaketh forth into these words, How great happiness shall be there, where there is the presence of no evil, and the absence of no good? where we shall be continually praising God, who is all in all; *Blessed are they that dwell in thy House: they will be still praising thee.* All the faculties of our souls and members of our bodies being made incorruptible, shall be ever setting forth the praise of God. There shall be true glory and praise indeed, where neither he that doth give praise and glory can be deceived, nor he to whom it is given can be flattered. There shal be true honour indeed, which shall be denied to none that is worthy, nor bestowed upon any that is unworthy, yea, which none that is unworthy shall desire or seek after; where none that is unworthy shall be permitted to abide. There he which is the giver of virtue, shall be the reward thereof: for he hath promi-

Augustin. de Civitate Dei, cap. 30.

Psal. 84.4.

sed himself; and what could he promise greater and better than himself? The Prophet *Jeremie* is witness of this his promise, in these words, *I will be their God, and they shall be my people.* I will be unto them whatsoever with honestie can be desired, I will be unto them life, and health, and food, and plenty, and glory, and honour, and peace, and every good thing: For this is the meaning of these words, *God shall be all in all;* He shall be the end of our desires. And one great good there is to be found in that blessed Citie of God, which is not elsewhere to be found, and that is this, That no inferiour there shall envy his superiour, but they shall be like members of the natural body compacted together in a friendly and peaceable manner, where the finger desireth not to be the eye, nor the foot the head, but every member is content with his own place. And a little after saith the same Father, There shall we keep an *Eternal Sabboth* of rest, and there shall

Jerem. 31.33.

ſhall we taſte and ſee how ſweet the Lord is, we ſhall be filled with his goodneſs, when we ſhall be all in all. O God my God! Thou art Love and Charity, Truth and Verity, true *Eternity*, and *Eternall* Felicity. *Auguſt. de Civitat. Dei.*

Another ſpeaketh unto this life, by way of *Apoſtrophe*, after this manner, In thee there is no corruption, nor defect, nor old age, nor anger; but perpetual peace, and ſolemn glory, and everlaſting joy, and continual ſolemnity. There is joy and exultation, there is an *Eternal* ſpring. There is alwayes the flower and grace of youth and perfect health. *Autor. libr. de Spir. & anima.*

Non eſt in te Heri nec Heſternum;
Sed eſt idem Hodiernum:
Tibi ſalus, tibi vita,
Tibi pax eſt infinita:
Tibi Deus omnia. That is,
Yeſterday was with thee never;
But to day is preſent ever:
Thou haſt peace that ever laſteth,
Health and life that never waſteth:
God is all in all.

Psal. 87.3. *Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God.* In thee have their habitation all those that rejoyce; in thee there is no fear; in thee no sorrow. All desires are turned to joyes. Whatsoever a man can wish for is present with thee: Whatsoever can be desired, is in thee in abundance. *Psal.* 36.8. *They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house: and thou shalt make them drink of the River of thy plea-* 9. *sures. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.* when we shall see thee in thy self, and thee in us, and our selves in thee, living in everlasting felicity, and enjoying the beatifical vision of thee for ever.

And though this felicity be everlasting; yet a man may obtain it in a short time, and with little *Mark* 8. 2. labour. *I have compassion on the multitude*, saith our Saviour, *because they have now been with me three dayes, and have nothing to eat.* Sweet Saviour, dost thou count it such a matter for us to abide with thee three dayes, and eat nothing;

thing? and why, ſweet Jeſus, doſt thou not rather tell us of the dayes of *Eternity*, and the everlaſting joyes wherewith we ſhall be abundantly ſatisfied in the kingdome of heaven? God taketh notice of the leaſt ſervice that we perform, and it is precious in his ſight: He telleth the very hairs of our heads; and much more then will he tell the drops of bloud that are ſpilt for his ſake, and put them up in the bottle of his remembrance.

We may therefore very well cry out with Saint *Hierom*, Oh! How great a bleſſedneſs is this, To receive great things for ſmall, and *Eternal* things for *Temporal*; and further to have the Lord our debtour! But thou wilt be ready to ſay, It goes hard to be in ſufferings every day; and though all other things might eaſily be endured, yet death is terrible. Chriſtian brother, I am aſhamed to hear thee ſay ſo: it is fooliſhly ſpoken, and like a child. Knoweſt thou not thus much? I know that I *Hierom.*

ascend to descend, flourish to wither, am young to grow old, live to die, and die to live blessed *Eternally*. *Trust* therefore *in the Lord for ever: For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.*

Isa. 26. 4.

Again St. *Augustine* comes unto my mind, who upon the words of our Lord saith thus, Our Lord and Saviour concluded with these words, saying, *These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life Eternal.* It is life *Eternal* that is here promised. Because men love to live here upon earth, therefore life is promised unto them: And because they are much afraid to die, therefore life *Eternal* is promised unto them. What wouldest thou have? Life? Well, thou shalt have it. What art thou afraid of? Is it Death? Well, thou shalt not suffer it. But they which shall be tormented in Hell-fire, shall have a desire to die; and death shall flye from them. *To live long* therefore is no great matter; yea more, *To live alwayes*, is no great matter; but *To live blessed*, that is a thing

Matth. 25. 46.

thing to be desired, that is a great matter indeed.

Therefore thou shalt live in heaven, and shalt never die; There shalt thou live blessed for evermore: for neither shalt thou suffer any evil; neither shalt thou be in fear of suffering; for there it is impossible to suffer any evil. There shalt thou possess whatsoever thou canst desire; and what thou possessest, thou shalt desire still to possess. Thou canst not be cast out of possession: And this shall satisfie thee. It was there, that *David* did expect to have his thirst quenched, and his hunger satisfied. *In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore:* and again, *My soul thirsteth after thee:* and yet again, *As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.* This is a new and a strange voice for a King: He hath his table well furnished with all kinds of dishes: and yet as if he were hunger-starved he hopes to be filled

Psal. 16.11. Psal. 141.6. Psal. 17.15.

led at anothers table: His own bread and his own wine would not serve his turn, to appease his hunger, or to quench his thirst. There was other bread that he had a mind to; and other liquour that he so thirsted after, the bread of heaven, and the water of life. For what is the plenty and abundance of all the Kings of the earth? It is nothing else but mere want. And what is the dainty fare at their great tables? It is but like the beggers pitcher, if it be compared with the fatness of Gods House, and his heavenly table. Come eat and drink, and be filled, my beloved, shall the King of Heaven say: this feast of mine shall never be ended: there shall come no sorrow after it: As it is *To day*, so shall it be *For ever* and *ever*. Neither can Saint *Augustine* here contain himself, but he breaks forth again into this exclamation, Oh life of lives surpassing all life! Oh everlasting life! Oh life blessed for ever! where there is joy without sorrow, rest without labour,

bour, riches without loſs, health without ſickneſs (there is no ſuch matter in this life) abundance without defect, life without death, perpetuitie without corruptibilitie, beatitude without calamitie; where all good things are in perfect charity, where all knowledge is in all things, and through all things, where the Majeſtie of God is ſeen in preſence, where the mind of the beholders is filled with the bread of life: They alwayes behold Gods preſence, and ſtill they deſire to behold it; they deſire to behold it, and yet without anxiety; they are ſatiſfied with it, and yet without fatiety.

And that thou maiſt underſtand and know, good Chriſtian brother, that this ſuperexcellent glory, theſe celeſtial riches, this heavenly kingdome is to be bought, hear what the ſame Saint *Auguſtine* ſaith; I have to ſell, ſaith God, I have to ſell; come and buy it. Lord, what is it that thou haſt to ſell? I have reſt: Come and buy *Eccluſ.* 5. 7.

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it. What is the price of it? The price is labour. And how much labour is *Eternal* rest worth? If thou wilt speak the truth and judge aright, *Eternal* rest is worth *Eternal* labour. It is true indeed; but do not fear: For God is mercifull. For should thy labour be *Eternal*, thou shouldest never attain to rest *Eternal*: But that thou maist attain at length to rest *Eternal*, therefore thy labour shall not be *Eternal*; not but that it is worth so much, but that thou maist at length get the possession of it. Indeed it is worth the price, though it be labour *Eternal*; But that it may be purchased and possessed, it is necessary that the price thereof be but labour Temporal. Therefore Christian brethren, let us rouse up our selves, and stirre up one another with this exhortation of Saint *Augustine*, which here followeth.

August. Let us set before our eyes the life which is *Eternal*, and let us well consider the nature of it, which we shall come the better

to

to understand, by removing from it, whatsoever we account troublesom in this life. For it is easier to find what it is not, rather than what it is. And yet it is set to sale. Thou maist buy it, if thou wilt. Thou shalt not need to be much troubled or turmoyled about it, for the greatnesse of the price. The price is whatsoever thou hast, and no more. Never examine what thou hast, but consider what thou art. It is worth thy buying, though thou givest thy self for it. Give thy self, and thou shalt have it. What? Art thou to seek thy self? Art thou to buy thy self? Behold, such as thou art, if thou canst be content to give thy self, thou shalt have it. But thou wilt be ready to say it may be, Alack! I am a wicked man; And, such a man perhaps will not be received for good payment: If thou beest not already good, do but give thy self, and by so doing thou shalt become good, and go for current. Do but make a faithfull promise to give thy self; and this shall make thee

good:

good: And being made good thou art a price of thy self good enough: And thou shalt have, as I said, not onely health, safety, life, and such like as shall have an end; but also thou shalt be freed from many miseries: Thou shalt neither be wearied nor stand in need of rest, thou shalt neither hunger nor thirst, neither increase nor decrease, neither grow young nor wax old, because there is no being born there; For there is full growth and stature; and the entire and perfect number of years. There is no number like unto it: For as it hath no need of being augmented, so is there no fear of being diminished. Behold what excellent things are spoken of it! And yet I cannot come near telling thee what it is, or what good things are treasured up in it: For, it is written, *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man.* And how should my mouth be able to utter what the heart of man is not able to conceive?

2 Cor. 2. 9.

And because we have gone along through

through Saint *Auguſtines* books as it were through ſo many pleaſant gardens, and are now brought at length to the Celeſtial *Paradiſe*, let us ſeal and confirm what hitherto hath been ſpoken, by the teſtimony of the ſame Father. If we were every day, ſaith he, to ſuffer all torments, yea the torments of Hell it ſelf, and that for a long time together, to the end that we might behold Chriſt in his glory, and have communion and fellowſhip with the Saints; were it not worth our pains and ſufferings? who would not ſuffer any ſorrow to be made partaker of ſo much good, and ſo great glory? Let the Devils then lye in wait for me, let them aſſault with temptations; let my body be brought down with faſting, let my fleſh be kept under with preſſure; let me be wearied with labours, let my moiſture be dryed up with watching; let one man clamour againſt me, let another diſquiet me, let me be bowed together with cold, let me be ſet on fire

with

with heat; let my conſcience murmure, let my head ake, let my breaſt be inflamed, let my ſtomach be troubled with ventoſities, let my countenance wax pale and bleak, let me be full of infirmities; let my life conſume away with grief, and my yeares with mourning; let rottenneſs enter into my bones, and let it ſpring up like a fountain under my feet; Let all theſe miſeries come upon me, ſo that I may have reſt and conſolation in the day of tribulation, and aſcend up unto the people of the Lord. For, What ſhall be the glory of the juſt, and how great ſhall the joy of the Saints be, when every face ſhall ſhine as the Sun! When the Lord ſhall begin to reckon up his people in their diſtinct orders, in his Fathers kingdom; and when he ſhall render unto every man according to his works, the rewards which he hath promiſed, that is, *Heavenly* for *Earthly*, and *Eternal* for *Temporal*.

Think therefore upon the dayes of old, and call to mind the yeares which

which are yet for to come. Think upon *Eternity*, O man, think upon *Eternity*; Think upon the *Eternity* of Torment, and the *Eternity* of joy, which is to follow after this ſhort life ended, and I dare warrent thee, thou wilt never complain of any Adverſitie, thou wilt never let ſlip out of thy mouth ſuch a word as this, *This too is grievous*, or, *This is intolerable*, or, *This is too hard:* Thou wilt, I dare ſay, count all things eaſie and tolerable whatſoever can happen in this life, and thou wilt never be better pleaſed then when thou art moſt afflicted.

It is reported by *John Moſchus* of one *Olympius*, an old man of ſingular patience, who lived cloyſtered up in a monaſterie near unto *Jordan*, that he had his mind ſo bent and fixt continually upon *Eternity*, that he had ſcarce any ſenſe or feeling at all of any temporal ſorrow or miſery. For, (as he goes on with his ſtory) upon a time, as it hapned, (a certain religious man turned out of his way to viſit him, and

and finding him in a dark Cell, a place, as he thought, inhabitable by reason of heat and swarms of gnats and other flies; not without much admiration spake thus unto him, And canst thou, *Olympius*, endure to live in such a close room, so exceeding hot, and so much pressed with gnats and swarms of flies. But what did *Olympius* answer? And dost thou wonder at this? I tell thee, my Sonne, all these are but light matters? I count them tolerable, that so I may escape *Eternal* torments, which are intolerable. I can endure to be stung by gnats, that so I may not feel the sting of Conscience, and the gnawing of the worm that never dieth. This heat which thou so complainest of I can suffer easily, when I think upon the *Eternal fire* of Hell, which is unsufferable. These troubles, if I may so call them, are but short, and shall have an end; but the torments in Hell are without end. Whereupon said the other, Certainly, *Olympius*, thou art led by the spirit of wisedome and truth;

truth; ſo wiſely and truly haſt thou anſwered. I would there were more of thy mind, that would think thus ſeriouſly upon theſe things; then certainly there would be more than there are now adayes, that would after thy example patiently ſuffer and endure all things.

CHAP. III.

The concluſion of all.

ZEuxis, the moſt famous for his skill amongſt all the antient Painters that we have heard of, was obſerved to be very ſlow at his work, and to let no piece of his goe abroad into the world to be ſeen of men, till he had turned it over and over, this ſide and that ſide, again and again, to ſee if he could ſpy any fault in it: And being upon a time asked the reaſon why he was ſo curious, why ſo long in drawing his lines, and ſo ſlow in the uſe of his pencil, he made this

this anſwer, I am long a doing whatſoever I take in hand, becauſe what I paint, I paint for *Eternity*. And thus ſtands the caſe with all, we paint alſo for *Eternity*. Whatſoever we do, it ſo belongs unto *Eternity*, that a man may truly ſay of it thus, I write, I read, I ſing, I pray, I labour, whatſoever I do, whatſoever I ſay, whatſoever I think, all is *for Eternity*. Now if this be the nature of our thoughts, words and deeds, if they ſhall remain *for all Eternity*, we had need have a care what we think, ſpeak or do; it concerns us to look about us, to mind our buſineſs, not to go negligently and ſleepily about our work, nor to let any thing go out of our hands rude and imperfect, but to poliſh and perfect it with all the care, skill and induſtry that we can uſe. We paint with *Zeuxis for Eternity*. When we have done our works, they are preſently tranſmitted to *Eternity*, to be viewed by a moſt judicious and all-ſeeing eye, that no fault can eſcape; and being viewed and cenſured,

ſured, they are to be committed either to be *Eternally* puniſhed, or *Eternally* rewarded. What I have ſaid before I here ſay again, becauſe it cannot be ſaid too often, though I ſhould ſay it a thouſand times; Whatſoever we think, ſpeak, or do, once thought, ſpake, or done, it is *Eternal*, it abideth for ever.

Will you hear what St. *Gregory* ſaith? In all our actions we muſt uſe great care and circumſpection, we muſt well weigh and conſider with our ſelves, what it is that we take in hand, and to what end we do it, that our minds be not ſet upon any thing that is *Temporal*, but upon thoſe things which are *Eternall*. Therefore in all thy actions labour to be perfect. Pray for *Eternity*, ſtudy for *Eternity*, ſuffer for *Eternity*, contend for *Eternity*, labour for *Eternity*. So live to God, that thou maiſt live with God; So live on Earth, that thou maiſt live in Heaven; So live for *Eternity*, that thou maiſt live to *Eternity*. *Greg.*

Hear alſo what S. *Bernard* ſaith. Our works do not paſs away aſ- *Bern.*

ſoon

soon as they are done (as they may seem to do) but as seeds sown in time they rise up to all *Eternity*. The foolish man which hath no understanding will wonder to see such a plentifull increase rise up of such little seeds, be it good or be it evil, according to the nature of the seed which is sown. But he that is wise will ponder these things, and count no sinne little: For he hath an eye still not to that which is present, but to that which is to come; not to that which is sown, but to that which is reaped; not to that which is done in time, but to that which remains to all *Eternitie*.

Oh the dangerous and miserable madnes of the sonnes of *Adam!* God created us unto the possession of infinite and *Eternal* goods: And why are we carried then with the whole bent of our affections to those things which are flitting and vanishing? God made us heirs of Heaven and *Eternal* possessions: And why do we so miserably intangle our selves in our vanities,

ties and run headlong to destruction? Let us be wise in time, let us look well to our steps, let us make speed on the way of *Eternity*: Let us so live that we may live to *Eternity*. The way thither is short and narrow, but the term thereof is very large.

But O miserable and foolish men that we are! We fain would obtain *Eternal* life, but we are loath to tread in the way that leads to it: we fain would be there; but we will not take paines to go thither. Every man desires to be blessed. There is no man, saith Saint *Augustine*, of what condition or degree soever he be, but hath a desire after that life which is blessed for ever. Therefore that life is the common haven at which all men desire to arrive; but all men know not how to steer their course aright. It is a thing which all men without controversie would fain possess; but how to compass it, what course to take, which way to goe, that is the point they cannot agree upon. We may seek it *Augustin.*

long enough upon Earth; and it is a Question, whether we shall ever finde it or no. Not that I condemn the seeking of it, but the not seeking of it in the right place. One is of opinion that the Souldiers life is most blessed; but another denies that, and sayes, The life of the Husbandman is most blessed. And again, this another denyes, and sayes that the Lawyers life is most blessed; and he gives his reason for it: For the Lawyer is worshipped by the people, and is much sought unto, he is ever taking of fees and pleading causes.

And again, this another denyes, and sayes, The Judges life is most blessed: For he hath power of hearing causes and deciding them. And yet again, another denyes this, and sayes, The Merchants life is most blessed: For he sees divers Countreys, learns many fashions, gathers together much Wealth. You see, dearly beloved, in so many several kinds of lives there is not any one to be found, that will

please

please all. But the life blessed for ever, that is it which pleaseth all.

Blessedness therefore is not to be expected here, but is to be sought for elsewhere, and never to be found out, but by a good & godly death. Ungodly men themselves desire to die the death of the godly, but they will not live the life of the godly. For to die well is the way to felicity; but to live well is matter of labour; and yet that is not to be obtained without this. *Eternity* depends upon death: and there is no dying well without living well. Chuse which thou wilt, life or death. If thou livest well, thou canst not but die well; and it shall be well with thee for ever; If thou livest not well, thou canst not hope to die well, but it will be ill with thee for ever.

Not many years ago a man of a good house, having more wit in his head, then religion in his heart, being asked what he thought of the strict lives of the religious, and the loose lives of the licentious,

which he esteemed best, answered thus, I could wish to live like the licentious, but to die like the religious. Some wit there might be in his answer, but I am sure there was little religion in it. He had spoke like a Christian man, if he had said thus, I desire to live the life of the religious, that my end may be like his. *Balaam* could say, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* Num. 23. 10. But he had said a great deal better, if he had said thus, *Let me live the life of the righteous, that I may die the death of the righteous, and that my last end may be like his.* For whosoever liveth the life of the godly, shall be sure to die the death of the godly: And whosoever liveth the life of the ungodly, shall be sure to die the death of the ungodly: once he shall die, but that once shall be alwayes, and that alwayes for ever and ever.

A certain Souldier being called in question by *Lamachus* a Centurion, for some misdemeanour

sour or other committed in the camp, earnestly desired pardon for that once, and promised never to offend in the like kind again: But the Centurion made him this answer, *In bello, bone vir, non licet iterare: Oh Sir, know you this much, There is no offending in warre twice.* But in death (alas!) there is no offending once; there is no hope of pardon. Once dead, and alwayes dead. He that dies once ill, is damned for ever. There is no returning again to life, to amend what is done amiss. There is no appealing from the sentence of condemnation, if it be once passed. As death leaves a man, so judgement findeth him; and as judgement leaves him, so *Eternity* findeth him.

It is the saying of *Iphitrates*, that it is a shame for an Emperour at any time to say with the fool, *Non putaram*, *I did not think it*: But it is a greater shame for a Christian man to say, *Non putaram*, *I did not think* there had been such a difference be-

between a chaste life, and a voluptuous life. *I did not think* that *Eternity* was to follow after this life, *I did not think* that I should have died so suddenly. Alas! alas! how sleepily do we go about the business of *Eternity*! whereas the nature of this mortal life of ours is such, that we cannot be certain at any time that we shall live for any time, no not so much as for one minute, when as we know for certain that we must depart from hence, and yet are most uncertain at what hour we shall depart; and when that hour shall come, then also we shall seem not so much to have lived, as to have posted unto death in a moment. Here we are but as sojourners in a strange Land, and not as Citizens in our own Countrey; we are but Tenants at will, and not Free-holders: Will we, nill we, we must depart, *For here we have no continuing City, but we seek one to come.*

Heb. 13. 14.

Baruch 3. 16.

The holy Prophet *Baruch* asketh this question, *Where are the Princes*

Princes of the Heathen become, and such as ruled the Beasts upon the Earth, that hoarded up silver and gold, and made no end of their getting? Do they retain and keep their kingdomes and their glory still? Not so; For thus saith the Prophet, answering his own question, *They are vanished, and gone down to the grave, and others are come up in their steads. They are vanished* saith the Prophet; For they were but sojourners, and no Citizens: *they are gone, and others are come up in their steads:* their Houses are let out to others, and they are cast out themselves, and gone down to the grave. But if the question be asked again, *Where are the Princes of Heaven*, whose dwelling is above the seventh Sphere, where are they? It may be answered likewise, that *They are also vanished, and others are come in their steads*; but they are translated to the Kingdome of Heaven, there to abide for ever, without all fear of being dispossessed. 17. 19.

Wisd. 2. 8. for as crowns are taken with those that are of most loose and deplorable lives: Why with Rosebuds? Because the beauty and smell of them is gone in one day, and they are withered: and such fading crowns do best become those which shall shortly perish. But as for the Blessed, it is not so with them, but they are crowned with jewels and pretious stones, whose beauty never fadeth. The woman mentioned in the *Revelation* had upon her head a crown, not of Rosebuds of the garden, not of jewels of the sea, but of the *Starrs* of Heaven. As then the heavenly orbs are incorruptible, so likewise they that inhabit them are incorruptible, they are not subject to any change, they are immortal. *The righteous live for evermore.* All worldly things are transitory, but heavenly things are everlasting. Here are we wearied with labour, but there shall we be refreshed with *Eternal* rest. Why do we seek for rest before our labour is ended?

Wisd. 5. 15.

We

are set upon the Stage; Therefore we must act our parts. We live as it were with potent enemies; Therefore we must be alwayes prepared to fight. We are still in our race; Therefore we must hold out to the last. Let us then do all our parts, that the *Angels* may rejoyce to be *Spectators*, but to *fight*, that we may *winne the Crown*; let us so *run*, that we may obtain.

Well saith Saint *Gregory*, If we *Greg.* shall consider with our selves what and how great things are promised unto us in heaven, all things on earth will seem vile unto us: For what tongue can sufficiently express, or what heart conceive, how great the joyes be in that City which is above? Where we shall bear a part in the Heavenly Quire with Angels evermore lauding and praising God; where we shall be in Gods presence, and see him face to face; where we shall behold light incomprehensible; where we shall be in no fear of death; where we shall live

the priviledge of heavenly Saints and Citizens, to be for ever incorruptible. Me thinks I find my mind inflamed and set on fire, whilest I am speaking of these joyes, and me thinks it should set on fire all that hear it. Me thinks it should so work upon us all, that even now we should most earnestly and ardently desire to be there, where we hope to be for ever hereafter. But thus much we must know, That there is no coming there without much labour. It is not I, but *Paul* the Preacher that
2 *Tim.* 2. 5. saith it, *A man is not crowned, except he strive lawfully.* Let then the greatness of the reward encourage us and prick us forward; and let not the labour and pains, the short labour, and the little pains, hinder us or keep us back. We must go on, and we must go on with perseverance; we must not so much consider the roughness of the way, as the blessed *Eternity* which is the end thereof. And this the same holy Father declares most excellently, saying, This is a spe-

cial

mal badge and cognizance of the elect, that they know how to carry themselves in the way of this present life in such manner, that by the certainty of hope they are assured, that they have attained unto a great pitch, inasmuch as they see all transitory things farre beneath them, and for the love of *Eternity* trample all sublunary things under their feet. And this is it which the Lord speaketh by the mouth of his holy Prophet, saying unto every soul that followeth him, *I will lift thee up above the high places of the Earth.* For as for losses, reproaches, poverty, disgrace, and such like, these are, as I may so call them, the lower places of the earth, which the lovers of this world, as they walk through the plain of the broad way, do not love to come near, but keep off as farre as is possible. But as for gain and profit, the fawning and flattering of inferiours, abundance of riches, honours, and places of dignity, these are the high places of the

earth,

earth, which whosoever in worldly mindedness doth settle his affections on things below, he, I say, esteemeth highly, because to him they seem great: but whosoever is heavenly minded, and hath settled his affections on things above, he, I say, esteemeth them not; because to him they seem what they are, that is, vile and base. For as it is with a man going up an high mountain, still the higher he goes, the lower he sees the earth beneath him: So it is with him whose conversation is in Heaven; the higher he mounts from the earth with the wings of pious cogitations, the farther he flies from the earth with the wings of his affections. He knows that all the glory of this world is nothing, and therefore his thoughts and affections are altogether upon another world. This is the man that is *lifted up above the high plains of the earth.*

You have heard what S. Gregory saith; It will not be amiss on the one side to hear likewise what Saint

Saint Augustine saith well, What is
that it is all one to think on Eternity
and to think upon nothing? August.
What is that which we must be
satisfied, spend time or other upon
necessity, if it is welcome to distri-
bute about in time, that we may
purchase thereby the reward of
Eternity? Moses lived long indeed, Deut.
but lived in health? but at length 34.5.
he died. Methuselah lived longer Gen. 5.
than men; but it follows, and he 27.
died. This is, or shall be every
man's Epitaph, Et mortuus est, and 2 Sam.
he died. For we must needs die, 14. 14.
and are as water spilt upon the
ground. But the soul is immortal,
it is Eternal; it shall live for ever,
either in Eternal glory, or else in
Eternal torments. Here our lot is
cast, in which Eternity we shall
have part, and there is no revoking
it. O blessed Eternity, oh Eter-
nal blessedness! How comes it to
pass that seldome or never we
think upon thee? or if we do at any
time, we do it but upon the by?
How comes it to pass, that we
are not about more for thee, that
we do not seek for thee, that we are
not

not solicitous for thee. O Lord God, open thou our eyes, that we may see and know what *Eternity* is, both that of glory, and that other of torment, and how infinite both? how blessed the one, and how miserable the other. Thou hast created us unto the, thou hast created us unto *Eternity*: For thou art *Eternity*. Thou wouldst have us be partakers of thy *Eternity*; Lord, let it be according to thy will. Thou hast said it, Lord, let it be according to thy Word. Thou hast promised; Lord, make good thy promise; Make us partakers of thy *Eternity*. Grant that we may spend the short moment of time granted to us here in this life; grant, we beseech thee, that we may spend it in such a religious and godly manner, as men that labour for *Eternity*, contend for *Eternity*; suffer for *Eternity*. To this end cause thy Ministers often to call upon us to think still upon *Eternity*: make us call one upon another in every place to think upon *Eternity*, that so by thy

mercy

mercy we may reign with thee, O *Eternity*, and as many as it is possible may be kept from perishing everlastingly. Hear this ye *Christians* all, hear it ye *Pagans*, hear it ye *Kings* and *Princes*, hear it ye *Germanes*, hear it ye *French*, hear it ye *English*, yea, let all the World hear it. *There can be no sufficient security, where there is danger of losing Eternity.*

Oh long, Oh profound, Oh bottomless, Oh *Eternal Eternity!* *Blessed are they, O Lord, that dwell in thy house: they shall be still praising thee.* They shall praise thee throughout infinite *myriads* of ages. *Psal.* 84.4.

Moses being near unto his death, commending unto God in his prayers his people *Israel*: and blessing them, thus took his leave of the tribe of *Asher*, and said, *Let Asher be blessed with children; let him be acceptable to his brethren, and let him dip his foot in oyl. Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy daye, so shall thy strength be. There is none like unto the God of* *Deut.* 33.24. 25. 26.

Jesurun,

Joshua, [illegible] upon the [illegible] with his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] thou shalt plainly perceive what all things [illegible] are *vain*, *weak*, *short*, *vile*, yea vanity it self, yea rather lesser nothing in respect of God and of eternity. Therefore seek thou after the only true and soveraign good, and regard not other things. Trust in God, repose thy heart with assurance in him; tread under the feet of thy affections whatsoever is under the Sunne and Moone, whatsoever allureth thee with smiles, or terrifieth thee with frowns; think upon *Eternity*, and always keep in mind that excellent saying of Saint *Hierome*, No labour must seem hard, no time must seem long, all the while we are seeking after heavenly glory.

It is reported by Saint *Hierome*, that there was upon a time a certain

tain Camel haunted by an evil spirit, which being brought *before Hillarion*, a devout and godly man, began to rage in such a strange and terrible manner, as if it would presently have devoured him. But the Holy man nothing afraid, spake thus unto the evil spirit, Do not think to fright me, thou evil spirit, although that thou hast got a Camel on thy back; it is all one to me whether thou comest in a Camels skinne, or in a Foxes skinne: And presently the fierce Camel fell down before him, and became very tame and gentle, to the great laughter of all those that stood by. Such are all flatteries, fawnings, allurements, and tentations of this world; such are all fears, frowns, frights, and terrours. What dost thou hope for? What dost thou fear? What dost thou love? He that rideth upon the Heavens is thy helper; he shall embrace thee with his everlasting arms. With those arms of his he is able to fetter all thine enemies, whether they

fawn

frown upon thee, he is able with a look to squeeze them in pieces like so many flies, and break them in pieces like a potters vessel. Doth the pleasure then of lust or gluttony, or intemperance solicite thee? What is nothing? Be not moved at it, pass it by, regard it not; think rather upon the pleasures which are *Eternal*. Art thou terrified with threats, oppressed with sorrows, passed by with contempt, afflicted with sickness, tired out with poverty? All these are a matter of nothing. The more violent these are, the shorter while they will last: Despise them, lift up thine eyes unto the Hills, from whence cometh my help, look up to Heaven, *think upon Eternity*, *There shall no evil happen unto the just.* Prov. 21.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
The just man shall not be afraid,
Though Heaven fall upon his head. Horat. Carm. lib. 3. Od. 3.

Therefore the just man is never sorrow-

sorrowful: the tribulation doth grow, affaile him, he are not the tribulations of the world many? Yea, but yet they make nothing of them. That only they count evil, which is *Eternal*, which separateth a man from God, as sinne doth, and *Eternal* death which is the wages of sinne. The Preacher of the Gentiles bids us *Look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.* Why so? For, saith he, *the things which we see are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.* The things which are not seen, the things which are *Eternal*, those are the things which are great indeed, whether they be good, or whether they be evil.

2 Cor. 4. 8.

But whilest we look onely at the things which are seen, and seldome or never at the things which are not seen, what do we make of our selves but great and foolish boyes? great, but yet foolish, at the best but boyes. If the ice fall out of our hands, we presently fall a crying, and yet that is such a thing

that

that we cannot hold him: We are
taught, as in a dream, and dream of
great matters: We spend our selves
on such things, as not only shall
shortly pass away for certain, but
are already passing away: For it is
not said, *The figure, or the fashion* 1 Cor.
of this world shall pass away, in 7. 31.
the future: But *The fashion of this*
world passeth away, in the Present. 8. 4.
It is passing away already. As all
the goods which we enjoy here
are but transitory, so all the evils
which we suffer here are but tran-
sitory; that cannot continue long.
Those things which are not seen,
and those only have a permanent
state: they know no end, they have
no term, they are not subject to any
change, they are firm, they are im-
moveable, they are *Eternal*. I re-
peat it again, what I said a little
before, for it deserves to be repeat-
ed a thousand and a thousand Hieron.
times; No labour must seem hard,
no time must seem long, all the
while we are seeking after *Eternal*
glory.

Symphorianus a Christian young
man

man after that he was almost scourged to death, as he was dragged to execution at *Augustodunum*, met his mother upon the way. But how? Not tearing the hair from her head, or rending her clothes, or laying open her breasts, or making grievous lamentations, as the manner of foolish women is to do? But carrying her self like an Heroical and Christian Lady. For she cryed out, and called unto her son, and said, *Son, my son, I say, remember life Eternal, look up to Heaven, lift up thine eyes to him that reigneth there. Life is not taken from thee, but is exchanged for a better.* At which words of his mother, the young man was so exceedingly animated, that he went willingly to execution, and chearfully like a stout champion laid down his head upon the block, and exposed his throat to the fatal ax.

Hear this, O Christians all, and remember yourselves. This is the case of every man living; We are on our way to death; we go not so

so fast it may be, as *Symphorianus* did, but yet we are all going, and we have not farre to go. The noble armies of Martyrs which are gone before us, they call unto us from Heaven, and say as the Christian and courageous mother said unto her son, as he was going to execution, *Remember life Eternal, look up to Heaven, and lift up your eyes to him that reigneth there.* Carry thy self therefore like a *Symphorian*, whosoever professeth thy self to be a Christian. Do not hang back, be not loth to go, withdraw not thy neck from the yoke, nor thy shoulders from the Cross; be not afraid to suffer for Christ, be not afraid to die for Christ, be not afraid to eat fire, or to devour the sword for the name of Christ. Here shew thy self a man, take good courage, pull up a good heart. And when thou art at any time tempted, when thou art grieved, when thou art made sorrowful, when thou art vexed, when thou art despised, when thou art made a laughing-stock, when thou

thou art disgraced, when thou art spoiled of thy goods, when it is with thee as it was with *Job* upon the dunghil, or, if it can be worse, then call to mind *Symphorian*, and a thousand more stout Christians such as he was, and learn of them Christian courage and magnanimity, and boldly and freely break forth into these words, and repeat them often: *Whatsoever I suffer here, is but a Modicum, it is but short.* Farewel then all the world, and all the things that are therein: And welcome to me, thou art welcome ETERNITY.

Of *Eternity* there is

no

FINIS.

